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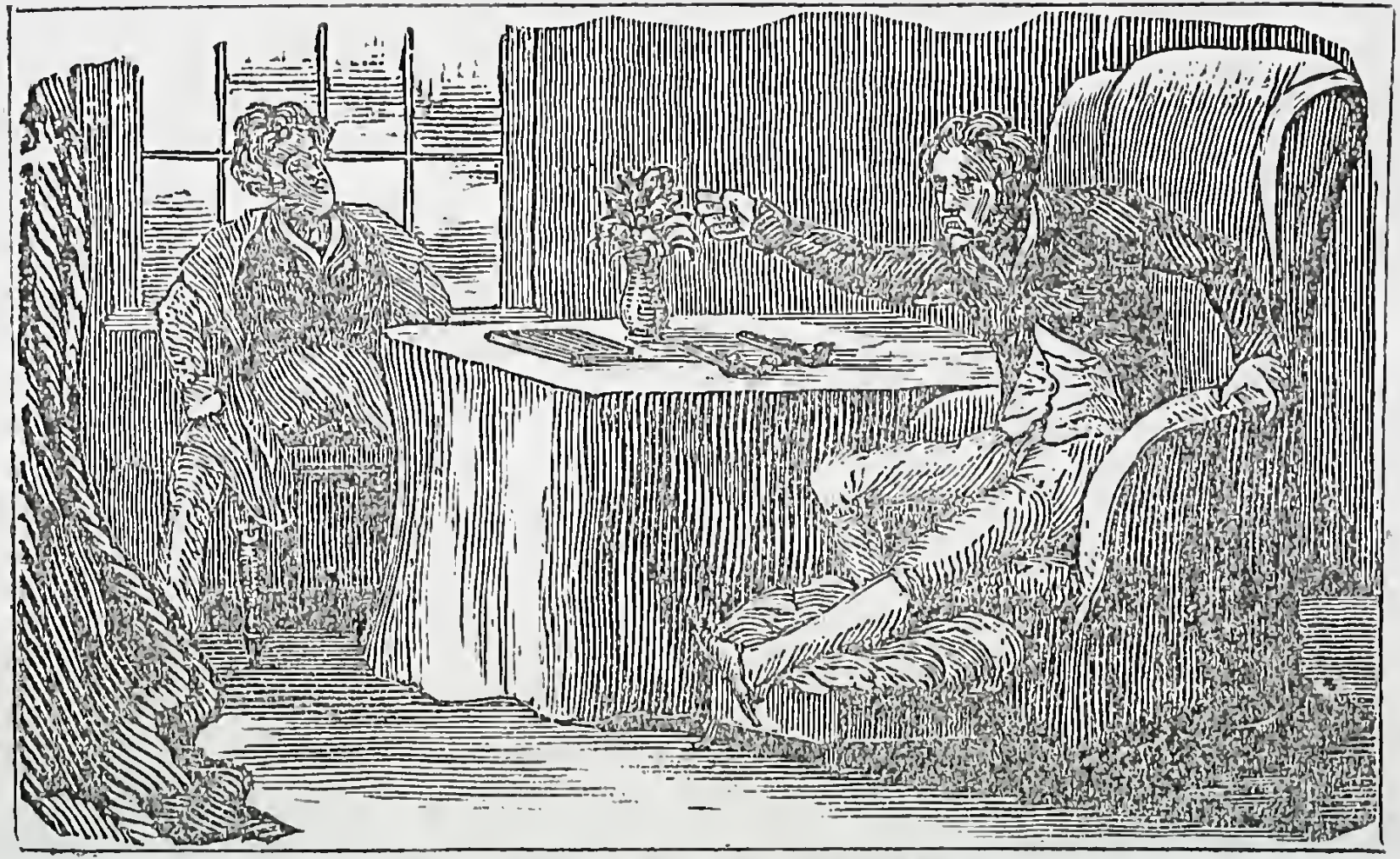

White Manor enraged with his brother.

THE MYSTERIES OF LONDON.

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THE MYSTERIES

OF

LONDON;

OR REVELATIONS OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

BY R. STEPHENSON.

LONDON:

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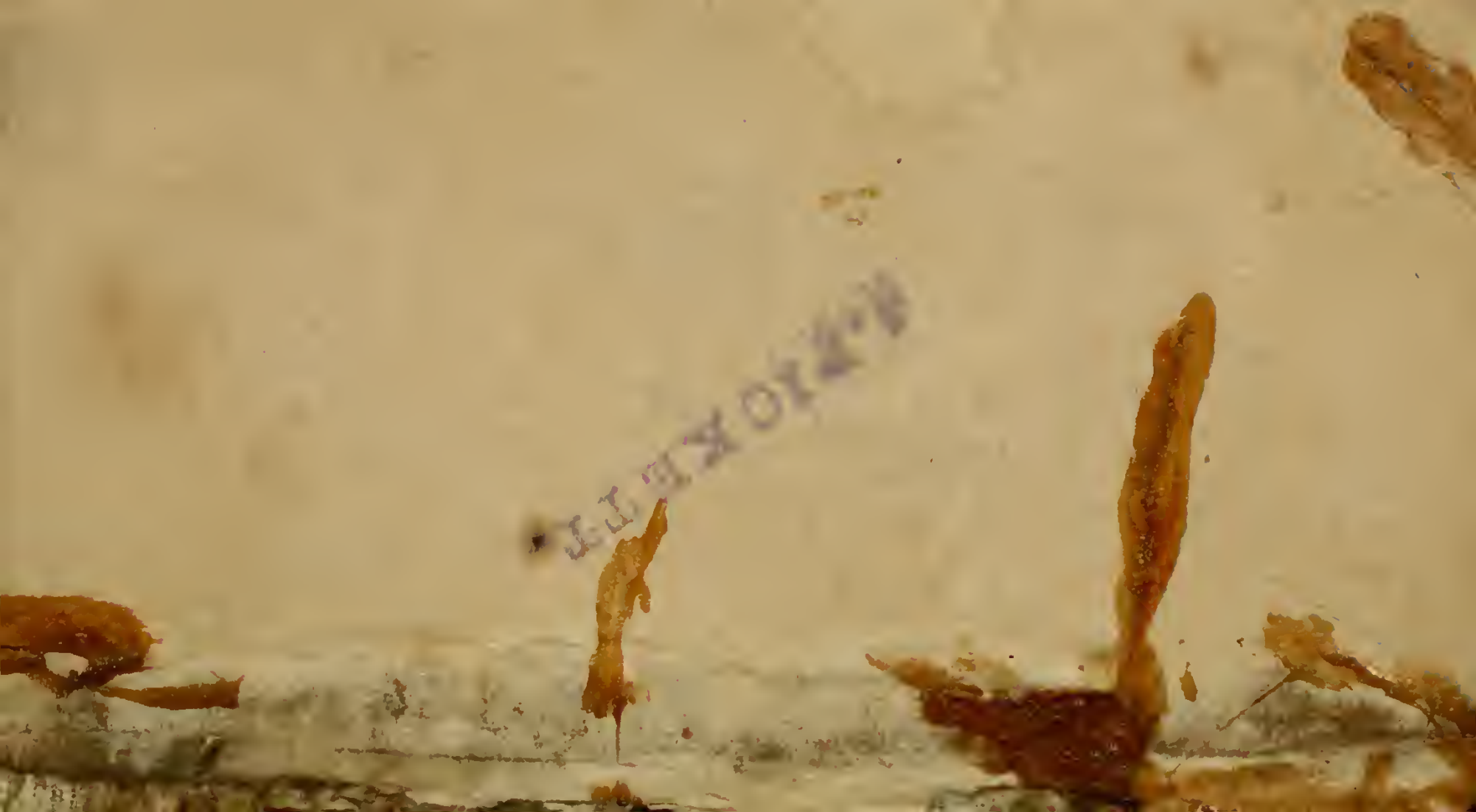
MDCCCXLVII.



THE

MYSTERIES OF LONDON.

CHAPTER I.

On a Sunday evening in the month of November, the brave Captain Paddy O'Chrane was seated in the parlour of the 'Crown Arms,' before a table, upon which was displayed a huge bumper of gin and water.

Paddy O'Chrane was an Irishman, six feet high, with a most attenuated waist, set off to the best advantage by a blue coat with black buttons, while his lower extremities were cased in deer-skin breeches, buckled upon home made stockings. Enormous shoes, stained with a specimen of every soil in the metropolis, covered his feet.

On the opposite side of the parlour, there was seated an individual about forty years of age, clothed in apparel which, though unostentatious, indicated the man of ease, with a sincere and calm expression of countenance, and an eye whose fixed, dilated, and meaningless pupil proved that the power of vision had fled for ever. He was a frequent visitor at this tavern, and was known by the name of Tyrrel the blind man.

Mrs. Burnett, was seated on her throne in its

appropriate position behind the bar, which she condescended to leave at intervals, and whisper graciously to Captain Paddy, who was evidently a favourite customer of the landlady. Between the doors a maid was standing—a maid whose beauty of countenance and symmetry of form would have showered into her lap countless ingots of gold, in those days when artists were princes, and lavished upon their cherished models the most extravagant wealth. She was of unsurpassed loveliness. Her profile recalled to mind those perfect models in which the ancient masters embodied their dreams of beauty, while upon her brow were traced the severe lineaments of dignity and reserve.

A score of individuals, whose disordered costume bespoke watermen of the Thames, now crowded into the tap-room, and immediately called for unmixed gin, which they imbibed in copious draughts, standing before the bar.

Susannah, my darling, exclaimed the captain, mix me sixpence worth of gin, cold without —— adding thereto the faintest idea of a lemon.

The beautiful maid to whom the order was addressed, did not apparently hear it, for she remained immovable.

I'll be hanged if she will hear me, grumbled the captain. I shall appeal to the landlady—Mistress Burnett; Mistress Burnett!

The queen of the 'Crown Arms' entered with the majesty of gait becoming her sovereignty, mingled with the modesty of demeanour which was due to her guests. Mistress Burnett was short and plethoric, and her red face was enhan-

ced in brilliancy by a full muslin cap, which towered two feet from the top of her head.

I'll be drawn and quartered, mistress, if I have not sung out, Susannah, at the top of my lungs! but you might fire off a forty-eight pounder in her ears, and the devil take me if she would stir any the more for that.

Susy! screamed Mistress Burnett, in a shrill tone.

A tremendous motion agitated the eyelids of the blind man. The maiden stirred not!

Mrs. Burnett rushed towards the girl, and shaking her roughly by the arm, exclaimed, What you lazy piece, will you not move when gentlemen call?

The motionless form of the maid now suddenly started back, while her face became purple with emotion. A faint smile visited the lips of the blind man, while his hands sought each other, as if thoughts not entirely unpleasant were passing through his mind.

Susannah soon resumed her attitude of silent indifference; the fire faded from her dark eye, and her features resumed their usual expression of haughty reserve.

The courage of Mistress Burnett now revived.

What! she exclaimed; give bread to a poor wretch like this: harbour a miserable beggar, who repays your hospitality by displeasing your customers, and ruining your establishment.

Mistress Burnett, exclaimed the captain, from his place; it was not my intention to kick up such a row; leave the girl alone, and give me my drink, if you have any compassion on my stomach.

The landlady obeyed, but revenged herself for the cool impertinence of the captain, by adopting the invariable gesture of vulgar women in such circumstances, and thrusting her clenched fist under Susannah's nose. The girl smiled haughtily; and the blind man swallowed his wine at one draught, exclaiming: I would not exchange my enjoyment this evening for a hundred guineas.

Five o'clock now sounded from the tavern timepiece; the gang in the tap-room moved from their position, muttering inaudible words; while one of them, a tall fellow, of herculean proportions, thrust his head into the parlour-door. The captain arose, suddenly.

Well, well, Turnbull, you scamp, he grumbled, while buttoning his light blue coat, in military fashion. Susannah! Susannah!—She won't hear me, you see, Mistress Burnett; I shall return this evening, my good lady, if the devil do not fly away with me. Have my drink ready—sixpence worth of gin, you know, cold without, with the faintest idea of a lemon.

The captain now took his cane and descended the steps of the tavern, while the gang of watermen preceded him, directing their course toward Thames-street—the only large avenue between the Crown Arms and the river—singing lustily, as they went, and affecting the gait and peculiarities of inebriated men. Captain O'Chrane followed them some twenty steps behind. While passing the Custom-house door, where a group of revenue officers were snuffing in the fog, and puffing out the smoke of contraband cigars, the gal-

lant captain touched his hat, in a courteous manner.

Merry fellows, merry fellows, Mr. Bitern, said he, pointing to the sailors.

Yes, yes, merry rascals, Mr. O'Chrane.

A devil of a fog, added the captain.

A fog for the devil, sir.

The captain soon overtook the sailors in a deserted alley, which leads from the foot of Botaphlane to the Thames; and the party proceeded along the narrow street in the deepest silence, until they reached a dilapidated staircase, which was seldom used on account of its proximity to the Custom house steps. The captain threw around him a penetrating look, but he detected no suspicious looking object, for, having made a signal to his sailors, he then slowly descended the steps.

Who wears the cloak to-night? demanded the captain.

The two men who left the ranks.

Sawnie and Patrick, keep a sharp look out my boys; hurry for the vessel.

The two guards remained on the top of the stairs—enveloped their forms in the ample cloaks which they carried under their arms, and lay down motionless upon the ground. The remainder of the company, in equal parties, took possession of three sharp built, low, black looking boats.

Oars ready! said the captain in a low tone, as he seated himself in the admiral's barge, ply away! and the suspicious fleet left the shore in silence, threading its way through the craft of every imaginable shape and size which crowd the wharfs

on both sides of the Thames, now gliding beneath the bow of some huge leviathan of the deep, now sliding along the sides of some puffing steamer, while their oars were occasionally entangled in the innumerable ropes and cables that fastened this multitudinous collection of vessels to their moorings.

The three boats had now reached the channel of the river, and began mysteriously to glide up the stream.

One of the boats now shoved off for Southwark; the second parted the waters of the river in a direct course for the city; but the captain's boat continued to pursue its way up the stream.

The solitary boat now left the middle of the river and shot into that labyrinth of large steamers, lighters, pleasure-boats, and huge packets, which obstruct their approach to the shore. Charlie skilfully applied the oar, Turnbull seized the helm, and the boat landed in safety at the foot of Temple Gardens, in a small harbour protected by a high house, built partly on stakes and partly on the ground. Upon the side of this house one of the green lights was suspended.

The captain groped his way along one of the huge beams that supported the building, until his hands discovered a wire to which a ring was attached: he pulled the wire and the sound of a bell was distinctly heard in the recesses above. A moment intervened and a creeking noise, like that of a trap moving upon rusty hinges broke upon the silence, which was followed by the question, in a suppressed tone.

Who is there?

Fellow, my brave comrade, fellow, replied the captain, giving the pass word ; and how are you, my honest and worthy Master Gruff, and how is the excellent Mrs. Gruff.

The ceremonious greeting of the captain was interrupted by a heavy bale af merchandise, suspended from a rope above, swinging against him as he stood in the boat.

Very good, excellent, my brave Gruff; you'll slide through that trap door yourself in the same way one of these foggy evenings.

The captain moved back while speaking, and the men released the bale from the hook, deposited it in the bottom of the boat and the rope again ascended.

It smells of musk, said Tom; there must be some gentleman's valise in the bale ; fasten the valve, Charlie, before the boat is loaded.

The valve plays like a charm, Tom; but deliver me from a cold bath to night.

A second bail now found its way down, and was placed in the boat; up went the rope, and five bales successively descended through the trap.

Down the stream the smuggling fleet now steered ; the tide run with them ; the oars were plied by vigorous arms, and they soon glided beneath the monumental arches of London Bridge. The fog, borne up by a strong breeze now revealed the forests of slender masts, with their countless sails and ropes, while the water began to reflect the distant lights of the city.

The boat now left the middle of the stream in order to improve the shelter afforded by the mer-

chantman; Charlie had dropped his oars; they were but a few yards from the stairs whence they had embarked, while the two other boats lay motionless in their wake.

Mew, Snail, mew as if you were born a cat.

Instantly, a noise wonderfully resembling the cries of the feline tribe, was heard from the bottom of the boat, which was responded to in a few seconds by a deep bark from the shore.

Hang it, grumbled the captain; we are shut out this time, But after all, that devil of a Sawnie barks so much like a cur, that I cannot tell whether it is he or one of his fellow quadrupeds in the street. Strike up your cat like notes again, Snail.

The signal was again repeated, and was again answered by the inimitable bark.

There is no mistake! muttered Turnbull; 'tis Sawnie himself, and the Custom-house boats lay between us and the shore.

The devil take the officers! one would think that we were smugglers, said the captain. Come boys, we must turn about and try to land above the bridge; the breeze is diminishing and the fog thickens; pull away, pull away!

The three boats moved off simultaneously, but as the boat of O'Chrane left the dark shadow of the ship, a black bark was seen crossing beneath the vessel's prow.

Boat ahoy! cried an imperious voice.

Hard up, Tom; pull Charlie, as if the devil was in your wake! said the Captain, in a low tone.

The boat answered the vigorous efforts of the

sailors, and shot like an arrow for the shore; but a heavy grapple fell over its gunnels, and instantly arrested its course.

Cleave it in two! sung out the captain.

Tom seized the axe and applied it lustily. It's a chain, or I'll be damned, muttered he, in smothered rage,

Boat ahoy! was again heard,

No response was given. The chain which held the grapple was now stretched, and the boat was suddenly drawn towards the ominous object from which the imperious voice proceeded. The captain thrust his hat over his brows, and secured his cane in his belt.

Every man for himself. I'll be hanged if I wished to take a bath this evening; move off, Charlie; raise the valve; heave away, Tom; save himself who can.

The bottom of the boat now suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; men and bales were both ingulphed; and the grappling of the revenue officers caught only the shell and ribs and skeleton of the boat, from which everything valuable had been stripped. The two other craft, improving the confusion created by this melee, escaped to the shore, and the drenched crew of the admiral's barge soon joined their companions.

As for the brave Captain Paddy O'Chrane, he went peaceably to his own house, exchanged his moistened garments for a coat of unsoiled blue, brecches of spotless deer-skin, and again directed his footsteps to the Crown Arms, where we first introduced him to the reader. As he was entering the parlour, a scene similar to the one we have

already rehearsed, was again repeated: the vulgar imprecations of Mistress Burnett were received by her singular maid with dignity, *hautæur*, and disdain. No conduct could more incense the low bred mistress of the hosterly; she raised her hand, and struck with violence the pale cheek of the maid.

In the same position in which we left the blind man, he was seated, upon the re-appearance of the smuggler. He evidently heard the blow, for rising suddenly from his seat, he stretched forward his neck as if he would extract from one sense the service of two, while upon his countenance, which was ordinarily calm, were now imparted the lines of anxious sympathy.

Leaving Thames street, Susannah pursued the same path over which we have already followed the watermen, and soon entered the narrow lane which leads directly to the bank of the river. The blind man rushed forward to join her.

Where are you going? he asked, with deep anxiety.

To the Thames, said the girl, without arresting her course.

These were the first words which Tyrrel had heard from her lips. The sad melody of her voice harmonized with the melancholy beauty of her features.

To the Thames! repeated Tyrrel. Have you any thoughts of death?

I have.

Why do you resort to such an awful expedient?

I have no hope for the future, no shelter for the present.

I will give you shelter—I will restore hope to your heart.

Susannah hurried on her walk, saying, in an indignant tone, I am not for sale.

God forbid, my girl!

I love and will not sell myself.

Is that the only reason? asked Tyrrel, in a tone of great surprise.

Yes.

The girl was now hastening over the short interval which separated her from the river, when the blind man seized her by the arm, and asked, with a tone of great anxiety.

Would not shame deter you from selling yourself?

Shame! she repeated; no.

How then were you educated in childhood? exclaimed Tyrrel, astonished.

Educated! My mother abandoned me in infancy: my father was a jew, and hung at Tyburn as a thief.

Have you learned nothing, then?

I know how to live. My father was rich, she added, in a tremulous tone; before he was hung, I was taught to dress, dance, and speak many of the continental tongues.

Do you speak the truth?

I am going to drown myself: why should I lie?

The wandering rays of light from a neighbouring house fell upon the faces of the actors in this

singular scene. The beautiful features of the despairing Jewess exposed a supernatural tranquillity, while the eye of Tyrrel sparkled with a strange fire.

But if I should restore to you the life you led in your father's house?

What, my life? the life of other days?

I will restore it.

The girl hesitated for an instant, fixing a penetrating gaze upon the countenance of her companion; but suddenly disengaging her arm, she approached the river, saying, No, no; all this has been promised to me before: my soul and body belong to him.

Girl, I am blind.

The words reached the ears of Susannah, as she was balancing over the parapet, beneath which rolled the dark waters of the Thames. She started back. Blind! she repeated; then what can you want of me?

I want your determination, your spirit.

Susannah dropped her head upon her bosom. One day, she muttered, I fell dying with famine and fatigue, upon the threshold of that woman, who has abused me; in exchange for my liberty she gave me bread! nothing but bread! Why cannot I be a servant again?

Do you accept, then? asked Tyrrel.

What am I to do?

The blind man drew from his pocket, a well filled purse, and placed it in Susannah's hand. Hear me, said he; I purchase you not for myself, I am blind and feeble, but for others; for an association which is far seeing and powerful. I know

you better than you know yourself. I know what you are capable of accomplishing. Let our interview be kept in inviolate secresy. Faithful obedience: an entire surrender of your own will; such are the services required. This night you may rest where inclination shall prompt; to-morrow morning knock at the door, the number of which is upon this card; the door will be opened; you will enter, and assume over all it contains the authority of mistress, for that house is yours. Farewell, Susannah, we shall meet again.

CHAPTER II.

About the time that Captain Paddy O'Chrane escaped an arrest, in the manner that ducks escape a shot, Stephen Macnab, a Scotsman by birth, and a physician by profession, who, if he should live two months longer would be twenty four years of age, gave an arm to each of his cousins, to conduct them to Temple Church. These two cousins went regularly on the first Sunday of every month to the sanctuary, in order to hear a sermon from the Rev. John Butler, and to unite their voices in any of the psalms which might be sung upon the occasion. The elder of the cousins was named Clara; the younger, Anna; their father, a justice of the peace for the county of Dumfries, resided at Lochmaben, and rejoiced in the name of Augustus Macfarlane. But few prettier girls than Clara and Anna could be found either in city or country. As they glided along the

pavement, or tripped over the heather, their appearance involuntarily recalled those forms, in which the burin of Thompson has embodied the Minna and Brenda Troil of the "Ariosto of the North." There was, however, nothing of northern coldness in their style of beauty. They were radiant belles from the south of Scotland, with all the grace of a wild flower, the eye of a gazelle, and a smile like a sunbeam. Clara had the haughtiest look, the loftiest brow, and the most melancholy expression. She was the Minna of Scott. Cheerful timidity was the emotion which most frequently beamed from the child like countenance of Anna. Fancy mingled no dark colours in the joyous picture she painted of a happy future. No sad thought had left its outlines upon that careless brow, and that large black eye, which danced and sparkled beneath those long curved lashes, knew no other tears than those flowing from intensity of joy, which dry upon the cheek, and leave no furrows in the soul. Such was Brenda.

As they drew near the church, the young physician discarded his gaiety. Five years passed at the university, had somewhat chilled the religious zeal he had brought with him from his native soil; he was an excellent Christian, but still a long sermon, with an indefinite number of psalms did not appear to him the very height of human felicity.

My dear cousins, said he, suddenly, while passing from Fleet street into the Inner Temple, I am a careless fellow.

Why so? asked Anna, who alone heard the remark.

Because I have forgotten that it is indispensable for me to call on one of my patients.

Stephen pronounced the last word with emphasis; the patient, in question, was his first and the only one.

You can make the visit to-morrow, suggested Anna.

To-morrow! it may be too late.

What shall we do Clara? asked the youngest sister. Stephen has a business call to make, and we shall be left alone.

Our cousin can call for us when his visit is terminated.

Certainly, said Stephen: I shall be gone but a moment.

They now reached the steps of the church; the sisters withdrew their arms from their protector. Anna entered the church, evidently disappointed at the desertion of their companion; while Clara followed her cheerfully, and Stephen remained at the door. Clara is singularly given, thought he, to meditative moods, and she sacrifices my society with marked indifference. Suppose I go in.

A multitude had been assembled in Temple Church during the whole day; but it was now exclusively occupied by the small flock of habitual worshippers, composed principally of that sex, whose activity of affection, and gentleness of character, renders them peculiarly susceptible to religious emotions. It was in the choir of this church—one of the oldest relics of Gothic architecture in the metropolis, and distinguished by

many of the peculiarities of a Roman Catholic chapel, that the small congregation was now assembled. Nothing occurred during the earlier moments of Stephen's observations. The fair cousins, kneeling amid a throng of devotees, were absorbed in spiritual exercise. The pastor, standing on the diminutive pulpit, that was placed against one of the walls of the sanctuary, enunciated a psalm which was sung in chorus by the entire congregation. A profound silence ensued, devoted to individual communion and personal supplication with the Supreme Ruler of the universe, when the devout worshippers arose from their knees and stood upright.

It was not until this change took place in their posture, that Stephen was able to discern the faces of the two sisters. Before she seated herself to listen to the remaining services, Anna exchanged glances, and smiles of recognition with acquaintances around her, while her sister fastened an indifferent and abstracted gaze upon the same pillar, against which Stephen himself was leaning. An instantaneous shudder shook her frame; her head sunk involuntarily, and an unnatural paleness expelled all the colour from her complexion.

She has recognized me, was the self complacent reflection of the young physician, and by an instinctive movement he concealed his face behind the pillar, and waited for several minutes before he again advanced his head with great precaution.

The girl was still standing in an erect attitude, although all around her were seated, and the

sermon had commenced. A mysterious power seemed to control her limbs and withstand her volition, and her piercing eye, sparkling with supernatural fire, was fastened upon the pillar.

How strange! thought the excited observer; such an expression I never saw upon her countenance before; can it be me upon whom she gazes with such a delirious eye?

He now passed rapidly around the pillar, and found himself face to face with an individual who was leaning, like himself, against this support; the eyes of the stranger were closed, but a faint smile was playing about his lips. A shudder, which he found it impossible to repress, passed over the frame of Stephen. He turned again to seek the countenance of his mysterious cousin, but Clara had sunk into her seat, and it was the grateful smile of Anna that responded to his gaze and thanked him for his presence.

I am not the person my cousin was looking at, was now the disheartening reflection of Stephen. He remained for a few moments overpowered with the revelation that had so suddenly burst upon him; he endeavoured to summon all the firmness of a resolute character to subdue his feelings; he raised eyes of hatred toward the man who was his rival for the dearest prize: and matured thoughts of blood-stained revenge. Stephen was brave; several duels in the university had tested his courage; but he was still a Scotchman, and the sword and pistol seemed to him by no means the safest instruments to handle.

The young physician viewed him with mingled spite, admiration, and envy; the most extrava-

gant vanity could not have been blind to the manner in which his own personal attractions were eclipsed by the nameless charms and graces of the Apollo before him. Jealousy served, moreover, to augment the fascinating appearance of the stranger, and to the excited fancy of his rival, the careless dreamer appeared to be one of those beings endowed with irresistible powers—that seductive magic of eye which renders powerless the shield of innocence, and puts to flight the angel guardians of virtue. To Stephen's eye he appeared an exaggerated Don Juan; yet even Stephen was compelled to doubt whether that famous libertine possessed such unexceptionable whiskers, such faultless personal array. He could not even censure the scar which seamed the stranger's forehead, for the brilliant light which fell upon his forehead scarcely revealed the imperfection to eyes so studious of blemishes as those now fastened upon him. It was only when the face was flushed by violent passion that this badge of heroism was conspicuous; and the brow of the dreaming statue was now as calm, as smooth, and as polished, as that of an infant. Stephen was obliged to appeal to his fancy for faults, and consoled himself with the agreeable reflection, that the reason why he had so scrupulously concealed his eyes, was because they were deformed. Consoled by this reflection, and as the sermon was nearly closed, he withdrew his attention from the dreamer to scan more closely the movements of Clara, as the congregation was about to disperse, The soul of Stephen passed into his eyes as the assembly arose. As Clara started upon her feet,

she cast another penetrating, passionate glance toward the pillar; the jealous lover would have forfeited six months of his life could he have appropriated that glance to himself. He was anxious to discover its effect upon the stranger, and was humiliated to find that his eyes were still closed in reverie. He does not even see her, was his mental ejaculation; he has vanquished her unconsciously; she loves and is despised. Strange as it may appear, the indifference of the stranger aggravated in a still higher degree the excited feelings of the lover. He was tortured with anger and shame, and, in the frenzy of the moment, envied those heroes of melodrama, who invariably carry a dagger in their pocket, to stab themselves when the occasion requires.

It was now late in the evening. That part of the church where the congregation was assembled was brilliantly illuminated, while the extremities of the building and the galleries were plunged in profound darkness. The handsome stranger, whose dream was now occupied, left the position he had recently broken, and directed his steps toward a remote corner of the sanctuary. A man of mean habiliments and sordid appearance, whose covetous eye had detected the bank note which had been deposited in the contribution box, now fastened his gaze upon the stranger, and took such a direction as to meet him in the most deserted and obscure part of the temple. A sudden thought flashed through the mind of Stephen He had seen enough of London to know that no place was too holy for malefactors to profane with crime. A frightful murder might be committed

and both honour and heroism demanded that he should leave no effort untried to save the life of his rival and foe. Dismissing all selfish feelings from his mind, he deserted the position he had hitherto occupied, and advancing beneath the shadow of the galleries, held himself in readiness to yield prompt assistance to the stranger. The unknown paced slowly the aisle, stopped at intervals, and again moved forward, as if, like a finished connoisseur, he was seeking the most favourable position to hear in its perfection the distant notes of sacred harmony. At times, he would raise his eyes to admire the fantastic appearance of the Gothic arches, where here and there a ray of light threw a pale reflection into the surrounding darkness; or, where the magnified shadows of remote objects played among the strange and whimsical carving of this order of architecture. He surveyed, with apparent delight, the forest of columns illuminated only on one side, and which seemed like pillars of light rising from the ground, until they were lost in the vaulted arches above. Each step furnished him with a new and diversified prospect; a gigantic kaleidoscope seemed to spread out before his vision its infinite variety of grotesque forms and eccentric combinations. Our dreamer had only changed his dream. He moved on, absorbed in these fairy visions, lost to himself and the world.

The eyes of Stephen followed him with anxiety, but the darkness was so profound that no object could be discovered for more than ten paces, and in one of the capricious movements which the dreamer indulged, he entirely escaped from obser-

vation. His protector now moved in the opposite direction, to defeat, if possible, the plans of the assassin, but the wretch could not be found. In great perplexity of mind, he reflected whether the emergency would not justify an interruption of the religious services, that the aisles of the church might be lighted, or whether he should not wait until some signal should inform him where his assistance was required. The first plan was unquestionably the safest, but Stephen's self possession was unequal to such a conspicuous part, and he waited, oppressed with anxiety, fancying the dying struggles of a murdered man were ringing in his ears.

Wrapped in these new reflections, a slight and suppressed noise reached his ear. like the writhing of a body upon the matting. The unknown remained motionless, but cool self possession, and a rallying of all his mental and physical energies, now supplanted the pleasing fancies of his dream; he turned his head with a slow but continued motion, and discerned a dark object creeping stealthily toward him. The wretch wishes to realize my imaginings, he intends to murder me.

He waited with a cautious eye the approach of the assassin, who, creeping nearer and nearer, by slow progression, suddenly pounced upon his intended victim; the unknown, by a convulsive start, avoided the blow, and the dagger of the murderer was buried in the back of the chair where the stranger had been seated; the villain now attempted to rise, but he found his wrist grasped as if by an iron vice.

Ouff, groaned he in pain, I thought there was

but one grip like that in the world; and as he drew near his face to that of the stranger, the antagonists, with eyes which had become accustomed to darkness, recognized each other.

Boblantern, muttered the dreamer.

Mercy! mercy, your honour! exclaimed the assassin, falling upon his knees, I do not know you.

The wrists of the wretch were released, but he clasped his hands in a supplicating manner.

My good master! my good Mr. Edward! he said, in a supplicating tone, in that dress, your form is as delicate as a female's. I did not recognise you.

Is that a good reason for committing murder in a church?

I was hungry, my good master. You do not give us a benefit often; living is dear in London; if it were only as cheap as as it is yonder, in Scotland.

Silence! said the other, imperiously. What are your comrades doing?

Not much—not much; living is very dear.

Come to-morrow, and you shall be paid. But beware! no more of these tricks, Master Bob.

Mr. Edward walked toward the choir, and Bob followed him with the sneaking mein of a dog that had been whipped.

Stephen, wearied with his unavailing efforts to discover either the assassin or the victim, had returned to the choir of the church, where the congregation was now preparing to depart. He was agreeably surprised to see the stranger return, escorted by the suspicious individual who had ex-

cited his fears. The danger having now passed, his hatred and jealousy returned with redoubled power, and he repented of his former anxiety,

The name of dreamer could no longer be appropriately bestowed upon Mr. Edward; he walked with a firm step and inquiring eye of a man in the active possession of his various powers. He halted for an instant before the assembled audience, and throwing away the glove with which he had grasped Boblantern, drew another upon his hand. While putting on his glove, Falkstone discovered the fair girl who had appeared to him during his dream; but he did not observe Clara, whose eyes were nevertheless, fastened upon him, Mr. Edward raised his glass to his eye, and beckoned to his slave.

Do you see that beautiful girl, standing near the pulpit.

I see several.

The prettiest?

That is a matter of taste.

The one now closing her prayer-book?

The girl who carries round the box?

Precisely! You will follow her and report to me to morrow where she resides.

The subordinate gave a signal of assent; and Mr. Edward now walked toward the door, passing close to Stephen, and entirely indifferent to the glance of hatred which the young doctor cast upon him. Clara still followed him with her eyes.

He had hardly left the church, when Stephen approached Boblantern.

The name of that man, said he.

What man?

The one to whom you spoke this moment.

He is not a man, said Bob, emphatically, but a gentleman.

His name?

I do not know.

Stephen now dropped a sovereign into the open palm of Bob.

That is a better way of asking a question, said he, depositing the gold in a safe place; you want to know that gentleman's name, do you!

Yes!

Well, I am not acquainted with it. God bless you, young gentleman; and the assassin disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

On the same evening that the events we have already recorded transpired, there was a magnificent ball given at Trevor House, the residence of Lord James Trevor, who had within a few years played a brilliant and distinguished part in the political world. Upon the accession of the Whigs to power his lordship had withdrawn from public life, and his house became the rendezvous of the leading spirits of the Tory party. Lord James was a widower, and lived with his sister, Lady Campbell, who had kindly superintended the education of Miss Mary Trevor, the only child of the Count. In 1820, Lady Campbell had been the most distinguished belle in the fashionable

world. There was near her a loadstone, whose power no heart could withstand.

Miss Mary Trevour had just reached her eighteenth year. She was beautiful, but of that frail ethereal beauty which looks down upon you from the canvas of Reynolds, or is not unfrequently seen through the window of an emblazoned equipage, and beneath the vaulted roof of Westminster. Her complexion was of such dazzling and transparent purity, that the azure of her tender and languid eye tinged with blue its delicate lid, while the outline of every vein could be distinctly traced on her polished temples. Her stature was tall and extremly slender; hair of light auburn fell over her cheeks, which were sometimes tinged with a rosy hue; her smile was that outgushing of joy which curls the lips of a child, but in her serious mood, a trembling line was traced from each corner of her mouth, which gave to her features the expression of hauteur and disdain. Every grace and accomplishment which the most finished education can give, had perfected a being whom nature had so eminently adorned. With all these charms of person and graces of mind, the daughter of Lord James was the undoubted heiress of thirty thousand pounds a year; and the adoration which, in any circumstances, her beauty alone would have commanded, was increased by that tribute which is never withheld from a magnificent dowery.

The individual who had distanced all competitors in the struggle for her favour, was a young gentleman of moderate fortune but of princely birth; the son of the late Count of Fife, Frank

Percival by name. The distinguished favour bestowed upon this suitor by the young lady herself, and by her aunt also, had driven all rivals from the field, when a new champion appearing in the person of the Marquis of Rio Santo.

The dazzling and incomparable Marquis of Rio Santo, who danced athwart the fashonable sphere in 183—, was an actual living and breathing *distingue*—every one remembers his oriental magnificence; all the world knows that he spent five hundred thousand francs a month, three millions every winter; and yet the marquis was no nabob. December came one year and brought not Rio Santo with it; he was not visible in any of his wonted haunts; he was not installed in his palace on Pall Mall. The Jockey Club veiled its face, as if it were rolled into a single sportsman. Hyde Park put on mourning, and the *corps de-ballet*, at the King's Theatre, danced a funeral step to his lamentable memory. What had become of Rio Santo? was he dead? was he ruined? There is no need of people, like the marquis, living long; they condense a year into a day, a life into a year, which they pass in some city, and then disappear, but the odour of their memory remains. Every man who carries a riding whip, and lifts his hat as he pronounces his name; and when his exploits are mentioned, the ladies cast down their heads, and attempt to smile.

As if Rio Santo had not created sensation enough in the fashionable circles, he was now taken up by the all-prevailing voice of the political organs. It was whispered in the clubs, and in-

sinuated in the newspapers, that the marquis was a secret envoy from a foreign court, of the highest rank, and intrusted with a most momentous and confidential mission. None could assert the fact positively and precisely; on that account it passed current as an undoubted truth. Whigs and Tories contended for the first interview. Thirty invitations crossed each other, signed by distinguished names, backed by palaces and millions. Rio-Santo was in no hurry to choose; he was satisfied that his society was courted, and after waiting a suitable time, and making an excursion to Richmond, he ordered his carriage one evening to drive to Derby House.

Lady Ophelia Barnwood, Countess of Derby, was a widow of a knight of the garter. Her fortune surpassed that of the bankers in Thames-street. She was twenty five years of age, and was universally acknowledged to be the loveliest woman on King's Road, a long avenue, thickly peopled with charming women. When Rio-Santo was announced, a perceptible emotion ran through the double rank of ladies who crowded the fashionable saloons of the countess. The first rank trembled with a delicious curiosity; the second rank advanced fifty dowager faces above the fresh countenances of youthful belles, as the second line fire their guns above the shoulders of the first in some military manœuvre. Rio-Santo entered. He proved to be a handsome man, but there was some disappointment because his *tout ensemble* was not more romantic. At the first glance there was a general astonishment that, although the

marquis was irreproachable, he should have succeeded, without possessing anything positively enchanting, in wresting the sceptre of Parsian fashion from our countryman, Lord Seymour. They expected, in fact something more ineffable, and his first appearance did not equal the excited expectations of the fashionable world. But when the marquis opened his lips, a reaction immediately commenced; the hearts of the young belles were subdued by his electrical words, and the dowagers regretted that the happy time was past when they also were capable of being electrified.

The Countess of Derby was the first lady in London, who was subjugated by the irresistable marquis. No scandal had hitherto sullied the spotless fame of a lady who was admired for the excellence of her taste, the delicacy of her wit, and her devoted attachment to the memory of her deceased husband, one of the noblest peers of the realm. She also had the reputation of elevation of mind, severity of principle, and coolness of heart. But no shield of principle, or virtue, was proof against the facination of the marquis. He flung himself at her feet, and the conquest was achieved.

CHAPTER IV.

All London was talking of the marriage between Rio-Santo and lady Ophelia Barnwood. It was regarded universally as an excellent match. Nevertheless, the marriage did not take place.

Rio Santo proclaimed that he had been discomfited. Some believed him, but the opinion of most was, that he had succeeded too well.

The marquis had now become thoroughly acclaimated. The superiority which had been conceded to him in Paris, was ratified by the universal voice of fashionable London. It was admitted that he was deserving of his glory. His society was courted in every circle. The rival aristocracies disputed for his favour. The charming wives of bankers and millionaires, would have compromised themselves with pleasure, if they could have succeeded thereby in inspiring with envy the haughty dames of Belgrave Square.

When the marquis first met Miss Mary Trevor the features and light locks of the belle made little impression upon his imagination. The young heiress felt timid and irresolute in the presence of an individual of such a peculiar reputation. They met a second time. Mary sang, but her sweet voice merely reached the ears of Rio Santo; the marquis spoke and his grave and vibrating voice affected painfully the ear of Miss Trevor. A third time they met in the drawing-room of the Countess of Derby. The marquis was this evening pale and silent, and cast about him a vague and abstracted gaze. Miss Trevor was seated by the side of her confidential friend, Miss Diana Stewart, the cousin and youthful companion of Frank Percival, who was detained from the side of his betrothed, by an unavoidable absence on the Continent. The young ladies were of course talking of the lover. Rio Santo was leaning against a column which partly concealed him from

observation, and near enough to overhear the conversation near him; but he was too much absorbed in revery, and too anxious to improve the moment of repose which the curiosity of the crowd had allowed him, to profit by the advantages of his position. Insensibly the young ladies who had commenced their conversation in a low tone, raised their voices, for they were unconscious of the presence of the marquis.

At the moment of which we are speaking, Rio-Santo was dreaming, and his dream was of love. In that mirage which is presented to the eyes of the soul, he saw a fair child who raised toward him a confiding, tender, angel like and appealing look. The orchestra was performing a melody composed on these simple and touching chords which the inspired bards of Ireland find among the heath of the Green Isle. It seemed as if the tune had some most intimate association with the heroine of the dream, for the countenance of Rio Santo expressed melancholy joy; and when the orchestra drowned in its last tones the voice of the singer, a tear found its way through the long lashes of his downcast eyelids, while the name of Mary trembled on his lips.

Poor Mary! poor Mary! exclaimed at the same time, Miss Diana Steward, I perceive that you are deeply in love.

The name of Mary roused Rio Santo from his reverie, and his eyes fell directly on the graceful profile of Miss Trevor.

Miss Trevor, after some hesitation, replied to her cousin by saying, I am, at least, very sad

since his departure, and wait with great impatience for his return.

Rio Santo listened with rapture to the harmony of a voice, which had passed idly from his ear the night before; but its sweet and gentle tone now touched some chord in his memory, which had been mute for years. He now started from his concealed position. The pale face of Miss Trevor became suddenly purple; she suspected that her answer had been overheard, and she was seized again by that instinctive fear which the presence of the marquis had already inspired. She pressed Diana's arm. Come, let us go, said she, drawing her astonished friend toward the room where the company were assembled.

Was there a viper behind your chair? asked Miss Stewart, gaily.

Hush!

Diana turned and perceived the ardent look of Rio Santo, following her retreating friend, and she too became serious.

How he stares at you, said she; his eye seems to dart a ray of fire.

Mary trembled still more.

Rio Santo quitted his position, and stretched himself in the fauteuil, which Miss Trevor had occupied, and only deserted it for the concert-room, when a crowd of whist players invaded his retreat. Within a few days, Rio Santo was presented to Lady Campbell and Lord Trevor. The former was precisely the woman to appreciate the varied accomplishments of the elegant marquis. She was not a little flattered by the assiduous court which he paid her, as she foresaw that her

fashionable consequence would be augmented thereby. Trevor House became at once the resort of the most beautiful and brilliant of the highest circles of the metropolis. Every one coveted an introduction to the distinguished family; and the young noblemen whom we have said arrived in London at the same time with Rio Santo, were among the first to claim the honour, Major Broughham, Doctor Mellum, Sir Paul Waterfield, and the handsome Cavalier Angelo Bembo, were people of too much importance to be refused admission anywhere. Hardly were they presented at Trevor House, before they surrounded Lady Campbell, and paid her the most devoted homage. Between these four gentlemen, there was that familiar acquaintance which was naturally formed from their associating in the same circles, but there was no marked degree of intimacy. There was, nevertheless, a wonderful concert in the manner in which they endeavoured to secure for Rio Santo the favour of Lady Campbell; it might, however, have been the result of chance.

Miss Trevor could not remain long insensible to the charms of a man who was so extravagantly eulogized by an individual, to whose opinion she had from childhood deferred. She felt an admiration for Rio Santo, which was still mingled with an indescribable fear—a fear, however, which was no longer repulsive. She was convinced that the marquis loved her, and when that assurance is lodged in a female heart, the period of indifference is already passed, and the heart is opened for the admission of love.

During the first interview, Mary was perfectly

amazed at the honesty and eloquence of her aunt; but being weak, and accustomed to appropriate the thoughts, and defer to the opinions of her aunt, she easily allowed herself to be persuaded. The fact may seem strange, but it is one of daily occurrence.

Rio Santo was therefore permitted to declare his sentiments to Miss Mary Trevor—the same night the young lady dreamt of Frank Percival.

We must confess that the young nobleman selected an unfortunate period for his travels; but misguided parents, anxious to show their superior wisdom, almost invariably postpone a suitable marriage, under the pretext that it is not yet time. Poor wisdom! poor pretext! there is a time to be happy!

Frank was formally engaged to Miss Mary Trevor, with the approbation of all the relatives of the parties; but both were so young, that the marriage must be postponed a year. How could Frank endure the delay? One of his friends advised a journey to Switzerland. He remained abroad a year exactly; for he ordered post horses at Geneva in such a manner, that he could reach London on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day.

It would have been difficult for a lover to have been more punctual. As he was sailing up the Thames, although there was a dense fog, he interrogated with his looks all the boats going and coming from Greenwich, that he might recognise the charming face of his beloved. He saw nothing, however, but strange countenances, tarpaulins, sailor jackets, and on the decks of the

steamers, many old ladies, with poodles in their laps. But when he reached home, the housekeeper presented him with a billet-doux eight days old, inviting him to spend the evening with Lord James Trevor.

Frank had scarcely time to arrange his toilet for the ball.

CHAPTER V.

The magnificent architecture of Trevor House rises between a park and a garden, that stretch along Norfolk-street. The principal front is surrounded by a beautiful grove, beyond which expands a plot of green verdure encircled with thick shrubbery, designed to conceal the wall that separates it from the ample garden. It is one of those old and splendid palaces that makes us regret the princely style of former days, and throws into the shade the comfortable mansion of modern London.

On the evening in question, the lofty windows of the front building were brilliantly illuminated, and the poor sentry that guarded the statue of Achilles—erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington—might have descried through the leafless branches of the surrounding trees, the light of the lamps, softened by the intervening drapery.

The hour for the ball had now arrived; the apartments were gradually filling with guests, and the orchestra, filled by Angelini, the king of quadrills, until he was dethroned by Julian, the

Frenchman, were now preluding some low and unrefined dotes. The dance had not yet commenced; but each saloon, and particularly the drawing room of Lady Campbell, presented a brilliant array, not unlike a basket of flowers, waiting for some crowning roses or carnation.—There was a hum of conversation around Lady Campbell and Mrs. Trevor, who received most gracefully the compliments and salutations of their guests—the agreeable occupation of the presiding lady, from ten o'clock until midnight on the evening of a ball. For our own part, we should perfer to mount guard for the same space of time over the statue of Achilles.

The ball now opened. The Cavalier Angelo Bembo led out Miss Trevor for a quadrille; there was a general movement in the apartment, and the scattered groups mingled together. Without loosing her male attendants, Lady Campbell found herself surrounded by a brilliant circle of matrons, whose age does not forbid them to indulge occasionally in the dance, but who dare not patronize the amusements to too great an extent—a class which furnished Balrac with the type of his admirable delineation of the lady of thirty.

The quadrille was now ended, and Cavalier Angelo Bembo conducted Miss Trevor to her seat; but she had barely recovered from her fatigue, before the usher announced the honourable name of Frank Percival.

The delicate colour faded from Miss Trevor's cheek. She was pale as marble; and she placed her hand upon her heart, which was beating violently.

She was unable to encounter the gaze of her betrothed. She could not respond to his compliments. She stammered a few unintelligible words in a broken voice. Frank was overpowered with fear and astonishment. He attempted to speak but in vain. Lady Campbell touched his arm slightly with her fan.

Did you have a pleasant journey? she asked, but suddenly changing her tone, added; Not to-night; not to night, I pray you. She is observed and so are we.

Frank was involved in a mystery.

To morrow, continued Lady Compbell, in a voice so compassionate, that Frank was at once enlightened. To morrow I will explain all to you. Believe me ever your friend. The poor, child has suffered much and struggled much.

Frank was now wandering through the room endeavouring to repel the painful suspicion which had been awakened within him. The reception of Lord Trevor had been cordial, and the words of Lady Campbell, admitted of several constructions; but could he mistake the coldness of Mary a coldness which was so much in contrast with the cordiality of former days? Frank struggled in vain; the evidence of inconstancy was overpowering.

His friends came forward to greet him.

What, really from the Simplon? asked one.

You must show me your album, Percival, said another.

How sad you are looking said a third; are you already acquainted with—

With what? asked Frank, with anxiety.

Poor fellow! muttered his friends; there is nothing certain—mere rumours—flying reports.

What reports.

They say—but perhaps it is a lie—but they do say that Miss Trevor is about to be married to Rio Santo.

Frank passed his hand over his brow.

And who is Rio Santo? he asked.

His friend looked upon him in amazement.

Have you not heard of Rio Santo? he said; of whom the people speak in Switzerland? Rio Santo is a marquis; a phœnix Farewell, Percival; Sir Paul is making me a sign that a fourth hand is wanted at whist.

Frank was struck dumb by this new discovery.

Good evening my dear friend, exclaimed a falsetto voice in his ear; it is an age since I have seen you, as I was saying yesterday. I am sure that you have been enjoying yourself in Switzerland. I speak seriously, but you look sad; I suspect you have been told that Rio Santò—

Is it true? muttered Frank.

I do not know that; dear Rio Santo understands devilish well how to conduct these affairs; besides, my dear friend, he has more millions than you have hundreds—he is irresistible, upon my word.

Lantures Luces whirled upon his heel and departed.

Frank moved about like a man in a trance, but soon felt the arm of a lady upon his own.

Mr. Frank Percival, said the Countess of Derby you are unfortunate, very unfortunate; for doubtless you already know——

I believe I know all, my lady, was the response.

All! no, Mr. Percival, you do not know all. Hear me, I am unhappy myself. I should like to relieve your trouble

Frank did not understand her ladyship.

A sad smile came over the countenance of the countess.

Perhaps I can afford you the means of opposing Rio Santo, for he cannot be conquered by ordinary weapons.

Rio Santo again! murmured Frank, who felt in his heart a boundless hatred.

Call on me to morrow, added the countess; what I have to tell you must be said in private, and in a whisper, and with only two present; and even then she who speaks runs some danger as well as he who listens. To morrow, Mr. Frank Percival, and she bowed gracefully and left him, as if the conversation had been on the most frivolous topics. Frank however, had not equal control over himself, and his distress of mind could be read in every feature. He continued to walk, seeking some place to lean against, or seat to fall upon.

The loud and monotonous tone of the usher now announced, emphatically—Don Joe María Telles de Alarcon, Marquis of Rio Santo.

The name of Rio Santo, pronounced in such a pompous manner, grated harshly upon the ears of Percival, and echoed like discordant music in his heart; while he was seeking his hated rival, fate cast him into his presence. Frank trembled with rage and ferocious joy. He advanced to the door

of the room where Lady Campbell and Miss Trevor were seated.

Rio Santo appeared immediately. He was a man of tall stature and heroic countenance, but delicately moulded, and marked with that serene tranquillity which is so frequently seen on the faces of Italians, such as an old master would give a hero, king, or demi-god. He wore a black mustache, curled in the Spanish style; his hair fell in natural curls, exposing a bold and haughty forehead, while his eyes, beneath the arch of his thick eyebrows, charmed and overpowered all upon whom they fell. There was but one defect in his distinguished physiognomy, and that was, the seal of sensuality upon his lip. The gait and mein of Rio Santo was proud and kingly, his costume was striking from its unstudied elegance —three sovereign orders shone upon his breast.

The name of Rio Santo created a restrained murmur through the fashionable assemblage.— Some ladies missed the figures of the quadrille; others forgot to answer the questions which were addressed to them.

Frank Percival could not be compared with his brilliant rival in external advantages. Rio Santo was one of those men on whom age makes no impression, whom time seems to forget in its progress. It would have been difficult to tell precisely how many years had passed over his head, but he no longer possessed that flower of youth which bloomed in Frank's features.

Percival fixed an intent gaze upon the marquis, whom he interrupted in the narrow passage opened by the company. At the first glance it seemed to

him that the countenance was not unfamiliar, but this conviction was sharp and fugitive. What made the deepest impression upon Frank, what he observed with the most passionate jealousy, was the extraordinary beauty of Rio Santo; and, in proportion as fear took possession of his soul, his hatred increased. Frank's eyes were still fixed upon the marquis, as he prepared to obstruct his progress. His rival at first slackened his pace, then stopped entirely, as his eyes sought for Lady Campbell and her niece—he did not even notice the indignant countenance of the young man before him.

Yonder, marquis, yonder, exclaimed the officious Lantures-Luces, pointing to the apartment where Lady Campbell was stationed. All the ladies have been protesting against your delay.—Will Percival, dearest, have the kindness to allow the marquis and myself to pass?

Frank moved not, but continued to gaze upon the countenance of the marquis, with an expression of ferocious disdain. Rio Santo replied to the silent challenge of Frank by a profound and courteous bow.

I will endeavour, said he, to obtain the honour of an introduction to Mr. Frank Percival; and before Lantures Luces had rendered his situation worse by his excessive eagerness, the marquis made an imperceptible signal with his head, to which a person who had entered the room replied; and before whom everybody seemed to give place with ostensible condescension. This individual, whom we have already introduced to the reader, and whose elegant ball costume could not disguise

great natural disadvantages of face and figure, now advanced, with his head upright, and his eyes fully opened, but without noticing or saluting any of the numerous throng.

It was the blind man of the Kings' Arms Tavern.

At the gesture of Rio Santo, he changed his course, and stood directly in front of Frank, whose attention was by this means diverted from the marquis.

Move sir, said Frank, in a passion.

The blind man turned towards him with a fixed and vacant eye.

Did you speak to me? said he, with great gentleness of tone.

Yes, sir, I spoke to you; and it seems to me exceedingly strange, that—

Come, come, dearest, exclaimed Lantures Luces, bursting into a laugh, what is the matter with you this evening? Do you wish to quarrel with Sir Edmund Mackenzie, who is blind?

I beg your pardon, said Frank, biting his lips in chagrin, and he again sought Rio Santo with his eyes, while the blind man said to him kindly:

It is I, sir, who deserve pardon.

Rio Santo had now disappeared in the crowd.

Can he be a coward? said Frank to himself. He cast a glance through the apartment, and was surprised to find that the marquis had seized, with so much eagerness, the occasion which chance had given him, to escape unnoticed.—Can he be a coward? he repeated aloud.

You had better try him and see, said a railing voice in his ear.

Percival turned quickly, but discovered no one but a tall individual, with a stoical face, wiping laboriously a gigantic quizzing glass.

What did you say? asked the young man, sternly.

I said nothing, replied the phlegmatic personage, with a German accent, who was no other than Doctor Mullen.

You spoke to me, sir.

I did not open my lips, repeated the doctor, turning his back on Frank.

Our friend was now convinced that he had mistaken, that his ears had deceived him, and that the excitement of his temper might have made the apparent impression upon his organs of sound.

The marquis had now joined Lady Campbell and her niece, and the place in which they were stationed became the centre of attraction and interest. He was received by the mistress of the mansion, with the most distinguished cordiality; she expressed her regret at his late arrival, and spoke of the sadness which his delay had thrown over the ordinary cheerfulness of her niece.

Was my absence the only cause of Miss Trevor's regret? asked the marquis, smiling blandly. Mary attempted to summon a responding smile, but her embarrassment and despondency were increased by the presence of the marquis, who had now lost the mystical terror with which he had at first inspired her; that influence no longer diminished the effect of fascinating powers which no daughter of Eve could long withstand. When Rio Santo was near, when she was exposed to his

mysterious eye, Mary lost all power of distinguishing her emotions, and had she been able to escape from the moral thraldom of her aunt, we doubt whether she could respond to the question, Whom do you love?

The marquis finally left Lady Campbell's circle to take a turn in the ball room, and pay his respects to the other ladies who were present. His enemy laid wait for him with the greatest impatience, and when the opportunity offered, advanced.

Sir, said he, in that assumed calmness of tone, in which the man of the world can disguise his emotions, you manifested, a moment since, a desire to be introduced to me.

Rio Santo did not at first appear to recognize his interlocutor, but within a moment smiled, and stretched out his hand toward him, saying:

Mr. Percival, I believe; I could not but long to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of whom Lady Campbell has so often and so affectionately spoken, and for whom Miss Trevor bears the affection of a sister.

Frank took Rio Santo's hand, and shook it with eagerness.

If you have arrived so far, said he with a bitter smile, as to love all those to whom Miss Trevor extends her regard, and you have the advantage of me; you force me to accept, in spite of myself, the pity which is so generally extended to a forgotten lover. Sir, I love Miss Mary Trevor, with more than the affection of a brother.

Rio Santo did not withdraw his hand.

I am aware of it, said he, in a stern tone, and with great precision; Lady Campbell informed me of it; but I hoped that absence—we all hoped—

In whose behalf do you speak, sir?

I speak for myself, and Lady Campbell.

Yourself and Lady Campbell are not 'all,' sir, and I declare that if you include another name, you are a liar!

I speak also in the name of Miss Mary Trevor, said Rio Santo, deliberately withdrawing his hand from the grasp of his antagonist, and placing one finger significantly on his lips, while his countenance restrained its undisturbed serenity, and not a line wrinkled his polished brow. Mr. Percival, he continued in a mild tone, I have scrupulously avoided everything which you could construe into a provocation; I should have preferred your friendship, but it seems that another choice had already been made by you—let it be as you wish it.

The countenance of Frank flushed with pleasure: My wish then is, sir, said he, that tomorrow, one or the other of us should cease to exist.

Rio Santo bowed, walked leisurely through the ball room, paid passing compliments to several acquaintances, and soon resumed his seat near Miss Trevor.

I saw you talking with Frank Percival, whispered Lady Campbell.

Yes, and I find him an exceedingly amiable young gentleman.

CHAPTER VI.

The card given by the blind man, to the beautiful and haughty bar maid of the Crown Arms, had inscribed upon it, 9 Wimpole street. At the appointed hour the Jewess passed through the open gate, ascended the granite steps, and knocked at the door of the house which was indicated. There was no occasion for repeating the summons; the door flew open the moment the requisite signal was given, a servant in sumptuous livery received her most deferentially, and conducted her to the first room upon the lower floor, where a waiting lady was seated, clothed in most becoming and unexceptionable apparel. When Susannah entered the room, the attendant rose and bowed as gracefully as a maid of honour would to a queen.

Shall I announce, said she, the Princess de Longueville to the duchess, or will the princess be shown to the parlour, or to her own apartments? I presume the princess is aware that the duchess is at home,

I know it, replied Susannah.

One of the doors of the apartment now turned upon its hinges; the drapery which concealed it glided along its gilded rod, and the face of an old lady, almost hid in profuse decorations of ribbon and lace was discerned—a face, whose acquiline and well dawn features seemed struggling against the wear of years, and whose piercing and inquisitive eyes glistened underlids agitated by a slight

nervous trembling. There was great cunning in those eyes, great expression in those features, a certain dignity and command in her manner, and a certain smile playing around her lips, which was not without its claim to distinction. The owner of these inquisitive eyes was a diminutive old lady, wrapped up in a dress of black satin; she stopped cautiously at the door, fixed a prolonged glance, that indicated close and expert observation, upon the graceful form before her, and, having completed her examination, made a gesture of approval and satisfaction.

Perfect! perfect! she uttered in a suppressed tone, Commend me to a blind man for discovering a pretty woman. She now coughed, and pushed back the door. Susannah turned slowly.

My dear child, said the old lady, I am the dowager Duchess de Greves; you are the widow of my unfortunate nephew, Prince Philip de Longueville, who died in the flower of his age, and whom I shall regret all my life. Embrace me, my dear neice. The old French lady now inclined toward Susannah and kissed her.

Princess, she continued, I hope you will not forget the name of your husband, for whom you have been in mourning this six months. Philip de Longueville, my dear child, Philip de Longueville—you understand.

Let us now proceed to business. Please to read this letter which is directed to you.

Susannah took the letter, opened it and read as follows:

When you separated from the individual who saved your life, last evening, you went in the dir-

ection of Goodman's fields—the Jewish quarter of the city, and wandered for some time around the ruins of a demolished tenement.

The letter was not signed.

For what purpose have I been followed? asked the Jewess, throwing from her the letter, and staring at the old lady. If these people are powerful what is it to me?

The French woman smiled, and drew toward her the hand of Susannah.

They can do everything, she replied, giving to her voice a mysterious accent. You have wept much, have you not?

Oh! yes replied the Jewess.

You will forget how to weep; you will not know the appearance of tears. Is the man you love powerful and rich?

I believe he is poor: he often borrowed money of my father, at the time there was gold in the dilapidated house of Goodman's Fields.

What is his name?

Brian de Lancaster, replied the girl, with pride.

Brian de Lancaster! repeated the French lady, unable to restrain a gesture of disdain. Brian de Lancester, the poor brother of the rich Earl of White Manor! Good God! my child, and is it for this de Lancester that you have wept so much?

Susannah made an affirmative sigh.

Poor dear! exclaimed the duchess, if he had passed along, he would not have perceived you; and if he had noticed you, you, were lost. You are amazed, I see, but I repeat my word—lost. Do you think that Brian de Lancester would

make honourable love to a girl he met at the corner of the street.

It is true, murmured Susannah, who turned pale as usual after an avoided danger.

It is not thus that you are destined to meet him, princess; but in some splendid party at the West End, in Almack's, or in the Park behind the glasses of your carriage emblazoned with your arms.

True, true, repeated Susannah, he has driven power and riches from my mind. Yesterday I was promised riches.

She rose, and as if the sense of vision had just been bestowed upon her, she gazed around the apartment; the sight of which brought a smile of joy to her lips, and her joy was more beautiful than her grief. Well, very well, she exclaimed, they have fulfilled their promise, this is as brilliant as the house now in ruins once was, before my father was hung. I will paint beautiful flowers and give them to you, madame. I will sing for you when,—when I shall see him!

The first words were spoken in a joyful tone, but the last in an imperative and passionate manner. The old lady reflected a moment, with her small wrinkled hands crossed upon her knees and her eyes partially closed.

You will see him this evening; said she at length.

This evening, repeated her companion, who started like an excited gazelle; this evening, and resuming her imposing attitude, she gave her hand with exquisite grace to the French lady, and said in a low tone of infinite gratitude—

For this, dear madam, I will ever love you.

The old lady shook her head slowly. My poor child said she, you love him much—you love him too much. Such love is dangerous, because it leads to imprudence. Can you keep secrets from him?

No, replied Susannah; I should tell him all that I knew.

That would be your destruction.

It is no matter, and Susannah lost her smile, and knitted her brow.

I do not threaten, my child, continued the old lady, and your anger is superfluous; but I have only informed you of the truth—hear me: I know as well as any one, the audacious and eccentric disposition of the Right Honourable Brian de Lancester; should you but whisper a word, he will understand the whole; he will attempt to oppose them, and such an opposition is certain death. He is but one man; the association cannot count its members; he is poor and powerless; there are among us, nobles whose power and opulence are a proverb; in the first encounter he will be broken like glass.

I will be silent, interrupted Susannah.

I believe you will, my child, continued the dowager, fixing upon her niece a penetrating look, you will be silent; for eyes and ears surround you. You must learn how to enjoy your present happiness, without indulging a foolish caprice; you are the Princess de Longueville, what secrets can be asked of you? You will give him your love, and that is enough. What! a poverty-stricken second son, beloved by the widow of a

prince, but twenty years of age? beautiful as an angel, rich as a queen.

No, no; it is not enough, said Susannah; if I were really a queen, Brian would deserve all that I could grant; but I will be as silent as you have enjoined—you told me that I should see him this evening.

My promise shall be kept, my child.

The French lady now rose and rang the bell; a domestic entered, and she ordered writing materials to be brought.

It is three o'clock, muttered the duchess, while tracing a few lines upon the paper; we have three hours yet, which is more time than we need. Give this note to Joe, Mariette, and tell him to deliver it immediately to the doctor; give this one to Dick; the major must receive it in half an hour, and order Ned to have the princess's carriage in readiness at half-past six precisely. You may go.

The waiting maid retired.

My dear niece, continued the duchess, there is, to night, a German play at the Haymarket, and the fashion will probably desert the king's theatre on this occasion. Begin your toilet, my child, for we will go to this play.

And Brian?

The Right Honourable Brian de Lancester will be there.

How do you know?

He will be there, my child.

CHAPTER VII.

At the period of which we are writing, a little beyond the angle formed by Cornhill and Finch lane, there was a narrow alley, miserably paved, and through which an extremely narrow band of the cloudy sky could only be discovered. That alley stretched along a large building, one side of which was on Finch Lane, but its broad front overlooked Cornhill.

The first floor of this large building which stretched along Cornhill, was occupied by splendid stores. The first displayed through its large windows of plate glass, a magnificent assortment of all kinds of jewelry; the second was furnished with all the various articles that compose the apparel of both sexes, from the patent leather boot, and the highly worked stocking, to the ready-made coat, and the India cachmere. These two establishments were constantly thronged by customers. Upon the sign of the silversmith, the name of Falkstone could be read; over the furnishing store, the name of Bertram. Upon the side of the building which looked upon Finch lane, the shop of an exchange broker was conspicuous; but the aspect of things on this side was quite different: the street was obscure, the office dark, with grated windows, and peculiar curtains, which gave to it a mysterious appearance. And yet there was nothing particular about it; for, during the day, bank notes were exchanged for gold, and gold for bank notes. By

the side of the exchange broker, in a yet darker part of the lane, was the shop of a pawn broker, who was obliged to light his lamps at an early hour in the ofternoon The dealer in exchanges was called Mr. Walter; the dealer in pledges, Peter Practice.

Finally, in the back part of the same building, upon the alley which is now closed, eight or ten grated windows opened, which were so thoroughly painted as to defy the eyes of the curious. In this part of the establishment were the counting-rooms of EDWARD & Co.

The sum of the information which had been gathered concerning Edward & Co., was. that the jeweller, the furnisher, the exchange broker, and the pawnbroker had been there for a year; that they appeared to be doing a good business, and that nothing could be said to their disparagement. Once, however, an incident occurred, which seemed, in the opinions of these eight ladies, and the neighbouring shopkeepers, to throw some light upon the mystery. Thirty stout men meanly clad, apparently sailors, were seen to enter the counting rooms of Edward & Co. They evidently went there to seek employment, and it was now pretty well understood that Edward & Co. were employed in engaging crews for the merchant service. In the course of a month, the same men were again seen; within another they re-appeared, and in the third month they were seen again. These men were not sailors, was now the general belief. People began to talk of strange doings, of secret associations, of criminal trades, of coalesced brigands, and of foolish suspicions

which sensible people would have been ashamed to utter.

Whatever may have been the foundation of these various conjectures, it is certain, that on the day succeeding the ball in Trevor Place, these pretended sailors paid a visit to the house of Edward & Co. They were seen about eleven o'clock in the morning, entering in small companies the door of the small building that opens upon the dark alley. The footman in red livery recognised and admitted them; there were thirty-six of them; and when the last had entered, the footman locked the door within, and left the rooms. The thirty-six sailors were robust and determined-looking fellows. Some showed on their faces the certain marks of dissolute habits; others bore the honourable wounds of fisticuff encounters; and, on the whole, were that class of persons one would not be pleased to encounter on a deserted road. They had the appearance of fearless outlaws, and with the exception of costume, must have borne a close resemblance to the followers of Robin Hood. One or two lads, scarcely emerged from childhood, were seen among the matured desperadoes. Most of this company have already passed before the reader's eye, and he must have recognised in this assemblage a good number of the nocturnal navigators of the Thames. There was the stout Tom Turnbull, who, by the light of day, lost none of the marks of a desperate rogue; Big Charlie, who on that night rowed the boat commanded by the brave Capt. Paddy O'Chrane; Patrick Sawnie, the barker; Snail, who imitated so well the mewing of a cat, and many others

who have not been particularly introduced. The excellent captain himself was absent.

The office in which they were now assembled was divided by a grating and green curtains, in which were several small windows. Over one of these were inscribed the word *Cash*. The sailors could all read well enough to understand these magical letters. They had taken their seats in silence upon a wooden bench which stretched around the room; the last comer only, who could not be accommodated with a seat, was standing by the window, and had his face in contact with the panes of glass, which were covered with paint. One would have thought, at the first glance, that he was attempting merely to see through the opaque barrier; but on a closer inspection, it was evident that a more intellectual labour was occupying his mind; the fingers of his right hand passed rapidly over those of his left; he added and deducted—the man was an accountant in rags.

This individual was of very short stature, and his limbs dangled ungracefully from the trunk; yet each of these limbs, taken by itself, was indicative of great power and vigour; his arms were long, and swollen with muscle above the elbows; his legs bent inward, seemed like two iron columns, and his head rested between two broad shoulders. His face was small; his forehead not three fingers high, from which dropped, without any transition, an aqualine nose, with nostrils so narrow, as scarcely to serve the purposes of respiration. There was no beard upon his face, except where, here and there, a straggling red hair

had pierced his ghastly cheek ; his lips were thin, and an habitual simper had engraven two wrinkles on each side of his mouth ; his glance was at times penetrating, and at times suspicious, from beneath thick and overhanging eyebrows ; and his whole expression indicated a sort of native good nature, boundless avarice, and that hardihood which marks the countenance of all the London villains. There was one part of his dress which was certainly original. He wore pockets all about him—in coat, pantaloons, vest, even in his shirt ; his greatcoat alone had five, and one descended from his waist half way down his leg, and was lined with leather. Such was Boblantern, the assassin of Temple Church.

The thirty five companions of Bob had been assembled but a few moments, when a voice from behind the green curtain asked,

Are you all there ?

We are all here, Mr. Smith, replied Tom Turnbull.

We are all here, repeated little Snail, in a falsetto.

They now heard behind the grating the movements of a complicated lock.

What have you to say, Tom ?

Not two steps from us, said Tom to his companions, there is an iron chest ; it is open.

Well, what of that ?

In that chest there is no silver.

I am sorry for that.

No gold.

What, no gold ?

Silence : I'll knock down the first man that

speaks. No gold! repeated Turnbull; but do you know why there is no gold?

No, Tommy; pray tell us why.

Because there is no room for it; it is filled with bank notes from top to bottom.

Every eye sparkled, and a low murmur was heard.

The murmur increased, and insatiable avarice was depicted on every countenance, while all eyes were turned toward the railing.

Patience, patience, my friends! exclaimed Mr. Smith, who mistook what he heard for eagerness for the prey. The cashier was seated at his desk, and reading quietly the columns of the Times.

What would you have us do? asked several of Tom.

Turnbull did not answer, but he drove his heavy boot against the wooden partition which supported the grating. The railing shook, but did not fall.

What is that? exclaimed the cashier, in an enraged tone.

Tom was about to strike again, but Boblantern arrested him. You make too much noise, said he; things should always be carried at the first blow; and he struck with his iron shod shoe the lock of the door, which flew into fragments, and jumped hastily aside, allowing the crowd to rush into the counting room. Mr. Smith being forewarned by the first blow of Tom, had placed himself in a defensive attitude; he had raised his desk between the door and the iron safe, which he was now attempting to lock, but could not

succeed, for the skirts of his coat had caught in it.

Do not take so much trouble, said Turnbull, eagerly ; the business is done, and if you are only decent, we will allow you to come in for your share.

Scoundrels, before you touch that chest, you will have to murder me.

That can be done ! replied Turnbull, coolly.

While Tom and Charlie were removing the desk, which had been placed as a rampart before the iron safe, one of the brigands more sprightly than the rest, leaped upon the desk, exclaiming, The first share is mine.

Bravo, bravo, Sawnie, exclaimed the crowd.

The first share will be yours ! said the guardian of the cash, drawing forth a pair of pistols, discharging one suddenly, and scattering the brains of the adventurous Scot over his companions.

An astonishing panic now suddenly seized all but the two principal aggressors ; they fled with precipitation beyond the railings. Leaving the corpse of Sawnie, stretched in death, they gathered into a compact cluster, and concealed their faces like schoolboys, caught in some mischievous act. At the report of the pistol, which if not heard in the street, must have resounded through the interior of the building, a man, with his face covered by a black mask, appeared on the staircase, and casting a glance into the apartment, descended the stairs silently, one by one. All had seen him except Turnbull and Charlie.

The mask now asked Mr. Smith in a cool and

collected tone: What is the meaning of this noise?

The two brigands abandoned their grasp at the sound of that voice: His honour! muttered Tom as they both suddenly moved back, trembling with fear.

They are well caught, said Bob Lantern. I always suspected that infernal staircase.

His honour returned slowly to his apartment, and Tom and Charlie, with discomfited and mortified looks, rejoined their companions.

The cashier re-adjusted his desk: You must dispose of that, said he, pointing to the lifeless form of Sawnie.

Yes, Mr. Smith, replied Turnbull, respectfully.

As if nothing extraordinary had occurred, Mr. Smith resumed the 'Times,' and waited for the arrival of Nicholas, who had been despatched for change.

CHAPTER VIII.

The thirty-five individuals who had just attacked the iron safe of Edward & Co., remained for a few moments silent and motionless, under the effect of the apparition, which put a termination to their attack. They dared not speak; the most turbulent had become the most timid.

Turnbull was hiding himself behind Charlie, and Charlie was attempting to conceal his huge form behind the insignificant Snail; nobody could

ever well hide behind Boblantern, for he had stationed himself as close as possible to the wall.

After a few moments, Snail who was naturally restless, made a movement, Charlie raised his head and Tom Turnbull coughed distinctly.

Poor Sawnie, muttered Tom.

Poor Sawnie, repeated Snail, seeming to weep, no man could bark like him.

Poor Sawnie!

Bob left his corner, and examined the corpse with the eye of a connoisseur. He was a solid chap, he said at last; and will make a passable subject. The resurrectionists would give a guinea for it. Who will help me to carry it away?

Let no one touch it, exclaimed Tom. 'Tis my property.

Why yours?

Because, said Tom, wiping away a tear, Sawnie was my friend; and if I havn't a right to profit by his poor body who has?

The force of this argument was admitted by all and the Corpse was surrendered to his friend, that he might dispose of it for a guinea to the resurrectionists.

Move off with these remnants of a brigand, said the cashier, pointing to Sawnie's corpse; and be more careful the next time you come.

I must have a bag and some straw, in order to protect him from the weather, my poor friend, said Turnbull

Nicholas was summoned, who soon brought the requisite articles, and within a few minutes the body of the victim was fastened up, so that it re-

sembled an ordinary bale of goods, and Tom marched off with it upon his shoulders. Mr Smith, Nicholas, and Boblantern, were now all that remained in the counting room.

What do you wait for? said the cashier to the latter.

His honour wishes to see me, he answered.

You!

Bob cast a complacent glance round the room. I am the only one here, he said.

But what does his honour want of you?

Something or other. Perhaps he wishes to inquire about my friends. All that I can tell you is, that he expects me.

Nicholas, go and ask his honour whether he wishes to see this rogue?

Not so, interrupted Bob. I am not fond of trifles. Ask his honour simply. if he will have a moment's conversation with his poor Bob Lantern?

Within a few moments, Bob was ascending the staircase, and dragging his muddy shoes over a carpet of finest Brussels that covered the parlour. He passed through it, preceded by Nicholas, and having gone through several rooms richly furnished, where there were several articles with which he wished to fill his large leathern pocket—

I will be temperate, said he, as he continued to stuff his ample breeches with whatever he could lay his hands on.

At the sound of Bob Lantern's footsteps Mr. Edward covered his face with the mask, but upon recognising the intruder, soon threw it aside.

Bob advanced, bowing awkwardly at each step, and hesitating whether he should place his foot upon the carpet.

The small negro left the room on a signal from his master.

What do you want? he said to Bob.

I came to wish you good day, and also to inform you respecting that little affair of which your honour knows; and the assassin winked significantly, while pronouncing these words.

I know not to what you allude; try to explain yourself more clearly.

Has your honour forgotten Temple Church, and the pretty girl with the contribution box?

Yes, said he after a moment's silence, she was a sweet child; how much devotion and innocence were painted upon her face! what modesty in her voice! and what love there must be in her heart.

She is a very nice miss, upon my soul and conscience, said Bob Lantern.

I sent you upon an errand.

It is precisely on that account that I presumed to intrude upon your honour. I followed the girl, or rather the girls—for there were two—and a sort of a boy, which make three. By the way, he asked me your honour's name.

Who did?

The young fellow. And he gave me a bright sovereign for my trouble.

Did you tell it to him?

Not a bit—not a bit, your honour.

And where does she live?

As for that, your honour will not need a cab to

visit her; and I said to myself, it seems to be arranged expressly.

Where does she reside? interrupted Edward, with impatience.

Within a stone's throw, opposite your house, across the street.

Edward cast a look, instinctively following the gesture of Bob to the opposite side of Cornhill, and the windows of the third story. His movement was so rapid that a charming young girl, partly concealed by a curtain which had been raised from curiosity, had not time to disappear; the fair creature shrunk from the intent gaze, blushed, and dropped the curtain.

It is she—it is she, I am sure; I could not see the colour of her hair, but her face is not one to be mistaken; how do you know that she lives upon that floor?

I will tell you, replied Bob: I cannot knock at people's doors, for my uniform does not inspire much respect. When the young girls and the boy entered that house, I cast up a look, and found all the windows lighted except those on the third floor; within a few minutes a light appeared in them.

That is all right, said he; ask Mr. Smith to pay you.

I should prefer it, if it is all the same, to receive my pay from your honour's hand.

Why so?

Life is very dear, and ——

Well?

Mr. Smith will tell me he has already paid me once.

Mr. Edward threw him two sovereigns, and dismissed him with a sign. Bob Lantern kissed the gold, as beggars do when they receive alms.

God bless your honour, said he, but muttered as he retired: forty miserable shillings, when he gives a ten pound note to a collecting girl; perhaps that boy would be more generous—I have a great mind to try him.

The poor maiden had passed the period when the passions were maturing, and the affections yearning for some object on which to lavish their tenderness, in an almost monastic solitude. No useless employment, or frivolous pursuit, had diverted her fancy from contemplating, in the elegant stranger whom she had so frequently seen from her own window, the ideal of her dreams, the realization of her hopes, upon whom she could exhaust the strength, the ardour, the insatiable fondness of her soul.

Clara and her youngest sister had spent their youth at Lochmaben, of which Mr. Macfarlane, their father, was the principal magistrate. At an age, when a young girl needs so much the lessons and the counsels of a mother, the sisters had been deprived of theirs. For two or three years, their father had educated his daughters in his own mansion; but quite suddenly he changed his designs, and his conduct became very mysterious. Unknown men took up their abode in his mansion, with whom he held long and frequent conferences, and whom he accompanied on secret journeys, the object of which was scrupulously concealed. It was at this time that he solicited his sister, Mrs. Macnab, who resided in London, to take charge

of his two daughters. When Clara recalled these events, she was convinced that her father wished to relieve himself from those cares which their tender age demanded, and that he was influenced by mysterious reasons, to send them to the metropolis. When the proposition was first made to the mother of Stephen, she had been but a short time a widow, and was overwhelmed with affliction at so terrible a catastrophe, which had bereft her of her husband. He had been murdered! She received her nieces with kindness, but with comparatively small interest at first; but as her grief was in some degree allayed, she could not but appreciate the charming disposition with which the two sisters were endowed. They were like, yet unlike in the warmth and generosity of their nature, unlike in the peculiar organization of their minds, and in the shading of their character.

Stephen Macnab was not behind his mother in affection for his fair cousins. The death of his father, of which he had been the accidental witness, had at first shaken his youthful faculties; but he had soon recovered from the shock, and the lapse of years had now removed all the effects of the calamity upon his intellect. But the remembrance of his murdered father, and the image of his murderer, were engraved upon his mind in ineffaceable characters of blood. The assassin, whom he had seen for an instant, in consequence of the fall of his mask, was not stamped upon his memory with very certain indications: one circumstance, however, was still luminous—it was the form of a tall, robust, and supple man, with

black eyebrows, knit together with a long scar drawn distinctly on his heated forehead. He saw all this as in a dream, but a burning fever for vengeance was kindled in his mind.

The preceding evening had been an era in Stephen's life. His affection which, from want of obstacles, had hitherto vaciliated between his two cousins, were now fixed upon one with an intensity and violence, which could only be produced by the flames of jealousy being mingled with those of first love. He had, therefore, returned from the church, sad and thoughtful; finding no delight in those pleasures and amusements which had, but yesterday, been his happiness and solace.

At ten o'clock, his mother entered, and after having expressed her surprise at the abstracted manner, and fixed determination of her son, not to go to the ball, she placed in his hands a letter, which bore a foreign post mark.

From Frank! he exclaimed quickly, with a face to which serenity was partially restored.

I have learned to know this hand writing, my son, because the sight of it rendered you so happy.

He arrives to day! He must have arrived now. Poor Frank! poor Frank! he also will be——

He also, repeated the mother; are you then so unhappy, my son.

Stephen forced a smile to his face, and the good mother, reassured, left the apartment; but she had hardly gone, before two gentle raps were heard at the door and a sweet female voice breathed through the keyhole, Thank you, thank you, my dear cousin.

It was the voice of Anna, who had for the past week employed all her eloquence to dissuade Stephen from attending the ball, for she, too, had her artless jealousies, and could easily understand with how many attractions ladies of quality were surrounded.

It's Anna's voice, muttered Stephen after a moment's silence. Clara will not come; she cares not whether I am at the ball, or at home.

He leaned his brow upon his hand.

How beautiful she was! How proud would I have been of that one glance! Yes, I love her; and have only discovered it since I have lost her. But who can this stranger be? he asked himself, with sudden violence. Where did he become acquainted with her? Was she actually looking at him? He never has been in this house; she never has met him elsewhere. What is the meaning of this mystery?

CHAPTER IX.

Stephen was lost in the meditations which rushed through his mind. His disposition was one whose suspicions are easily aroused, and which does not hastily abandon them. But on the evening in question, the first consciousness of love had passed through his soul. He sighed, like all the heroines of Richardson or Miss Porter concentrated into one; and sighs, it is well known, lull all suspicions, as the warm breezes melt the snow which covers the meadows.

I am mad, said he, after a few minutes meditation. She is as pure as the angels she resembles. What torments I am destined to endure! I will see poor Frank; we will mourn together, if we cannot console each other.

Anna, on the other hand, was cheerful, and expressed artlessly to her cousin her heartfelt gratitude, which he was too much absorbed to notice. She believed, that on her account Stephen had denied himself the pleasure of attending the ball, and she could not conceal her gratification.

As soon as breakfast was over, and while the tea was smoking on the table, Clara left the breakfast table to assume that position where, half shielded by the curtains, she could overlook the rooms of the opposite mansion. It was here that she daily seated herself. She often came there in vain, for Edward's visits to this house were very unfrequent.

Clara timidly advanced her white and taper fingers, drew them back, and then advanced again. The curtain was again raised, but then so slightly. It was sufficient. She could see him, whose thoughts filled her whole soul. The eye of Edward wandering and meditative, was no longer, directed toward her window; Clara therefore felt no further alarm, and resumed her first position.

In the course of a few minutes, what she might have foreseen, what she might perhaps have wished, occurred; Edward's reverie was terminated, and his eyes naturally again sought the window. Oh, we can positively declare, that Clara had the firm intention of again concealing

herself. She hastily endeavoured to close the curtain, but the muslin unfortunately caught upon some hook, or obstacle, or forgotten pin, that prevented its falling; so that the lovely girl remained unveiled before the handsome dreamer, who was passionately contemplating her.

Clara! cried Mrs. M'Nab from an adjoining room.

Clara did not hear her.

Edward threw the most impassioned eloquence into his looks. Though mute, he said, I love you, even more tenderly than he could have uttered the words.

Clara! cried Stephen in his turn.

Clara heard him not. Her head swam; her heart rushed toward Edward, who appeared by his gestures to implore her love, and ask her pity. The tears trembled upon the eyelashes of the beautiful girl, and fell trembling upon her cheek.

Oh! Heaven! He loves me! murmured Clara.

Edward, who perceived the victory he had obtained, placed two fingers upon his lips, and sent a kiss across the street. This time the pin was not strong enough to retain the curtain. Clara was offended; the muslin fell. At the same instant, the door of Clara's room was abruptly thrown open.

Clara, Clara, cried Mrs. Mac Nab and Stephen together, both rushing into the room. Clara trembled, as did our mother Eve, when surprised in the garden.

What are you doing here, my child? said Mrs.

M'Nab, kindly. I have been calling you for the last five minutes.

There must be something very interesting here, said Stephen, in a severe tone, that you could neither hear my voice, nor that of my mother.

The young girl stammered, but could not answer. Stephen, whose head was full of jealous suspicions, ran forward to the window, and was about to raise the curtain. Clara, by a supplicating gesture, endeavoured to restrain him, but Stephen paid no attention to her mute prayer, and the drapery was withdrawn. Clara, Stephen, and Mrs. Mac Nab, all eagerly looked out of the window. There was no one to be seen on the first floor of the square building, the windows of which were all vacant, their double silken curtains being completely closed. Clara breathed more freely, and Stephen, with difficulty, restrained an expression of vexation.

Edward quitted his seat the moment that Clara again hid herself behind the curtain. He rose with the air of a man who was beginning to get tired of the game he was playing, went to the chimney piece, and rang the bell, which was instantly answered by the little negro.

Go and strike the gong in the centre room, said Edward.

How many times, master?

Five.

The negro boy left the room by a door opposite to the one by which Bob Lantern had entered it. A few seconds afterwards the dull but sonorous echoes of five blows given upon a gong,

were heard from the part of the building to which the negro went when he left the room.

Almost at the same moment, the five doors were opened The two first, opening in the direction of Cornhill, gave entrance to a lady very richly dressed, and to a gentleman of fashionable appearance. The third, at the Finch-lane side, admitted a gentleman with a very honest-looking face, and dressed as a respectable merchant. By the fourth, a little yellow complexioned and withered old man introduced himself, whose napless clothes were much worn at the angles formed by his meagre limbs. Finally, the fifth door gave entrance to Mr. Smith, decorated in his blue spectacles, and an extensive shade over his eyes.

The fine lady came from the sumptuous show rooms of dresses of all descriptions in Cornhill, of which she was the sovereign mistress, under the name of Mistress Bertram.

The gentleman, Mr. Falkstone, was her neighbour the jeweller.

The honest-looking gentleman kept the money changer's office in Finch name. His name was Walter.

The fourth was no less a personage than Peter Practice, formerly a ruined attorney, who carried on, in the dirty and gloomy shop in Finch-lane, next door to the money changer's, the trade of dealer in second-hand articles.

Of these five personages, Mrs. Bertram and Peter Practice were the only two who wore their faces as nature made them. It was so much the worse for the old attorney, who had the look of

an old and shameless usurer; but it was so much the better for Mrs. Bertram, who was still handsome, although she had overstepped, and many years, the bounds of youthfulness.

The three others wore masks, which are permitted, in our state of civilization, to all who choose to bear them. Thus, Mr. Smith had his eye shade. Mr. Walter partook with him in the advantages of green spectacles, to which he added a black wig, which could not otherwise than contrast strongly with the silver tone of the down upon his cheek, in those parts which the razor did not pass over. The cheeks of Mr. Falkstone, the brilliant jeweller, had, on the contrary, a bluish tinge, which did not, however, prevent his having a pretty light mustache, and hair of the same colour, admirably curled.

A silence of some minutes reigned throughout this singular and mysterious congress. Mr. Edward was reclining in his arm chair, and appeared to have forgotten the presence of his partners.—The latter were all silently awaiting his instructions.

At last Mr. Edward drew from his pocket a splendid watch, set in diamonds. Half past twelve, murmured he. Is my watch right, Falkstone?

Perfectly right, sir.

Peter Practice pulled out an enormous silver watch, which he set by Mr. Edward's.

If I have the right time, rejoined the latter, I cannot remain long with you. Let us at once proceed to business. I want ten thousand pounds.

My money-box such as it is—and Heaven knows it is not a heavy one—but such as it is, it is at your honour's disposal.

Mr. Edward reflected a minute. As to you, Smith, said he, I know what you have. By Heavens, gentlemen, you do not bestir yourselves. Every time I ask a trifle of you———

Ten thousand pounds! sighed Peter Practice.

You give vent to sighs and lamentations, pursued Edward; this is intolerable. Are you ever left without goods? have you not a reasonable share in the profits? does the police trouble you in any way? have not all that is most fashionable been shown the way to your shops; and to whom do you owe all this, may I ask? Goods, security, and custom—to me! for I have given you all this. And you now hesitate to satisfy my wishes.

Heaven forbid! said Falkstone.

You are well convinced that all I have is yours, said Mrs. Bertram.

Yes; you, Fanny, I believe, and I thank you; but these gentlemen———

We are ready, said Falkstone, interrupting him.

I am ready, rejoined Peter Practice, who added, muttering to himself: but I protest against it in due form, declaring that I act tanquan coactus, and not otherwise.

This is as it should be, said Edward, rising; I depend upon you for this evening. You may, yourselves, depend upon me, and fear nothing. I stand between you and pecuniary difficulties, as I stand between you and danger. Adieu, Fanny.

Mr. Edward took the staircase which led to

the jeweller's shop, where he stayed for a few minutes, appearing to ask the price of, and to select several articles, and then leaving the shop as a person who had completed his purchases, he got into an elegant carriage which was standing at the door, to which was attached a pair of horses, which could not be equalled for beauty in London, even in the unrivalled stables of the Marquis de Rio Santo.

He had already reclined upon the silken cushions of his chariot, when the horses started off at a gallop, their course being directed toward the fashionable purlieus of the West End.

CHAPTER X.

When he left the counting house of Edward & Co., Bob Lantern made the best use of his legs and elbows along the muddy foot-pavement of Cheapside, and directed his steps toward St. Giles's. This honest and worthy lad, shoved hard against the children in his way, elbowed the women whom he passed; but if any gentleman hindered his progress, he took good care to make a sufficient circuit, or to creep past him without touching him. Such is the chivalrous custom of the lower class of London blackguards.

Bob Lantern skimmed along the houses, and glided through the fog with an agility which his ungraceful form and usually apathetic manner rendered surprising. He ran rapidly over the distance that separates Cornhill from the muddy

labyrinths which bear the name of St. Giles. Here he entered a narrow and winding alley where the fog rendered the air so thick that it was with difficulty he could see two paces before him, although it was hardly midday.

God save me! Temperance, said Bob on entering the cellar; you are roasting yourself like an old devil, as you are.

No one replied. The red hot stove was roaring like a forge bellows.

Temperance! Temperance! rejoined Bob Lantern; Temperance, you devil's daughter, won't you answer me?

A human snoring was added to the roaring of the stove, and a grumbling voice pronounced these words, though interrupted by the stammering insensibility of drowsiness.

Another glass, Mr. Goose, another glass—the gin is good, and it is old Bob who pays for it!

I am thirsty, exclaimed she, gazing at Bob with a sort of vacant stare.

Oh! you are thirsty, are you? sponge! replied the latter, brandishing the poker; you are thirsty—and I, who work hard all day to earn a few miserable pence—you are thirsty—you get drunk—may God deliver me! but some day, Temperance, I shall dash your brains out against the wall.

Notwithstanding the brutal energy of his threats, there was a tenderness in Bob's voice, even while thus speaking.

Now, now, my pretty Bob, replied the tall woman, one glass more or less makes no difference; and my throat is burning.

Your stomach full of gin—the stove full of coke—you must think me rich to go on at this rate.

Temperance had mechanically gone round the stove, and had approached a table on which there was a glass and a gin bottle, both empty.

Not a drop, grumbled she, bitterly. My dear Bob, have you not a small half crown in your pocket, to please your little wife?

Half a crown, half a crown, it is a man's whole earnings for eight hours' hard work. You will ruin me.

I am thirsty, said Temperance, who had crouched down behind the stove, and was falling asleep again.

I must, however, get rid of her somehow, murmured Bob, to himself—if she were to know. Woman, added he, aloud, may the devil fetch me if I can refuse you anything. Here is sixpence, go and get something to drink.

Sixpence, my pretty Bob, give me sixpence, more.

Lantern knit his eyebrows, and raised the poker with a threatening mein. Temperance to whom the idea of imbibing two or three more glasses of gin, had restored her legs, took herself up the staircase, singing as she went. Lantern followed her stealthily to the street door, which he closed after she had gone out. That being done, he returned to his cellar, the door of which he carefully barricaded.

A few minutes after this, Bob Lantern ascended the last steps of his staircase, and again came

into the daylight—that is to say, into the thick fog which filled the alley. A few steps from his own door, in a smoky tavern, he perveived his companion Temperance, who was fast asleep, with her head upon a table. What a pity, grumbled he; a woman of five feet six inches.

He then resumed the rapid course which he had before been pursuing, and passed the houses with the rapidity of a locomotive. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon; once out of the neighbourhood of St. Giles, Bob Lantern directed his steps towards Oxford street; despising the foot pavements, he splashed the hackney coaches as he ran by them through the mud. After running some time, he got into Portman Square, before a large house of magnificent appearance, of which the front, according to custom, was protected by an iron railing.

Between the railing and the house, on both sides of the portico, swarms of idle valets and grooms stood talking and laughing. Bob Lantern placed his foot on the first step leading up to the house.

What can this fellow want? cried a young jockey, weighing about forty pounds.

My good little Mr. Tulip, replied Bob; do not you recollect me?

Some beggar.

Oh fie, said Bob, with a look of considerable pride, and he added, whisperingly, to himself: I never beg till after dark, do you understand, you fourth part of a man? and then he added, in a louder tone, my good little gentleman, I am your servant, Bob Lantern.

Quite right, cried two or three of the grooms. Bob Lantern, the husband of Mrs. Temperance.

At your service, my good gentlemen.

Well, what do you want?

To present my respects to you, and to see, if that be possible, my lord's steward.

The steward is very busy.

Of course; he must be so Mr. Paterson and I are old acquaintances; and I may say, without flattering myself. that he would be glad to see me.

There was really a large crowd in the steward's ante-chamber. First of all, there were five or six of the earl's tenants, who wanted to renew their leases; then tradespeople, clients, in the Latin acceptation of the term, and half a dozen horse-dealers, who called themselves stud masters.

Tulip half opened the door leading to Mr. Paterson's room, and pronounced the name of Lantern. The poor devils who had been kicking their heels there for several hours, eagerly peeped through the open door to ascertain who the tedious visitor could be, whose prolonged audience had so pitilessly prevented them from seeing the steward. They did all they could to discover him, but all they could perceive was Mr. Paterson himself, who reclining upon an arm-chair with a low back, had placed his large feet upon the fender before the fire-place, and was carefully picking his teeth. The farmers, tradesmen, and horsedealers imagined they had not seen all.

Lantern! exclaimed Mr. Paterson, without looking at Tulip. Oh, the devil! Lantern, say you? Who is Lantern?

It is I, an' it please your honour, replied Bob, endeavouring to advance.

After us, man! after us! exclaimed the whole group of tradesmen, farmers, and horse dealers in chorus.

That voice appears familiar to me, said Paterson. Ah! I recollect! that Lantern is a rascal of some talent—let him come in.

A loud murmur arose from the farmers, tradespeople, and horse dealers, who endeavoured to prevent Bob's passing on.

My good gentlemen, said Bob, who was always particularly civil, when it suited his purpose to be so. But there was no need for his attempting to produce an effect by his eloquence. Tulip, who held in his hand a long wet brush, valiantly threw himself into the throng, and showered down a rain of black water, right and left. The assembled crowd retired, grumblingly. Bob hastened to take advantage of the road which had been opened for him, and passed on, bowing in a lowly manner to all around.

Shut the door! cried Mr. Paterson, without at all changing his position.

Bob shut the door

Come here, said the steward.

Bob advanced nearer to him

Bob on entering the room, did as the waiters in the ante-room, he looked around, but saw no one. Mr. Paterson had no other reason for not admitting any one, but his own good pleasure and his tooth-pick. After a minute's silence, he raised his eyes looking at Bob, and shrugged his shoulders

You want to sell something, said he, making an

attempt at being witty, but not succeeding; something, like—yes, in the devil's name! something which—you understand me, you wicked rascal?

Bob laughed very good humouredly.

What your honour says is vastly funny, muttered Bob; as you say, I want to sell something, of that sort.

You come at a bad time; such merchandise is at a low price here—my lord wants no more of it.

That's unfortunate, replied Bob coolly—very unfortunate for his lordship; for as to myself, d'ye see, Mr. Paterson, there is no fear of my keeping such merchandise, as you call it, long in my warehouse.

She is very pretty, then? asked the steward.

An angel—and I should like to make a bet that there are not many angels like her.

Mr. Paterson again shrugged his shoulders. Horsedealers always brag of their horses, said he sententiously.

Your honour can see her.

How old is she?

Somewhere about seventeen, perhaps eighteen. Ah, your honour, she is as fresh as a cherry, and as supple as a willow. She is graceful, genteel, fair, modest—

How much must I give you?

Bob returned toward the fireplace, and leaning his elbow on the chimney piece, said;

I will tell you her name, I will tell you her address, and you shall give me thirty guineas.

Mr. Paterson reflected a moment; he then rose without saying another word, and went toward his secretary. Bob followed him with anxious

looks. The steward opened one of the drawers, and slowly counted out the thirty sovereigns.

Take that!

Bob did not give him time to repeat his command. He seized the gold, and it disappeared as if by enchantment, into one of his immense pockets.

Anna Macfarlane, said he whispering, while Paterson wrote under his direction, "32 Cornhill opposite Finch lane; there are two sisters, an old aunt or mother, and a beardless youth, who is either cousin or brother.

Call here to-morrow, said Paterson.

Bob made an affirmative sign and withdrew. The farmers, the tradespeople, and the horse-dealers looked at him with envious hatred. Bob passed through the room, bowing very humbly to them.

This evening, thought he, I'll go and see my friends, the resurrection-men—but their work is very hard, and disagreeable too, and not well paid either. Yet one must earn one's crust of bread. But stay—it is fine weather for begging this evening. It is a warm fog, and the old women will be leaving their chimney-corners—but I must keep a good look-out for the policemen.

Bob gave himself a sort of hitch, by which he appeared to dislocate one of his shoulders; for, in an instant, he became one of the most pitiable objects imaginable. One of his shoulders appeared raised above his head, while the other seemed to have disappeared altogether—he twisted his left arm in so hideous a way, as to give it all the appearance of having been struck with paralysis,

His left leg became shortened; he limped, and moved in such a sidelong, crablike manner; that merely to look at him excited compassion. He continually looked all around, to see that the footpath was unpoluted by the presence of policemen.

He selected from the crowd an old lady, in a large black bonnet, who could be nothing less than the widow of some respectable ship captain. Bob dragged himself towards her, like a one masted vessel born down by a squall. My good lady, said he, in a low tone, close behind her, I have not swallowed a morsel for the last five days and a half.

The lady quickened her steps.

Oh! my good missus! rejoined Bob, take compassion upon a poor unfortunate sailor, wounded at the great battle of Trafalgar, and on board of the immortal Nelson's own ship. I am so badly wounded that I cannot work, and am obliged to beg.

I have nothing for you my good man, said the lady.

Alas! added poor Bob, and shall I again to day, hold out a hand which Nelson himself has clasped?

The lady looked at Bob's hand. The name of Nelson has always a thrilling effect upon an English heart.

Take pity upon me, my good missus, or I die at your feet upon the pavement.

The lady searched through a large reticule, and drew from it a crown piece, which was, perhaps, destined to pay the losses of a rubber of whist that evening, if fortune did not favour her. Bob

kissed the dollar, and promised the lady that he would pray God to bless her.

I can see the resurrection men another time, said he musingly; I have not made a bad day's work of it, and I am tired. Bishop would keep me a whole night, and I should only make a guinea—a guinea is something certainly. But Temperance is expecting of me the poor dear girl. May I be hanged, if I would not give ten shillings, if I could prevail upon her to get drunk only six days in the week.

Bob then wended his steps once more toward St. Giles's, through Holborn. He now walked with his head erect, and his hands in his pockets —as does every honest man, whose conscience has nothing to reproach him with, and who has received the earnings of honourable labour.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr Frank Percival would not assume any title. It was not from division of the nobility; it was on the contrary, from a proud and worthy respect for the historical name of his ancestors. During those days when the title of gentlemen conferred power and privileges, there might have been some merit in divesting one's self of rank, and yielding up these rights; but in our age, when nobility is merely a distinction, cowards, and perhaps fools, alone, would affect to despise high birth, and throw down their escutcheons as they would their old vestments, because their fashions are gone by

Frank was not one of those; neither was he of the school who thought they could add to their intrinsic merit, by having engraved upon their visiting cards the strawberry leaves of a ducal coronet, or the six pearls which ornament the diadem of a baron. There was no mean or paltry pride in the motive which induced him to call himself plain Frank Percival. Frank was a gentleman in the true acceptation of the word.

When in London he inhabited Dudley House, which was the property of his mother, and was situated in Castle street, near Cavendish Square. He had only one man servant, a housekeeper, no equipages, and no horses.

The morning was far advanced, when Stephen Macnab crossed the threshold of Dudley House, He was admitted by Frank's old servant.

Good morning, good old Jack, said our young doctor: is not your master up yet?

His honour will be delighted to see your honour, said he, with respectful cordiality, continuing the work he was engaged in, when Stephen entered the room; his honour often spoke of your honour during our travels. His honour went out very early this morning; but if your honour will wait, I will open his honour's study.

Everything here is in the same state as when I last saw this room, said he; here are our favourite authors, we have so often read together; there, the portrait of poor Miss Harriet. Jack looked sorrowfully toward it.

Here, continued Stephen, is a small statue of the Duchess of Berry. Frank is then still a gallant knight-errant?

I wish he were a knight, at least, replied Jack And here is the family escutcheon.

Would your honour wish me to describe it t. you?

You will describe them to me some other time my good Jack, said Stephen.

I shall always be at your honour's service, replied Jack, and then said, aside, it is easily seen that his honour is not a nobleman.

You master has taken his arms out with him? asked Stephen, wishing merely to continue the conversation, so as not to affront his old friend.

His honour may have taken his travelling pistols with him.

But I do not see his sword.

Your honour must be mistaken, if I may venture to say so.

His case of duelling pistols is not in its place either rejoined Stephen, beginning to feel some alarm.

That's true, stammered Jack, trembling and turning pale. Your honour is right; may God have mercy on us!

What do you mean? cried Stephen, rising.

His honour went out very early this morning, replied Jack, in a voice almost choked with emotion; so early, that I was not out of bed. I did not see him; and he has taken his sword with him—and his pistol case.

A duel, perhaps, said Stephen, interrupting him.

And his honour has not yet returned, said the old valet, who fell almost fainting into a chair.

Stephen, whose uneasiness was greatly aggravated by the despair of old Jack, approached the

window, and mechanically raised the curtain. A coach was just at that moment turning out of Regent-street.

Alas, continued Jack, a dreadful fatality attends this noble house. Almost all the Percivals, fathers and sons, have died in duels—and the motto, which actually accompanies their arms, appears an eternal and bloody prophecy.

Stephen turned his head to read the motto; *Mors forro nostra mors*! death by the sword is our death.

Mors ferro nostra mors! slowly continued old Jack. The last time I heard these latin words repeated, they were uttered by the father of his honour, the late Earl of Fife, Heaven rest his soul! he pronounced them your honour, when following the remains of his eldest son, who had been killed in single combat.

Stephen heard not a word. The coach had stopped before the portico of Dudley House. Two strangers had alighted from it, who, assisted by the coachman, were endeavouring to raise what appeared to be a lifeless object, extended upon one of the seats of the coach. Stephen uttered a cry of horror.

Frank! my poor Frank! exclaimed he, rushing out of the room.

Old Jack hurried towards the window and looked out.

His honour! exclaimed he, *mors ferro nostra mors*, and he fainted, and fell heavily to the ground. When he recovered his senses, he was lying in the same place where he had fallen. No one had thought on him. He looked around the

room with a vacant and fearful gaze. He was alone. The recollection floated vaguely before his imagination, but did not penetrate it. He had a glimmering consciousness of some frightful and recent disaster; but he could not—it seemed he dared not—attempt to dissipate the shadows which clouded his recollection, because their clearing off would reveal too dreadful a calamity.

While he thus attempted to avoid all explanation with himself, his eyes fell upon the family escutcheon, around which appeared the fatal motto. The sight of this seemed at once to strike him to the heart, for he cried out loudly, and in great anguish:

His honour, a duel, blood! I saw the corpse of Frank Percival.

Hush! cried an unknown voice, which proceeded from the door communicating with the next room, and which was partially opened, as you value your life.

Jack got upon his knees, and crawled toward the door. I can hear nothing, murmured he, fixing his ear against the opening of the door; nothing. What can they be doing my God! Is he still living? Is he—— Jack had not the courage to pursue the idea. A slight noise was now heard in the adjoining room. It was like the jarring of two pieces of steel, which were rubbed one against the other.

Jack put his eye to the keyhole. He saw his master's bed in the centre of the room, it having been drawn out of the alcove, in order to have more light. Frank Percival was stretched out motionless upon it, his eyes were closed, his face

livid, his limbs hanging loosely, like those of a dead body. Pieces of linen, stained with blood, were scattered here and there about the floor. Stephen Macnab was sitting near the window, overpowered by grief, his face hidden by both his hands.

Jack scarcely breathed. All his faculties seemed concentrated in that of sight. A man in black, who was doubtless a physician, continued to feel Frank's pulse. Another apparently the assistant of the first, continued to probe the wound, touched it, and shook his head, as if uncertain of the event.

The assistant at that moment withdrew the probe, and measured the depth of the wound. Jack could not bear it any longer. He opened the door a little wider—the two strangers did not perceive it. Jack could hear better, but he could no longer see anything.

CHAPTER XII.

It was the assistant who first spoke. Half a line deeper, said he in a whisper, and the bronchial artery would have been touched.

Half a line ! reiterated the man in black, and in the same low tone. Are you quite sure Rowley, that the artery is not injured.

Quite sure, sir. It is safe by a good half line.

A momentary silence followed these words. Jack, who could hear nothing, wished again to see what was going forward, and therefore once

more glued his eye to the keyhole. The assistant-surgeon had handed to his patron his ensanguined probe. His right hand was under the skirt of his coat: in the other he held a packet of lint.

Lint! said Poor Jack to himself, a long sigh relieved his oppressed heart; they have some hope then of saving him.

He had not comprehended a word of this technical conversation which had taken place between the two medical men, but his good common sense told him that the application of a remedy was, at least a pledge of hope; it is the living only that the doctors try to cure. He continued to observe attentively.

The assistant surgeon, before withdrawing the hand which he appeared to be concealing under the large skirts of his frock coat, threw a cautious looked toward Stephen Macnab, who still continued immoveable and appearently insensible. With a glance, he directed the attention of the physcian towards him. The latter closed his eyes with his hand, in order to examine Stephen more attentively. This double movement astonished old Jack. Why this mistrust? why these precautions? The doctor withdrew his hand, and Jack seeing that he was about to speak, placed his ear against the keyhole.

That young man sees nothing, said the doctor in a low tone. Do as I order you.

A fresh silence ensued; when Jack, more and more puzzled than ever, again endeavoured to peep into the room. He saw the assistant surgeon draw from his coat pocket a small phial, the glass stopper of which he quickly withdrew. He put

he phial close to the lint, but before moistening t with the contents of the bottle, he gave another ook towards Stephen. It was such a look that Jack's heart leapt within him. Stephen did not nove. The doctor gave an imperious and commanding gesture—Rowley let fall a drop of the contents of the phial upon the lint. At this moment Stephen began to move. Rowley trembled and turned pale. Instead of placing the lint upon the wound, he let it fall upon the floor and covered it with his foot. The dreadful suspicions which had been for some seconds increasing in the mind of Jack, now burst into seeming certainty. He looked around him for some weapon, and perceiving a Scotch dirk hanging against the wall, he seized hold of it, pushed open the door, and rushed into the room where his master was lying:

You do not see, Mr. Stephen, what has been going on here! exclaimed Jack.

Silence! cried Rowley, with vehement gesticulation, and pointing toward the wounded man.

Silence, yourself, replied Jack:—miserable assassin—I was there—I saw everything,

Rowley instinctively made a step towards the door.

Is that man mad? said the Physician, addressing himself to Stephen. Order him to leave the room, or I will no longer answer for the life of the honourable Frank Percival.

Stephen had got up. He looked first at Jack, and then at Rowley, who had succeeded in recovering his self possession.

Hold your tongue, Jack, said he, at length;

and you, doctor, in the name of Heaven, finish dressing my friend's wounds which I fear has already been delayed.

Jack placed himself between his master and the doctor. Your honour, said he, addressing himself in a firm tone to Stephen, I respect your commands, because you are the friend of Percival; but that man shall not again touch my master. I swear it by the family escutcheon.

This servant is mad, reiterated the doctor, coldly. He is killing the honourable gentleman, by preventing our assisting him, and as positively, as if he were to strike the poniard he holds in his hand to his heart.

Jack trembled from head to foot. A cold sweat covered his forehead, but he did not move a step.

I saw, said he, in a low but deep voice; do not disbelieve what I am going to say, Mr. Macnab, for I swear to it by the memory of my dead father, and I have never lied in my life. An assassination upon a man already at the last gasp. Oh! I, myself, saw it, I tell you, these men were about to kill Percival.

Stephen fixed upon Doctor Moore an eager and scrutinizing glance. This servant, said he, to the doctor, is one of the most worthy men I have ever known; on the other hand, I know that doctor Moore is one of the most illustrious members of the Royal College, and I bow before his profound knowledge, and his wonderful acquirements—but this gentleman is my dearest friend—pardon then, my singular doubts, and permit me to serve you as an assistant in the operation you are about to perform. I have studied surgery at Oxford, sir,

and am a licentiate of that university. Stephen turned back his coat sleeves.

Take care, your honour, said Jack, who, drawing near to the young man, whispered in his ear. While he was thus employed, Rowley gently stooped down and picked up the lint which was under his foot, and then he looked at the doctor. The latter, almost imperceptibly, gave a sign with his eyes; Rowley comprehended it, and slipped out of the room.

This is impossible, said Stephen, in reply to the communication made to him by the old valet.

Impossible, your honour, well, should I be obliged to search the rascal even to the skin, I would find the phial. He turned round to where Rowley had been standing, Stephen did the same: it was then only that they perceived he had flown.

Well, your honour, exclaimed Jack, do you believe me now?

Stephen fixed on the doctor his severe and penetrating eye. Doctor Moore had crossed his arms upon his chest, and had remained motionless, looking upon the whole of this scene with a quiet and disdainful air. He was a man of about forty years of age; tall and well formed. His forehead half bald, denoted haughtiness and intelligence. He was one of the most influential, and most respected members of the Royal College. He enjoyed an immense reputation, which placed him above even suspicion.

Doctor, said Stephen, whose self possession had victoriously struggled against his feelings of indignation, this worthy servant is not mad. He

saw all that passed—the flight of that miserable wretch sufficiently proves it.

Do you pretend to accuse me sir?

Do not let us lose time in vain words, if you please. What I pretend is, that you immediately proceed to attend to the cure of Mr. Frank Percival—immediately: do you understand me?

Immediately! reiterated Doctor Moore, this bears the appearance of a command.

It is one sir, said Stephen firmly.

The brow of the Doctor became contracted. He drew back a step. His hands seemed to plunge instinctively into the deep pockets of his frock coat. His whole person assumed a menacing aspect. Then, all of a sudden, his brow cleared up, while a bitter smile curled his upper lip.

I must request the Oxford licentiate, said he, with forced gaiety to prepare the bandages and lint—I am ready to dress the wound of this gentleman.

The operation was immediately commenced. It was a very singular one. Doctor Moore, being constantly under the domination of the eye of the young practitioner, employed all the resources of that surgical art, which had so much contributed to raise his reputation above that of all his competitors. He operated rapidly and surely, and appeared ostentatiously not to omit any of those minor details observed by the profession under similar circumstances. Stephen, while he promptly and minutely obeyed every order which the doctor gave him, followed all his movements with a wary eye, for which the doctor endeavoured to revenge himself by a mocking and bitter smile.

Jack kept close behind him. The old servant had not divested himself of his suspicions. He still held the dirk in his hand, and his eye unceasingly interrogated the emotions displayed in Stephen's face. He waited ready to strike without mercy, upon the slightest signal given him by Stephen. No pity was to be expected from him. It might even be affirmed, that he would have been glad to have caught the doctor in default, that he might avenge the cowardly assassination attempted upon the dying Percival. His countenance, usually so serene, so candid, was wrinkled and contracted, his blue eyes, in general so submissive, were now animated by an expression of pitiless determination and shot forth beams of anger from beneath his knitted brows. There was no longer a courteous smile upon his lip; his stature, bent by habit and by age, had all at once resumed its primitive height. In a word, he was strong, and resolute, and young.

The doctor had his back toward him, but he could clearly perceive his movements, which were reflected in a looking glass that hung before him. Perhaps this living threat contributed not a little to give a species of mathematical precision to all the doctor did. However in proportion to the progress of the operation, the heart of old Jack gradually softened. He still maintained his threatening gestures, but in his soul a great change had occurred. When Frank Percival opened his eyes for the first time after his long continued swoon, Jack's eyebrows again distended, the lightnings which shot from his eyes were veiled in tears of oy, and they were extinguished.

His hand still continued upon the hilt of the dirk, but without anger. He no longer regarded Doctor Moore as an assassin, but as a saviour. The dressing being completed, a slight colour returned to the lips of the wounded man. Jack began to smile through his tears, and the dirk fell from his hand.

May God bless you! murmured he, behind Doctor Moore; and may God forgive me, if I was mistaken just now, when I accused you.

The doctor did not deign either to turn round, or to reply to him. This gentleman is saved, said he to Stephen. In inexperienced hands his wound might have proved mortal; but now, all human precautions having been taken, I will answer for his life.

Stephen bowed, and taking from his pocket-book a five pound note, presented it to the doctor. The doctor, without any sort of affectation, refused it.

I have nothing further to do here, said he, taking up his cane and gloves. I suppose, sir, that it does not please you to detain me any further?

You are free, sir, replied Stephen.

Very well! replied Doctor Moore, moving toward the door Before passing the threshold, he paused a moment, again put his hands into his pockets, and turned round, said: now that you have proclaimed that I am free, I wish to inform you, my young master, that I have never been otherwise. In our profession—and this you may by and by find out—we are frequently exposed to dangerous ambuscades It is merely simple prudence, to protect ourselves against them. The doctor drew his hands out of his pockets, in each

of which was a pistol of formidable dimensions. These are arguments which are not heard of in Oxford; but which London instructs one in, my young master. I do not know any more peremptory. As you will clearly perceive, I had wherewithal to oblige you, to allow my secure retreat, in spite of the rusty cutlass of your Old Highlander. But I did not wish to leave this place without affording you a convincing proof of my loyalty of character. I have saved the life of this gentleman, because it was my good pleasure to do so. He returned the pistols into their places. And now, added he, farewell my young master. You have to day made me your mortal enemy. In the whole of my life, I have never forgotten, I have never forgiven an injury; and I have always taken my revenge.

The doctor opened the door, and went out, shutting it after him. Stephen had coolly listened to the first part of the address of the doctor. On hearing the menace contained in the last words which he uttered, he answered to it by a calm and silent bow.

Jack did not notice these incidents; he had knelt down by the bedside of his master, and kissed his cold hands, weeping bitterly. Stephen returned to the bed of Frank Percival.

What am I to believe? murmured he; is it reasonable to suppose that an assassination was intended? to what end? And above all, that Doctor Moore could become an assassin! Jack, are you quite sure that you saw what you said?

As certain as that I see your honour replied Jack rising. The assistant held in one hand the

small phial, in the other the lint; upon a sign being given by the doctor—who perhaps is a good man after all—the rascally apothecary hid the phial, the devil knows where, and threw the lint upon the floor, covering it with his foot. But stop; it must be there still.

Jack went to the opposite side of the bed; Stephen followed him.

No! rejoined the old valet; the lint has disappeared, but you can see the mark it made.

The mark, said Stephen; where?

Jack showed him a wet stain about as large as a shilling, produced by the pressure of Rowley's foot upon the wet lint. Stephen eagerly threw himself upon his knees to examine the mark, and in stooping down, he perceived a very diminutive phial under the bed, which he instantly caught hold of.

That is it!—that's the phial, exclaimed Jack.

Stephen took out the stopper and put it to his nostrils. It contained prussic-acid.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Lady Ophelia Barnwood, Countess of Derby, awoke on the day after the ball at Trevor House, a long time after midday. Her delicate features still showed some trace of the fatigue of the preceding night; her oppressed eyes refused to open, and the remembrance of the joyous party vaguely floated in her tired imagination.

A waiting woman gently opened the door. Is

my lady up? said she, with much astonishment. A gentleman requests to be permitted to present his respects to my lady; here is the card.

It is not Mr. Percival, said Ophelia looking at the card, upon which was engraved the name of Stephen Macnab. I cannot receive anybody, Jane. Stay, open the curtain—there is something written in pencil upon the card.

Jane withdrew the curtains, and daylight was admitted into the room.

From the Honourable Frank Percival, read Ophelia. What can this mean? Jane, let the gentleman be shown into the drawing room, and then come back immediately to dress me. What can all this mean, repeated the countess when her waiting woman had left the room. Mr Frank Percival, to a certainty; the poor young man has committed some desperate act.

Jane returned, and the countess ordered her only to fasten her dress, and smooth her hair; indeed she would hardly allow her time to do this. That will do; never mind, Jane; and she hastily left her bed room.

Stephen was waiting in the drawing room. The young doctor was not accustomed to converse every day with a widow of a knight of the garter; but he had just left the bed on which was lying his best friend, and his emotions left no room for those awkward feelings which generally pervade the mind when addressing persons of superior rank. He addressed the countess with as much freedom as if he had been a regular frequenter of Almack's.

I trust your ladyship will pardon this visit; I

have not had the honour of being presented to you; but I am about to fulfil a duty, and come to deliver a message from Mr. Frank Percival.

The countess bowed, and motioned him to take a seat. Is not Mr Frank Percival able to come himself? inquired she.

He is not able to come, my lady, replied Stephen, sorrowfully; and to prevent his doing so, an absolute impossibility could alone have caused it.

What has happened to him, sir?

Frank has been wounded in a duel, madam.

In a duel! repeated the countess.

Severely wounded.

And by whom, sir?

He did not tell me the name of his adversary.

And have you no suspicion as to the person?

Yes; the suspicions I have are almost equal to a certainty. But I have come to you from Frank, and I ought to do as he would, forget this duel for more important matters.

You quite distress me, sir? Hear me.

The countess suddenly stopped speaking, and appeared to be listening attentively. The knocker of the outer gate had been slightly struck.

It is he, it is he, faintly murmured she. Her uneasiness increased to violent agitation.

Sir, said the countess, this interview must instantly terminate. I refuse to accept you as the representative of Mr. Percival. Do not judge me lightly, sir, for my motives are very serious ones: and pray do not feel offended with me, for these

motives have nothing in them which is personal to you.

Stephen had risen from his chair.

I hoped to have been the bearer of some consolation to poor Frank, he began.

Tell him, said the countess—tell him that he shall know all—tell him—

The waiting woman opened the door of the drawing-room, saying, My lord—

Do not tell him anything, sir. I will reflect upon it. Show my lord into the boudoir, Jane. Beg Mr. Percival to excuse me, sir. Let him know how much I feel grieved at his accident, and pray forgive me for so abruptly breaking off this interview.

Stephen bowed coldly, and withdrew. The countess fell back exhausted into her chair.

On descending the stairs, Stephen brushed by a man whose hat drawn over his eyes, hid a part of his face. This man gave him a side look, and slightly shuddered. It was the same man whom Jane immediately afterward introduced into the drawing room, annoucing:

My lady, my lord the marquis!

Rio Santo respectfully raised the hand of the countess to his lips, and remained standing before her. There was something in his handsome features which looked like devotedness, tenderness, and even passion; but this something was a mask of which an experienced eye would soon have discovered the falseness, however carefully it might be put on. The countess was a minute observer; but all her science was of no avail with Rio Santo. She looked at him silently for a moment; her eye,

sorrowful and tearful at first, gradually brightened up, until, at last, it expressed a degree of tranquillity. The marquis gently smiled, and then leaned upon the back of the countess's arm-chair.

You were very lovely last night, said he, almost whispering into the ear of the countess. She turned toward him and her forehead almost touched the lips of Rio-Santo. She sank down in confusion.

You are angry with me, said he, and are you sure you have reason, madam? for I must be very guilty to cause you uneasiness, even involuntarily. You know my secret, however, all my secrets. Is it not to love, thus to confide everything without reserve?

You are speaking truly, are you not? murmured the countess; you are not deceiving me? Oh Heaven! this love you bear me—this secret and disgraceful love—and which my rival would shudder at—I value it, Jose Marie, I value it more than I do life—more than honour. Oh! it is I that am to blame, for not being rich enough to give you that power which is your due—it is I who have been wrong, in hoping and believing that you, Rio Santo, could debase yourself so much as to think of me!

Simple, simple child, said the marquis, interrupting her, and covering the white hand of Ophelia with his kisses.

This moment of happiness was so ecstatic, that the countess clung to it as though she were fearful it would escape from her. Her eyes were half

closed, her ideas seemed to be wandering as in a delirius dream.

Oh! no, no! she gently murmured, without being aware that she was giving utterance to her thoughts; I will not betray him. What care I for these people or their sufferings. He loves me now; I will say nothing—nothing!

Rio Santo, amazed, had caught every word she whispered. His eyebrows, knit together, showed in the centre of his forehead, crimsoned with rage, a long perpendicular scar, not otherwise perceptible. His lips trembled with passion, but no sound escaped them, and an angry shuddering agitated all his person. He took the hand of the countess and pressed it so rudely that the unhappy woman opened her eyes, at the same time uttering a cry which the pain extorted from her. She turned pale on beholding the menacing attitude, and the altered features of the marquis.

What is the matter with you, Don Jose? she asked, eagerly.

Madam, replied he, in a severe and constrained voice; you must answer me—do you understand? you must answer me clearly and instantly—who is it you spoke of betraying? and who was the man I met just now on the staircase?

CHAPTER XIV.

The countess, abruptly awakened from her dream, looked at the marquis with terror.

I am waiting, madam, said he, coldly.

And what is it that you want of me, my lord?

You were speaking of betraying, as I told you This thought has entered your brain, madam, and perhaps the intention to do so; and I saw a man leave your room. That man is a friend of Frank Percival, madam. I observed the looks of singular intelligence were passing between you. Do you not know that nothing can escape me; and that when my eyes are closed or do not see, a hundred eyes are there to watch in their place?

Ophelia, you must forgive these outbreaks of my hasty temper, caused by my secret sufferings I am unhappy, and you know it. Two passions are struggling in my soul, and their contentions kill me—my love for you——

The countess raised her lovely eyes to heaven.

My love for you, continued Rio Santo, resolutely and my unbounded ambition. This man, this Frank Percival has crossed my path; I endeavoured to avoid him. Upon my honour, countess, I felt compassion towards this boy, who yesterday was but an innocent obstacle; but this boy insulted me as a man, and I was compelled to punish him.

It was you, then? asked the countess.

You are informed of it. Ah! my lady, what you call your love for me, sometimes assumes the appearance of hatred. Yes, it was I; but even when punishing him, I still felt pity for him—instead of killing him, as I had a right, and it was my interest to do, I have merely disabled him.

This is great and generous, my lord! said the countess, warmly. Alas! you still possess some noble feelings, and this it is, that destroys me.

Rio Santo was eloquent; but he overstepped is mark. Being desirous of persuading and of roving the immensity of his affection, he chanced o say that sometimes he felt that his ambition nd his tenderness for the countess, were almost qually matched—that ambition, which he design-dly stated to be so unbounded.

In those moments, said the marquis, I hesitate, nd I suffer so much the more keenly. I know hat to check my projects, would be death to ne; but then I ask myself, whether it would not e better to die with you, Ophelia, than to live eprived of you.

You do not love her, then? asked the countess.

Mary? poor girl—who would not love her; aid Rio Santo, affecting compassion. I should lesire to love her as she deserves to be loved—ut your image stands between us.

If I could believe that you so love me, Don Jose, murmured the countess with a singular expression.

Oh, believe it, believe it, Ophelia! exclaimed he marquis, carried away by the sudden and irre-istible emotion; if my object—my object—which urges me forward and destroys me, would but one day leave my imagination unrestrained

Would you again become what you have been to me?

Have I then changed, madam? What must I say to convince you? I should return to your feet—and, perhaps, cured of that evil ambition which consumes me——

Perhaps, repeated the countess, looking thoughtfully; and you would be mine for ever?

For ever! and yours only.

The conversation continued; the hours flew by. Who then, in the place of Rio Santo, would not have considered his victory as complete? And yet, from that very moment, the countess appeared thoughtful. Some secret hope or fear appeared to engross her attention.

I am going to Covent Garden this evening, said she, after a pause. Will you accompany me, my lord?

I will conduct you there, Ophelia; but I have a place reserved for me in Lady Campbell's box.

However restricted is your offer, my lord, I accept it. Be pleased to wait here for me an instant.

The countess rang the bell. Jane answered it, and received orders to prepare her ladyship's toilet. Rio Santo remained alone in the drawing-room. He threw himself upon a sofa, and fell into one of his habitual reveries. But this time the subject of his reverie was not left to chance; it was determined by a magnificent full-length portrait of the countess, which was hanging in the drawing room.

While Rio Santo was comparing the two lovely persons, whose ideas by turns occupied his imagination, the countess was hurriedly dressing herself for the theatre, and was urging on her waiting-woman, who was greatly astonished that a work of so much importance should be so hastily performed.

I thank you, Jane, said the countess, at last, in a tone which meant significantly, that will do.

Does not my ladyship wish to have her hair ressed ?

No, Jane ; leave me ! but stay—give me, if you lease, pen, ink, and paper.

My lady forgets that my lord—

Ophelia interrupted her by an impatient gesure, and Jane hastened to fulfil the orders of her nistress.

You may go, now, said the countess.

Jane left the room, casting upon her mistress a uspicious look of astonishment.

It must be so, it must, murmured the countess, while dipping her pen in the inkstand ; did he not ell me that should he fail—— she paused for a moment, and laid down her pen. Oh, Heaven ! she exclaimed, I know not ! I know not ! and then covering her face with both hands, she reflected for about a moment, and then seizing the pen again, she hurriedly wrote a few lines. I will take his word, she said—his word as a gentleman. Frank has a loyal heart—I will make him promise. Ah, it must be so ! I can live thus no longer, and this hope bewilders me. She folded the letter, and addressed it, 'To the Honourable Francis Percival,' &c. She left it on her toilet-table, and returned to the drawing room.

You will immediately take a letter to the post, which you will find on my toilet, Jane, said the countess, before leaving the house.

A moment afterward, the splendid equipage of Rio Santo was rolling along toward Covent Garden. As the marquis was alighting from it, before the door of the theatre, and was offering his hand to the countess, a man touched his arm,

slipped a paper into his hand, and disappeared among the crowd. As he was ascending the steps, Rio Santo unfolded the paper, which he read, unperceived: Left Side, No. 3—the Princess de Longueville.

An excellent opportunity, said he to himself, giving a side glance at the countess.

The princess will make her entrance in the world, in a very fitting manner.

CHAPTER XV.

The Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, fronts into Bow-street, and on the north is bounded by Hart-street. It is a spacious building, and its architecture is moderately graceful. Its principal merit consists in not having been built by the inevitable and terrible Mr. Nash, which is a great and fortunate fate chance.

On the evening in question, a German opera was to be played at Covent Garden. The ordinary actors of the theatre were reposing on their laurels, and had ceded the stage to a German company, who were to sing the opera of the Freyschutz, by Weber. It was a foreign composition, to be executed by foreigners.

The nobility and gentry could therefore attend this performance without too much compromising their dignity. From half past five o'clock until the opening of the doors, a dense crowd surrounded the entrance to the theatre. The public houses of the neighbourhood, now lighted up,

showed their rooms well filled with customers, and the policemen were seen, here and there, with their half-leathered hats, and their leaden sceptres.

One of these public houses, situate at equal distances from Bow-street and Drury Lane, still preserved a certain appearance of respectability, and seemed to regret its more brilliant days.—Over the door there still hung, on its rusty iron rod, the remainder of a sign; in the bar, the counter could still boast of a dozen glasses, not more than six of which were cracked; and if there were no draperies in the parlour, there was a complete canopy of cobwebs. As to what had been once the tap, it was now completely inaccessible, the ceiling having fallen in—no one ever approached the tap. This tavern, the most flourishing one of the whole alley, was called *The Pipe and Pot.*

Go in, Mike, my dear brother in-law, said a shrill and broken voice outside the door, go in first. I am a man, and know what politeness is; and two couples came in from the street, crossed the bar room, and went into the parlour. The appearance of these persons was very singular.—The first couple consisted of a little girl, about thirteen-years of age, who had hold of the arm of a robust man of about forty. She was a poor, weak looking creature, thin, and extremely pale, which she had ineffectually attempted to conceal under a thick layer of rouge. Her stature, which had most probably been prevented from attaining its proper developement by excesses of all des-

criptions, was diminutive, although it evinced that of a full grown woman. Her features, which bore the traces of intemperance, gave some slight indications of beauty which had been cankered in the bud, and so contaminated and perverted, that the traces which it left were scarcely perceptible. Her eyes the lids of which were slightly inflamed, had a boldness of expression, which evinced that modesty had always been a stranger to them; and when she spoke, her mouth appeared to open convulsively; her voice was broken, and her enunciation difficult. Her name was Louisa, but among her companions she was called Loo the consumptive.

The second couple was the complete reverse of the one just described. It was composed of a tall, masculine woman, with a forbidding, insolent, and vulgar aspect, and a diminutive young lad. The woman was dressed in a bonnet, a man's great coat and boots. Every portion of this strange uniform gave evidence of long service; her bonnet, above all, bore numerous marks of violence, which might have proceeded from its having been exposed to showres of rain, or perhaps to showers of blows. Her name was Madge; she was upwards of forty years of age, and smoked a short pipe, which had a most capacious bowl.—Her cavalier was no other than our friend Snail, the brother of Loo the consumptive.

Although this quartette was not one of the most brilliant in appearance, its entrancé into 'The Pipe and Pot caused quite a commotion.' The tavern keeper, Peg Witch, as horrid a looking creature as any that ever sprang from London

mud—immediately called her servant Sally to assist her, and hurried toward the table which the new comers had selected.

Some gin, Peg, you old witch! my sister Loo is thirsty, and we must moisten her poor chest.

The company drank, smoked, and drank again for about an hour, about which time a considerable stir was made in the street.

Snail precipitately left the house, with Mike, and ran through the alley toward the theatre. The two brothers in law soon found themselves upon the principal entrance to Covent Garden, the doors of which had at that moment been thrown open.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Snail and Mike his brother in law reached the front of the theatre, the scene had completely changed its aspect. The population which had crowded the drinking houses, the several groups which had before been spread over Long Acre, Hart street, and Russel street, had all conglomerated before the theatre. It was a factitious crowd—a crowd, the half of which had not the intention of entering the theatre: the other half was composed of pickpockets and policemen: the former were hard at work, the latter looking on with that imperturbable calmness that so highly distinguishes the policemen of London.

It is at the moment of the first opening of the doors, that the crowd rush in;—the public other-

wise denominated the nobodies, the middling classes of the city. The only persons to be seen under the perystile, were honest tradespeople and their better halves. The reader might there have recognized, and with a satisfaction which we duly appreciate, Mrs. Grubb, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Brown, and also Mrs. Bloomberry; perhaps Mrs. Dodd and Mrs. Bull were there too, but lost amid the throng. It is quite certain that Mrs. Foote and Mrs Crosscairn were looking for them without being able to find them. Moreover, these eight respectable persons must have long remembered the performance of the German singers, for their eight snuff-boxes passed into the hands of some adventurous pickpockets, who took care not to warn them of their loss. Snail, for his share, got hold of two of them, and made use of them to cement the friendship which existed between him and the pretty Madge.

In the thickest of the crowd, there is a head which rises at least four inches above every surrounding one;—the face is long and meagre; it has a pensive cast, is sustained by a stiff high stock, and supported by shoulders covered with a new blue coat. That head belongs to our worthy friend, Captain Paddy O'Chrane.

The captain, this evening, enjoys his leisure. He has just taken a few glasses of *cold without*, prepared in a fitting manner by the fair hands of the successor of Susanah, at the "King's Arms." He has put on his beautiful new blue coat with black buttons, and his yellowest buckskin unmentionables; he is playing the gallant, and with Mrs. Dorothy Burnett, herself. We cannot per-

ceive her, because her broad red face is a foot below the surface of the crowd; but we affirm on our honour, that she is there, leaning with all her weight, upon the brawny arm of the good captain.

They were making some progress toward the door, but so slowly, that the pickpockets had ample time to reap their harvest at their leisure.

Captain Paddy O'Chrane and his companion had, at that moment, attained the last step of the entrance. The torment of the suffering landlady had almost reached its term. She was about being able to refresh her lungs with large inspirations of that warm and mawkish air, which, when a theatre is well filled, ascends from the pit, to the suffocation of those who are placed in the upper regions. Even this perspective, unpromising as it might be, was in her present situation, a great relief to her. Upon the same principle that the sight of land drives away sea sickness.

Nothing could be more agreeable to Dorothy. She left the captain's arm for a moment, and passed the threshold. Paddy was about to follow her; but that evening was destined to be replete with startling incidents. At the instant he was about following Mrs. Burnett, two hands were heavily placed upon his shoulders, and an unknown voice whispered in his ear—I forbid you from turning round to discover who I am, *gentleman of the night!* Paddy stopped suddenly and did not move a finger. The rush continued, and he was separated from Mrs. Burnett, whom he lost sight of.

Do you know Lady B—, the mistress of the Duke of — ? demanded the voice.

Yes, my lord.

If she should, during the first act, come into his Royal Highness's box, you must go down into the Saloon, immediately after the curtain falls. A man will accost you in the saloon, and give you the countersign. You will do whatever he orders you to do.

Yes, my lord.

Should she not come in during the first act, you will wait till the second ; if she should not come then, you must still wait.

Yes, my lord : I will implicitly obey what you have ordered.

The captain no longer felt the hands upon his shoulders.

No matter, muttered he ; I would have given a shilling or two to have seen the face of that mysterious rascal, who, I of course respect as is my duty. Secrets, nothing but secrets. I am not curious ; but if I did not feel sure that my lords of the night were powerful enough to have me hanged, I would find some means of seeing clearly through all this.

Paddy—Mr. O'Chrane, cried a plaintive voice from the interior of the theatre.

Ah, Dorothy, my love, you great gin tap, replied the captain—the last words, however, were said aside ; but the devil fetch me, one must attend to business : and our good Paddy entered the theatre, without daring to look round to discover who was the owner of that mysterious voice which had been whispering into his ear.

CHAPTER XVII.

The crowd had gone in. A drizzly, but icy. rain was beginning to fall. There remained in front of the theatre, only a few policemen. The pickpockets had withdrawn to the drinking shops, where they were engaged in disposing of their booty, either to one another, or to receivers of stolen goods, who were naturally drawn there to meet them,

One of the first carriages which drew up before the portico of Covent Garden, was that of Lady Campbell. Miss Mary Trevor and her aunt, alighted, and entered the theatre without meeting with any impediment.

Drive on coachman! take your turn.

Take your turn, rascal! cried a soft and effeminate voice from another equipage; my lovely one, I am speaking seriously—our stupid fellow is capable of allowing that ignoble cab to cut in before us.

The carriage door was opened, the steps let down, and the Viscount de Lantures Luces carefully descended from it. He held out his hand.

Viscount, I am looking for my scent-bottle, said a lady, in a sharp and rather cavalier tone.

Really, my charmer, really!—

The viscount bounded into the carriage, and found the scent bottle. This being done, he again descended and held out his hand.

I am sure, viscount, said the lady, that you have mislaid my fan.

The viscount again sprang into the carriage, and was fortunate enough to find the missing fan.

Come, *diva mia !* said he, give me your hand, I beg of you.

It is a most annoying thing viscount, again said the cavalier voice, petulantly, my handkerchief has disappeared.

Lantures-Luces, with exemplary patience again ascended the carriage steps, and put the handkerchief in the hands of the lady sitting in the coach. Misfortunes are sometimes favourable: but for this last movement, his seals would have been transferred into Snail's pocket, who already had his hand upon them.

Snail changed his tactics, and gave a gentle pull at a silk cord which was attached to the viscount's eye-glass. He drew it half out of his pocket. During this time the gentleman had got out of the cab, and was quietly giving directions to the driver.

At the same moment Snail, having possession of his booty, naturally wished to take himself off; but a policeman, with his staff uplifted, prevented his passing. On the other side, the gentleman who had got out of the cab, advanced gravely towards Lantures Luces, doubtless to call him to account for his harsh language.

The policeman being irritated at the attempts made by Snail to get past him, first on one side, and then on the other, made a blow at him with his heavy staff. Snail set up a mew, and dodged on one side; the staff struck the gentleman on the shoulder.

D—n it ! said the policeman in stupified amazement.

The gentleman drew back a pace or two, rapidly buttoned up his elegant dress coat, and placed his arms in a boxing attitude. The policeman seemed at first inclined to meet the attack, but a carriage drawing up just at the moment, the lamps of which accidentally showed him his adversary's face, he ran off as if the devil had been at his heels.

Ha! exclaimed Lantures-Luces; 'tis our dear Brian de Lancaster. Ah ! gentlemen, did you ever see anything more funny? Did you see how the policeman took to his heels? My dear friend, I wish I could box as well as you, to punish a rascal who has just now flogged my horses at the risk of destroying our idol here, Briotta la Diva.

Brian was a man of about thirty five years of age, thin, but well formed, rather above the middling stature; his waist was small, his shoulders broad, and perhaps rather too high. His features were admirably moulded, and seemed to have been sculptured by a chisel; for they had that cold and composed expression of all English faces of the high nobility; but in the serious look of his dark-blue eye, there was an immeasurable boldness, almost approaching effrontery, and an expression of cold raillery not common in an Englishman. His forehead was high and broad, and it gave an additional effect to his noble and pure countenance, which was somewhat softened by his beautiful light hair which was soft and curling.

With a great many, Brian de Lancaster would

not have been considered a handsome man; but there were certain ladies, who proclaimed him to be a delightful man, and that is far better; and many other women, rendered more discreet by being placed in a higher position, thought to themselves what the former loudly proclaimed. All the world acknowledged—and they had only to look at him to be convinced of it—that he was an energetic and daring man. He was, moreover, notwithstanding his icy exterior, a man of great impetuosity, even to passion, but this was only by fits and starts. Besides this, he was considered an original,—an eccentric man.

Lantures Luces, Brian, and the dandies entered the theatre together. The dancing lady went through a passage appropriated to the actors only.

In the two shilling gallery, was the good captain Paddy O'Chrane, who, stiff as starch, raised his head some two feet and a half above the well pomatumed locks of the red faced Mrs. Burnett, whose gown, being unfastened in consequence of Snail's treacherous theft of the locket which confined it, exposed more of her fair person than she otherwise would have done.

Paddy, although he did not omit to reply in a proper manner, and as every gallant and well-bred Irishman would on such occasions, to the questions which Mrs. Burnett addressed to him regarding the performance and the performers, did not for a moment lose sight of the duke's box. It remained vacant, however, during the whole of the first act; and the good captain, for an instant, flattered himself with the idea of being able, for some minutes, to enjoy an interesting

conversation with his beloved landlady. But immediately after the fall of the curtain, the door of the box was noisily opened, and Lady B—— made her entrance, covered with diamonds, and under the fire of a hundred opera glasses, which were instantly pointed towards her.

A profound sigh escaped poor Paddy. My love, said he—my dear Mrs. Burnett—how devilish unlucky? Would you not like to eat an orange?

Have you one, Mr. O'Chrane.

I will go and get some; and saying this, he precipitately quitted his place, leaving his companion perfectly amazed at his unwonted attention.

He is a very good sort of man, thought she, but I would rather have had a glass of rum.

Paddy, instead of going to seek for oranges, made the best of his way to the saloon. He had hardly advanced three steps into it, when a man, whom he did not know, placed himself right before him, and seemed to examine him from head to foot.

Captain Paddy, whispered the man, after he had finished his close examination; and then, gently placing one finger on the captain's chest, he said: *Gentleman of the night.*

Paddy bowed respectfully. The unknown led him into a recess, where they conversed for a few minutes.

There are *men of the family* in all the public houses in the neighbourhood, said the captain; I can find what you want.

He must be a dexterous fellow.

A perfect eel, do not doubt it my lord.

The unknown placed his finger on his lips an withdrew. Paddy heaved a second sigh.

May I be burnt, if Mrs. Burnett would not b better behind her bar than here, muttered he But which of the two shall I take: that miserabl muddy Bob, my own dear friend, or that dea child, little Snail—which shall I choose?

CHAPTER XVIII.

Immediately after the curtain fell, a genera movement took place in the theatre, and a genera buzz proceeded from the audience. The peopl in the pit were chatting together; the gallerie became turbulent and noisy; the company in th boxes were paying each other visits. Poor Mr Burnett seemed to be the only person in the hous who had no one to whom she could communicat the impression she had received from the Germa music, and her opinion of the talent of the singer But she lived in hope, and thought that the ga lant Captain O'Chrane would soon return to he with his oranges.

The most noisy box in the whole house was un doubtedly the omnibus box, which contained Lan tures Luces and the dandies. The viscount was however, more taciturn than usual. There wer two things which he missed: the Signora Briotta whom he wished people to believe he was upo good terms with, but who was as fickle as th wind; and his double eye glass, whose loss h bewailed most dolorously.

Rio Santo had gone into lady Campbell's box, here a place had been reserved for him; but he turned, while making his round of visits, to the untess. He leaned upon the back of her arm-air, and looking around the house, through his era glass, with seeming indifference.

I surely am not deceived! he exclaimed sudden-, with joyous astonishment; there is the Prin-ss de Longueville!

Where? said the countess.

Yonder, madam; in the box next to Miss—to ady Campbell, I mean. Will you permit me to and pay my respects to her? I was well ac-uainted with her in Paris.

How beautiful she is! said the countess in-oluntarily.

She was considered the most lovely woman of he Fauburg St. Germain, which is the first place the world for meeting lovely women, replied io Santo, bowing as he withdrew.

The countess looked at him intently for a mo-ent, and then again turned toward Susannah.

The latter was really dazzling with magnificence nd beauty. She wore a dress of dark blue velvet, which set off to perfection the warm colouring of er shoulders, and the magnificent contour of her ust, upon which reposed a magnificent diamond roach, which, at every movement, emitted its ariegated and dazzling lustre. Her beautiful lack hair, which had been submitted to the care f some master of his art, now fell in symme-rical masses around her head, and appeared hough weighed down by their own luxurious abundance.

The deathlike despair and apathy which had oppressed her, had disappeared without even leaving a trace. The beautiful statue was now vivified; it lived more completely, and more happily, than the hundreds of seemingly gay beings by which it was surrounded.

Susannah was expecting to see the man she idolized. Oh! how sweet and intoxicating did wealth appear to her! and what balmy enchantment transported her, while listening to those German melodies, which are not felt or comprehended by the hard texture of our British tympanums

The countess could not refrain from gazing at her. How lovely she is! oh, Heaven—how superlatively lovely! she kept on repeating to herself.

The door of the Princess de Longueville's box now opened, and Rio Santo entered it. Susannah looked at him with indifference. He was not the person she had so anxiously expected. To this look Rio Santo replied by another, which was piercing, cold and scrutinizing. The lovely girl, although accustomed not to be surprised at any thing, could not sustain this powerful and searching gaze, which seemed to sound, to penetrate, to examine her inmost soul.

The old French lady, however, seemed agitatedly desirous of attracting his attention, and made several efforts for the purpose: but Rio Santo recognised her in a very equivocal manner, and which contrasted singularly with the usual and exemplary politeness of his deportment. He then advanced toward Susannah, who timidly

aised her large black eyes. Rio Santo kissed her and.

He then returned to the countess. He sat own by her, and endeavoured to address her but —and this was most singular, for it required nore than a little to intimidate Rio Santo—he esitated, and appeared at a loss for words.

But women when they love, divine our thoughts. The countess came to his assistance. There is something you wish to ask me, my lord ? said she.

Yes, my lady, said Rio Santo, whose embarrassment was slightly diminished by this advance. I have a favour to ask of you—a service, slight in appearance, and which, in any other country, would be considered as the most natural thing in the world ; but, considering your English customs—

Do you not feel assured, my lord, that I will not refuse it ?

Certainly, madam, I believe your goodness is always boundless. I would unhesitatingly request you to render me any important service ; but there are trifles, which—I believe, however, that I have too long delayed to you the affair in question. The Princess de Longueville, whose graceful hospitality I have often put to the test in Paris, is alone here, with her aunt, the Duchess de Gevres, whose ill state of health defeats her kind feelings toward her niece. But see ! she is now quite alone in her box, and I would wager that the duchess has been compelled to return home. I should feel very happy, my lady, if you would condescend to assist me in repaying to the princess the debt

of courtesy I owe her. I will have the honour of presenting her to you.

No, my lord, this cannot be effected in this way. The usages of society—

You refuse me, then, said Rio Santo, reproachfully.

The countess rose. My lord, said she, be pleased to give me your arm: to acquit your debt in a becoming manner, it would be more seemly that the first step should be spared the stranger.

Rio Santo kissed Ophelia's hand with sincere gratitude, and the countess felt more than repaid by the affectionate look which he bestowed upon her. In a few seconds, the countess and Rio Santo entered the box in which Susannah was sitting. The latter arose, and to the great astonishment of the marquis, who had seen her only a few minutes before timid and embarrassed, she did the honours with unpretending but perfect gracefulness.

Every thing was now accomplished. The first step once gained, there was no further obstacle. With the Countess of Derby's introduction, Susannah would be admitted everywhere, for she bore the title of princess; and she was certain of bearing off the palm in every society, for she was lovely, even amongst the most lovely.

Rio Santo took leave, after having conducted the two ladies back to the countess's box.

Susannah and the countess had remained alone. On the part of the latter, there was certainly many motives which might prejudice her mind unfavourably against the woman, who had been so abruptly forced upon her; when Rio Santo

had been acquainted with, and whom he was so very anxious to serve. The countess was nevertheless irresistible, and from the first moment, captivated Susannah's manners; they tacitly felt a mutual sympathy for each other, before they had exchanged a word, excepting the common and hacknied terms used on first introduction. And afterward, when they had conversed together for a short time, they both thought, and almost at the same moment, that they should like each other.

They were talking together, without heeding the admiration which the whole house had evinced upon the appearance of Susannah, and without noticing the varied exclamations that issued from the omnibus box; when suddenly Susannah perceived Brian, when he came to the front of it to look at her. The lovely girl stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence. Her whole being seemed to be struck motionless. Brian's look seemed to electrify her, as does the magnetic shock of a torpedo, when a swimmer accidentally comes in contract with it.

The countess seemed almost to participate in the shock, so suddenly violent had it been. She remarked that Susannah had become pale, and curiosity following the direction of her eyes, she perceived Brian, who then turned to leave the box.

She loves him, thought the countess; for that is the first, the only suspicion, which presents itself to a woman's mind.

The countess remained discreetly silent, and

turned her head in another direction, to allow her companion to indulge in, and recover from her emotion.

Susannah was expecting to see Brian de Lancaster enter the box in which she was sitting. It was, therefore, with painful surprise, that she perceived him sitting in the one opposite, talking with Lady Campbell. She hung down her head, and she became sorrowful.

He is coming, said a voice in her ear soon.

Susannah turned around. There was no one behind her, but the large screen, which shaded the next box, appeared to oscillate; and Susannah thought that she perceived, as it waved to and fro, the unmeaning profile of Tyrrel, the blind man. She leaned forward in order to see more distinctly, but the screen no longer moved.

However, the worthy Captain Paddy O'Chrane, instead of buying the oranges which he had promised to the red faced, and too credulous landlady of the King's arms, descended with stately steps the principal staircase of the theatre, and reached the portico. As he descended, he frequently scratched his right ear—a certain sign of his bewilderwent—and muttered between his teeth some pitiful lamentations, in which the most contradictory epithets were so jumbled together, that the words themselves must have been perfectly amazed at such conjunction. Incidentally, and by way of punctuation, he every now and then used his favourite phrase of 'May the devil fetch me.'

The devil, however, turned a deaf ear to his solicitations, doubtless being unwilling to load

himself with an Irishman of six feet long and two feet broad, and who, moreover, he was sure to get hold of some day, without the fatigue of fetching.

The captain crossed Bow-street, and paused at the corner of Before lane.

He kicked open the ricketty door of the Pipe and Pot. The place had assumed a more animated aappearance than before, and Sally Redhead was awkwardly running from table to table, to supply the numerous wants of the guests.

How are you, Peg, you ugly old witch? said the captain; how are you my old friend? Give me a glass of rum, Sally; you are getting dirtier than an old dishcloth, my sweet little dear.

He then advanced a few steps and found himself standing between Snail and Bob. Indecision once more assailed him, and more perplexingly than ever.

May I be d—d if I am not glad to see you, captain, said Snail.

My good Mr. O'Chrane, said Bob, respectfully, my service to you.

It must be that wicked varmint, Snail, the dear jewel, muttered Paddy, that horrible thief—Bob, although an inestimable lad, I should be afraid to trust.

Shall we have the honour of drinking with you, captain? said Snail.

Yes, certainly, you rascal gallows bird! I'll drink with you, my son, and with big Mike, that stupid lump of flesh, and with your pretty Madge, as you call her, although—but that's no matter—and even with Loo, the poor girl. In the devil's

name, where could I drink in a more abominable or better company? Here's health to you all.

If I go with you, captain, will you give Mike, Sawney the barber's place?

Anything you wish, you cursed baby!

For sure?

For sure!

You hear, Mike? Take care, now, that you are not killed to-night: 'twould be a pity to lose such a capital place. Come along captain.

Paddy hastened out with Snail into the alley, glad to carry him off while in the mind. Bob rose gently and followed them.

CHAPTER XIX.

Captain Paddy drew Snail into one of the dark corners which abound in that muddy lane Before opening his mouth, however, he took care to examine carefully all round him, to make sure of not being overheard. There was no one near, and he began:

My dear boy, said he, in a grave and dogmatical tone, although it may be affirmed that you have grown more rapidly in perversity than in height, and although your soul is as black as the darkest hole in this cursed alley, you have not, up to the present moment, undertaken any important mission—mewing is not a profession, and you ought not in the devil's name, to go mewing about all your life. You ought to obtain some better standing in the world!—the saving's banks

are not established for the good of sneaking dogs only—and—d'ye see—eh,—d— it—you see, Snail—what was it I was just now saying, Snail? eh!

I don't know, captain, really, replied Snail.

You don't know, Snail, you don't know—nor I either—but I shall remember it some time or other. Would you like to earn ten sovereigns?

I don't care, captain.

How, you worm of the earth, how! you don't care! I was talking of ten sovereigns—'twould buy you many gills of gin, you charming little rascal; and how many ounces of tobacco it would buy for your pretty Madge—who is assuredly the most disgusting creature—but we need not speak of that.

For the last second or two, Snail had turned his head in another direction, and was not attending to the captain: he would otherwise have rebuked the improper insinuations of the captain with regard to Madge Snail was not listening, because he was occupied in attentively observing the movements of a black and indistinct mass which was gliding along the houses between them and the Pipe and Pot. The mass advanced slowly, but with a continued and stealthy motion, toward the corner in which the Captain and Snail had ensconced themselves.

Well, you Snail of hell! said the captain, why don't you answer.

'Tis Bob, muttered Snail. Who would have thought that devil Bob had been so curious?

The boy is drunk or mad, thought Paddy. Snail, my son, what is that you are muttering about that

ragged beggar, Bob Lantern, our worthy companion?

There he is, replied Snail, only ten paces from us.

And then, changing his tone, he went on in a voice which might be heard at some distance: It is true, Snail, by St. Peter. The most cunning are those who are the most easily deceived. See, for example, that rascally hang dog Bob, our good comrade, whom we all esteem as he deserves, by St. Patrick we do. Well, Snail, my son, Bob is deceived; deceived in the most rascally manner by that Temperance, whom he doats upon, poor devil!

Bob had stopped short. Snail could hardly restrain himself from laughing outright. The captain took a firmer grasp of the handle of his cane.

Did not somebody speak? cried Paddy, darting out of the corner; some one certainly spoke! Blood-and-'ounds, and damnation! who was it spoke? Ah, I see a man there! a man who has been eaves-dropping.

The captain took hold of his cane with both hands, and let fall a heavy shower of blows on poor Bob's shoulders, who ran off howling. Snail was obliged to hold his sides, he laughed so heartily.

Captain Paddy, satisfied with the success of the farce he had enacted, left Snail, and returned to Covent-garden. But as Old Nick would have it, he completely forgot to buy the oranges for Mrs. Burnett, a *lapsus* in gallantry which that lady never forgave.

Snail went to a Jew salesman's, and got a complete gentlemanly surtout.

When Captain Paddy returned to the theatre, the performance was going on. The second act of Freyschutz was sung through, well or ill, by the Germanic corps.

About the middle of the act Brian de Lancaster had left Lady Campbell's box. Susannah's heart beat violently. She waited, as if counting every step he would have to take in the lobby. She felt that he was coming. Her suspense now lasted but a minute, when a slight knock was heard at the box door.

'Tis he! whispered the mysterious voice in Susannah's ear; be happy, but be prudent.

The door was opened, and Brian de Lancaster entered the box. He bowed respectfully to the countess, who presented to him the Princess de Longueville. While he was conversing with the countess, Susannah eagerly contemplated his features, not in a concealed and timid manner, as is the custom with young ladies, but with an open and fearless brow, and without attempting to conceal the powerful affection which seemed to influence her. Brian perhaps perceived this, but he acted as if he had not observed it.

The visit of the latter appeared to have terminated, and Susannah feared that he was about to retire as he had come, without her being to him whom she loved so ardently, more than she had been before. And when was she again to see him?

The box door opened. Another visitor made his appearance. Brian, who had bowed to the

countess, and had made a step toward the door, suddenly changed his mind, and without ceremony seated himself near Susannah.

The countess was engaged in conversation with the new comer. It was therefore a regular tete-a-tete. Brian remained some seconds without speaking. He fixed upon Susannah a singular continued and penetrating look. The poor girl trembled; her vigorous nature cowered under it, it overcame her, it enslaved her. A world of confused thoughts pressed upon her brain. Her heart beat violently within her, as though it had suddenly swelled, and wanted room and air.

You are lovely, madam, at length said Brian, in a grave and sorrowful voice. It would have been better if I had not seen you. He paused, and took Susannah's hand, which she did not withdraw.

I am not afraid of ridicule, pursued he: if I have been deceived, in order to be rallied afterwards, signifies but little to me, so that I have your forgiveness, which I implore beforehand. I have been told that you love me, madam.

It is true! replied Susannah.

Brian de Lancaster remained as if amazed at this unexpected answer. His eyes fell involuntarily. When he again raised them, he perceived two tears which were slowly rolling down the cheeks of the lovely girl. Brian de Lancaster was an Englishman in the full meaning of the word. Emotion and he had always been strangers. And on this account, when emotion did, as it were by an impossible chance, find its way into his heart, it took it by assault. He was moved, passionately

moved, and the cloak of coldness, which usually enveloped him, was thrown aside as if by enchantment.

You love me! he repeated, in an agitated voice. Alas, madam, do you know me? are you in the least acquainted with the life of folly I have led? as to me, madam, I do not love you; I will not love you—it would be cruelty, perfidy to do so!

Susannah looked at him, and a smile lighted up her features, and dried her tears.

You will love me, she said, oh, you will love me; I feel you will, I know it; your voice has told me so, though your words deny it.

Yes, I will love you, said he at length, in a deep and impassioned tone; I will give you as much of my heart as I can give you madam.—Many wise people consider me as a madman, and really, sometimes I feel half inclined to be of their opinion—stay!

Brian pronounced this word in a dry and hurried tone. His eyes, which till that moment had been passionately fixed upon the lovely face of Susannah, darted a look of bitterness and anger toward the centre boxes. He had at that moment discovered the drowsy and apparently wearied features of his brother, the Earl of White Manor.

Madame, rejoined he, making an effort to resume his mask of coldness, if you love me for ten minutes longer, I will in return love you all my life. He arose and went out precipitately, leaving Susannah perfectly astounded. The countess, with great amiability, took care not to remark this incident, and appeared to give all her atten-

tion to the finale of the second act, which they were just then singing.

Mr. de Lancaster, however, rushed down the staircase, and did not stop till he had reached the street.

John, cried he.

The cab which had brought him was waiting at a short distance.

My box and my jacket, John, rejoined Brian, hastily stripping off his elegantly made dress coat, as he advanced toward the cab.

John drew from the vehicle a waiter's jacket and white apron, such as are worn by people who attend in the saloons of the French theatres. Brian de Lancaster put on the jacket, tied on the apron, tied under his arm a flat square box, which John handed to him, and then ran up the steps into the the theatre.

CHAPTER XX.

Brian de Lancaster was the youngest son of the late Hugh de Lancaster, Earl of White Manor; and had early in life found himself in that false, and almost intolerable position, which is the lot of the youngest sons of the nobility, who have not entered the church. Brought up in the enjoyment of almost regal opulence, he found himself, upon the death of his father, suddenly reduced to a position of comparative poverty, His brother, thanks to the law of primogeniture, succeeded to the peerage, and to nine tenths of the family pro-

perty. The elder brother became a powerful lord: Brian, on the contrary, was reduced to a state bordering on mediocrity.

The two brothers never had been very enthusiastically fond of each other, and after their father's death, Brian, who considered himself as robbed of his just rights, cherished a rankling hatred against his elder brother. Upon the result of the law suit he violently burst forth, and Brian swore he would make war upon his brother to the very death.

And he kept his word. The weapons which he used were strange ones, but he handled them so skilfully, and struck with such determined aim, that the wounds he inflicted never closed. The earl then bitterly repented having driven a man to desperation, whom the favour of the fashionable world rendered powerful, and who, without passing certain limits, and as it were in mere playfulness, heaped mounds of bitterness upon him; but his repentence came too late.

The earl tried a new system. He offered, at first, to allow Brian a small income, then a larger one, and at last some thousands a year. Brian demanded the one half of his income; the earl refused, and the war was then carried on with renewed vigour; a wonderful war, for the weak attacked the strong, and always came off victorious; a war, in which one of the combatants, armed with a pin, was constantly pricking an adversary, reduced to immobility. The earl became afflicted with the spleen, and was the most unhappy man in the three kingdoms. One of the most extraordinary features of this war consisted

in the fact, that Brian's auxiliaries were men, whom nature and the law would have induced to have become his enemies. They were all young noblemen, heirs to peerages, men who, in a given time, would find themselves precisely in the same position toward their younger brothers, as the poor earl, in regard to his pitiless persecutor.

The curtain had fallen for the second time, when Brian de Lancaster entered the pit of the theatre, which he made the first scene of his exploits. Besides being dressed as a tavern waiter, he had a box before him, suspended by a ribbon from his neck.

Gentlemen, said he, as he went along, will you not buy some sweetmeats and sugar plums, to offer to your ladies?

When he had reached the box in which was seated the earl of White Manor, four or five hundred opera glasses were directed toward the two brothers. Every one was awaiting the result with joyous impatience. It is true, that this interlude had an unfavourable effect on the performance, and Weber's masterpiece suffered from this heroic frolic.

My lord, said Brian, in a serious and distinct voice. which penetrated the remotest parts of the theatre—my brother, will you not buy a box of sweetmeats from your own father's son, that he may buy himself a piece of bread?

The omnibus box was loud in its applause. The pit, without knowing why, applauded also, and the galleries, imitating the pit, cried, Bravo, bravo! Even Paddy himself, in the innocence of his good

heart, could not refrain from giving an approving oath.

Well, my noble brother, my good lord? said the implacable Brian.

The earl opened his mouth, as if about to speak; all was again silent, as if by enchantment.

The earl, incapable of uttering a single word, looked daggers at his brother, and with a violent effort closed the curtains of the box.

At this very moment a tremendous noise was heard in the galleries and the pit. A new crowd was rushing pell mell into the theatre, and throwing themselves tumultuously on the spectators who were already seated. They swore, they fought; all the unoccupied places were taken by assault, and even a part of those which were so. It was half past nine, the half price had just been admitted—a privilege dear to the populace of London, and which it abuses in the most grossly impudent manner.

Brian withdrew in the midst of this disturbance. John received his sweetmeat box, and gave him, in exchange, his fashionable coat.

During this time, a singular incident had taken place. At this moment when the disturbance caused by the entrance of the half price, was beginning to subside, there was heard proceeding from the stage box, a shriek of terror or distress. All eyes which had before been directed toward the centre boxes, to enjoy the confusion of the Earl of White Manor, were now turned toward the stage box. There was seen Lady B—, her features pale and agitated, rushing toward the lobby, calling for help, and immediately after-

wary, in front of the box, appeared the inanimate face of Tyrrel, the blind man, known in fashionable circles under the name of Sir Edmund Mackenzie.

CHAPTER XXI.

Snail acted very conscientiously. He expended the whole of the five sovereigns at a saiesman's in Long Acre, and came out of the shop, equipped from head to foot like a gentleman.

Before going to the theatre, he turned into Before-lane, and hid the clothes he had taken off, and of which he had made a bundle, in the same corner in which he received his instructions from the good Captain O'Chrane. He felt a great desire to show himself in all the splendour of his new dress, to amaze the frequenters of the Pipe and Pot, the windows of which gleamed faintly with a reddish light, at some fifty paces distance; but he resisted the temptation, and directed his steps toward the theatre.

The secoud act of the Freyschutz was nearly over. In the saloon, there were only about half a dozen of its habitual frequenters. Snail lounged pompously up and down, swelling himself out as much as possible, and chewing a quill tooth-pick, which he had purchased in order to complete his appearance as a gentleman. He looked earnestly at every one who passed him as he walked along; coughed, used his handkerchief: but all in vain; for no one accosted him. He had nevertheless

placed in his button hole a large bow of yellow ribbon, which had not the slightest resemblance to any order known in Europe.

Had he been made game of? Snail began to fear it. He bitterly regretted the wooden benches of the Pipe and Pot, the bearded chin of his sweet Madge, and even the stupid look of Mike, his brother-in-law. He was getting weary of his situation—he could not even mew to wile away the time: feeling quite out of heart he approached the counter, and asked for a glass of ale: an ice cream was handed to him.

Snail had never either eaten or drunk an ice; we are of opinion that he would have expressed his discontent at this substitution, in terms that would have been eminently disagreeable to the nymph of the counter, if a gentleman had not at this moment stepped up, and made a diversion in her favour. The gentleman placed his finger upon the famous bow of yellow ribbon, which ornamented Snail's button hole, and whispering to him, said, Follow me.

They left the saloon, just as the crowd was issuing in all directions from the boxes, after the falling of the curtain. They succeeded, with some trouble, in making their passage through the lobby, and stopped a few paces from the box in which were the countess, and the Princess de Longueville.

The gentleman struck three double knocks upon the door of the next box. The door was opened, and Snail, who was suddenly pushed into it by the shoulders, found himself all at once in total darkness. The place in which he was, was

evidently a box, shut in by a screen, but so hermetically closed, that not a ray from the thousand gas lights, which illuminated the theatre, could penetrate into it; there was a profound silence for about a minute; all that Snail could hear was the restrained respiration of several persons; a sudden trembling came over him.

At that instant some one seized Snail's arm, and drew him towards the front of the box. A hand touched the screen, in the centre of which immediately appeared a luminous point.

Place your eye before that hole, said a voice; Snail obeyed.

Look before you, into the box upon the stage; what do you see there?

I' faith, I see a lady in a satin dress, with lots of shining things all over her

Do you see that lady's hand?

I see one of them.

Which?

'Tis her left, which is leaning upon the side of the box.

Upon the third finger of that hand, you ought to see a ring, which shines more than any of the others.

I believe you, my lord, I believe you. One would say it is a small bit of the sun.

Now come this way

He was pushed toward the right side of the box. The screen was almost imperceptibly raised, and a bright ray of light streamed in; but two hands had seized Snail's head, and held it so that he could not turn round to discover who were his companions.

Look again, said the voice; but this time look low. What do you see?

I see the shoulders of a woman.

Be silent. Can't you see her face?

No, my lord.

Wait then.

They continued to hold Snail's head in the same position, until he exclaimed:

I see her, my lord, I see her face.

Silence.

The screen was once more closed, and all was dark again. They released Snail's head, who shook himself like a poodle dog.

You are now going out, turn toward the door, and do not look behind you.

The door was opened, and Snail was pushed out as unceremoniously as he had been pushed in. Even if he had the intention of disobeying the order he had just received from the mysterious voice, he would not have been able to do so, for the door was instantly shut upon him. He found himself in the lobby, beside the man who had accosted him in the saloon, When he had got into the light his pompous hardihood returned to him.

Well, my lord, said Snail, I am the very humble servant of their lordships and yours too, but this is a singular way they have of passing their time. To my mind, the honest gentlemen who are there might just as well go down into their cellars, as to take the trouble of coming to the theatre—they would see just as much.

Peace, child, peace.

And now, resumed the latter, do you perfectly remember all that you have seen?

Perfectly, my lord—on the opposite side there is a lady, a hand, and a ring;—on this side, a lady and her shoulders—magnificent shoulders, my lord.

Now then, listen to me attentively. The unknown took him by the hand and spoke to him for about ten minutes, repeating over and over again the same phrases, like a schoolmaster who is endeavouring to hammer a lesson into the thick head of a stupid scholar.

I understand you, my lord—I understand you, cried Snail, impatiently; if you tell it me once more, I shall forget all about it. I tell you that it is quite clear. I see—I know—but let's to work.

Take care, continued the gentleman, who had not quite so much confidence in Snail, as Snail had in himself, it is not a trifling matter.

Well, suppose it was even five hundred pounds, and a trumpery ring can't be worth that. You may depend upon me, my lord.

Above all, remember this: When you come out of this box, (he pointed to that of the countess,) you must go through that small door at the end of the lobby. The staircase behind it, will lead you to the side scenes on the stage; I shall be there, and I will show you the way into the street.

Snail and his companion went round by the lobby, to the opposite side of the house, and approached the box occupied by Lady B——. A man, who had stealthily come out of the myste-

rious box, followed them at the distance of about twenty paces. This person was Tyrrel, the blind man. There were still four persons in the box, who kept their eyes closely fixed to four holes, which had been made in the screen, similar to that which had served Snail as a spyglass, and were attentively watching the duke's box.

It was about this time, that Brian de Lancaster was attracting the attention of the whole audience. A few minutes afterward came the rush of the half price multitude. Snail and his companion, were at that moment within a foot of the stage box.

Attention! said the latter, whispering to Snail, and almost immediately afterward, when the tumult created by the half price was at its height, he added—to work! He disappeared, and the blind man took his station.

Snail knocked resolutely at the door of the duke's box. He had a paper in his hand. My lady, said he respectfully, the duke has sent me to your ladyship, and has desired me to deliver this message to you. He held the letter toward her, and Lady B— held out her hand to receive it. But at the moment her fingers touched the paper, Snail caught her hand with a firm grasp, and with the most surprising coolness endeavoured to get possession of the ring which had been pointed out to him. He had not deceived himself; he had perfectly comprehended his instructions.

Lady B— was so much terrified by this strange attack, that she could not at first find breath to utter even a word. When she had recovered her

speech, Snail had victoriously left the box, carrying off with him the brilliant ring.

Lady B--, dismayed, rushed after him, but at the door she ran against blind Tyrrel, or rather we should say, against the unfortunate Sir Edward Mackenzie.

Let me pass, sir, shrieked Lady B—, let me pass! thieves! thieves!

It is not mine! she shrieked, and panting like a mad woman; his royal highness lent it to me—confided it to me—it is one of the crown diamonds—oh, Heaven! a diamond worth twenty thousand pounds; stop him—help! help! At last, rendered powerless by dispair, she seized Sir Edmund Mackenzie by both arms, and violently pushed him out of the box. She then rushed, half wild with terror, into the lobby.

Snail in the meantime, though delighted with his success, had very cooly sauntered round the lobby, and no one though of pursuing him. He entered the countess's box, the door of which was open. The countess was leaning over the front of it, endeavouring to ascertain what had occurred, and why Lady B— had screamed.

Susannah, on the contrary, was looking pensively toward the spot which Brian had just before quitted, after his scene with the Earl of White Manor. Snail laid one finger upon the satinlike skin of her lovely shoulder, and whispered 'Gentlewoman of the night'

The lovely girl started and looked around, much alarmed.

Pardon, your grace, said Snail smiling; be

pleased to put this into your bosom. It is a charge confided to you by their lordships.

Susannah took from Snail the small parcel which he held toward her, and placed it as he directed. It was wrapped up in paper. Snail immediately left the box, and disappeared by the small door, which had been pointed out to him as leading to the stage.

It was just at the time Lady B—— having succeeded in getting free from Tyrrel, rushed into the lobby. The whole house was soon in confusion. A diamond belonging to the crown had been stolen, as it was said, worth twenty thousand pounds, and which had been imprudently confided to Lady B——. All the policemen in the theatre were immediately on the alert. They hunted for the malefactor in every direction. A number of persons who exhibited a suspicious appearance to the police, were taken into custody. The principal police officer had a sudden inspiration. He struck his forehead and said, I see through this business. Poor Lady B—— revived a little.

The police officer, followed by a whole battalion of policemen, with hasty strides went round the lobby, till they arrived at the door of the mysterious box, where Snail had received his instructions, He arranged his troop half to the right, and half to the left of the door.

They are determined fellows, said he, be firm. Are you ready?

Yes, sir, said the policemen, who closed their ranks in such a manner that not even a mouse could have passed through them.

Attention! shouted the commander at the same

instant opening the door. No one attempted to come out. The policemen held their staffs ready to knock down the first person who might present himself, but all was still as death. But notwithstanding that the box door was open, it was still sufficiently obscure for parties to conceal themselves. The police officer who was, as it happened a man of courage, boldly went in and pulled down the screen. A flood of light was instantly admitted, but the box was empty.

CHAPTER XXII.

The emotion which had thus been created in the fashionable part of the theatre, soon gained the upper boxes and the galleries. Every one was talking of Lady B——, and the duke, and the crown diamond.

It is the last day of robberies! exclaimed de Lantures Luces, as he hurried into Lady Campbell's box. Will you permit me, my lady—will you permit me, Miss Trevor, to look at this fan, which, I speak seriously, is the most exqusite one I have seen in London.

Pray, tell us, viscount, have they caught the robber? asked Lady Campbell.

The robber, madam? Pray be so good as to specify whether you are speaking of my robber, or Lady B——'s—of my eye glass, or the ring?

Why, viscount, they say the diamond was worth twenty thousand pounds.

Madam, his royal highness is rich, and I am

only a poor gentleman. My eye glass cost me two guineas. I bought it in Paris, in the rue Richelieu —Richelieu-street, my lady. But that is not the most melancholy affair of the day. I am speaking seriously, and I know that it is one would interest you. Ah! there's the dear marquis, I had not observed him. How do you find yourself, my dear sir, pray tell me?

You make me quite uneasy, sir, said Lady Campbell. What is the melancholy affair you were speaking of?

Oh! ah; I had forgotten. But you, perhaps, are already informed of it, as the dear marquis is here. No! then I shall have the advantage of being the first to communicate it. It relates to dear Frank—Frank Percival, madam.

From the commencement of the opera, or rather we should say, since the ball of the preceding evening, Mary Trevor had been overcome by a degree of torpor which rendered her almost insensible to all that passed around her. She had maintained, during the whole of the evening, a gloomy silence; and the presence of Rio Santo even, had not produced the slightest effect, or removed the apathetic feeling that had overcome her. Lady Campbell had imagined that she was merely indisposed, and paid her every attention in her power; but this was unheeded by Miss Trevor.

When the Viscount de Lantures Luces pronounced the name of Frank Percival, he must have been amazed at the effect which it produced. Rio Santo shrunk like a sleeping lion stung suddenly by a wasp. Lady Campbell's wonted smile gave place to a threatening frown; Miss Trevor suddenly

raised her lovely head, and directed toward him a most inquiring look. De Lantures Luces had not been accustomed to produce such great sensations. He paused awhile, to render his intelligence so much the more in request.

Well, sir, said Mary, well?

Rio Santo left the place which he had occupied behind the young lady, and quietly approached de Lantures Luces.

I am speaking seriously, said the latter, it is an unfortunate affair.

In the name of Heaven, sir, speak! exclaimed Mary, in aroused alarm.

Will you speak or not, sir? dryly said Lady Campbell, interrupting her.

Yes, madam, certainly. Poor Frank has been engaged in a duel.

A duel! repeated Mary, gasping for breath.

And he was wounded—

Lady Campbell endeavoured to take hold of her hand, but Mary placed it on her side, aud then fainted. De Lantures Luces withdrew, to relate, this incident to the dandies in the omnibus box; and also, that he might be nearer to the Signora Briotta, who had just made her appearance.

Poor child! said Lady Campbell, holding her scent bottle for Mary to inhale it. Ah! my lord what have you done?

He has insulted me, Lady Campbell, and he is my rival.

An unhappy rival, sir! for this fainting fit only proves that Mary remembers the companion of her youth. Poor Frank! I also, sir, am much afflicted at this sad event. Be so good as to order

my carriage, my lord; you see that Mary is recovering herself.

One word only, Lady Campbell, said the Marquis, in a beseeching tone; have I lost your good favour in doing that which, in my place every gentleman would have done?

I do not know, my lord—I do not know. And if my poor dear Mary did not love you, I believe ——But her senses are returning.

Rio Santo kissed Lady Campbell's hand, and then hurried towards the entrance of the theatre. All must be accomplished to morrow, said he, musing; this event will hasten the catastrophe; and at all costs, I will be the husband of Miss Trevor.

Poor Frank! reiterated Lady Campbell; he must be very unhappy. But I tremble when I think that the marquis might have been wounded in his stead. What a dreadful blow that would have been to this poor child!

The Signora Briotta reaped an incalculable harvest of bouquets and of applause. The galleries, which had been silent or nearly so, during the opera, were now threatened with destruction from the violent stamping of the multitude which they contained.

The carriage of the Princess de Longueville! cried a footman in a splendid livery Susannah had almost forgot her noble name. The countess bade her good bye, as she was leaving her to get into her own carriage.

Susannah sprang into hers. She was hardly seated, when a man's hand drew up the window.

Princess, at the same moment said Tyrrel, the

blind man, who was sitting by her side, we are far removed from yesterday and the Thames, are we not? Give me the article which was confided to your care.

Susannah drew the ring from her bosom, which was still wrapped up in the paper which Snail had put it in, and handed it to the blind man, who put it in his pocket.

'Tis well, madam, said he. To-morrow you will have other business, madam. You will have to wait upon the sick, and to affix a kiss upon the forehead of a man, who is not the honourable Brian—but he is an honourable too, and Percival is well worth Lancaster.

CHAPTER XXIII.

An hour before this, the Earl of White-Manor returned to his own mansion. He alighted from his carriage without uttering a syllable, slowly ascended the steps before his house, and shut himself up in his library. He was as pale as death, and his eyes had that vague, undecided, amazed look, which is observed in people who are about to become insane. He fell into an arm-chair, threw his hat violently from him, and hid his face with both hands.

The Earl's ears still rang with the hateful laughter of the multitude. He thought he still saw the insulting smiles of the men, and the still more insulting attempts which the ladies had made to preserve their gravity.

After having remained about ten minutes in a state bordering upon complete insensibility, the Earl of White-Manor suddenly started up. He pulled the bell so violently, that the rope broke.

Paterson!—Gilbert Paterson!—that scoundrel, Gilbert Paterson, shrieked he to the servant, who hurried into the room. Tell him to come to me instantly!

Paterson descended to wait upon the earl, and presented himself before him with a playful smile upon his lips. The earl was still standing. His mouth was open, his eyes fixed, and he was again lividly pale.

My lord, he began, I am most happy——

The unhappy man was not allowed time to conclude his sentence. A blow of the fist—a lordly fisty-cuff—forcibly administered to the pit of his stomach, sent him flying to the other end of the room, where he fell heavily on the floor. The earl in his youth had, and with some success, practised the noble science of boxing, and his skill was still somewhat apparent.

Gilbert Paterson rose up, but with some difficulty; he could hardly breathe.

Begone! exclaimed the earl; you are the cause of this, vile wretch. Who gave you permission, villain, to have an earl's brother caned before his door? He revenges himself, and upon me.

The earl again fell into an arm-chair.

But, my lord, Paterson began to say, and very humbly—

Be silent, or, by Heaven! traitorous varlet that you are, I'll exterminate you! cried the earl; begone—and instantly. You shall not sleep

another night under my roof. To-morrow you may remove all that belongs to you, and all that you have stolen from me; but you must clear off everything before the evening. Not another night shall you pollute my house. The earl leaned his head upon his hand. He will kill me; and you are the cause of it, continued he. in a hollow voice; assuredly he will kill me. Begone!

Gilbert Paterson did not dare to resist an order so peremptorily given. He hardly allowed himself time to put on his cloak, and precipitately left the house. The night was dark and foggy. Paterson wandered about the streets, wherever chance might lead him, absorbed by the painful feelings which his sudden expulsion had engendered, and being unable to think of any other subject.

He continued to walk on, but silently, down Holborn, through Newgate street and Cheapside. At last he came to Cornhill. The walk he had taken was a long one. Without thinking upon the subject, but merely ceding to fatigue, he sat down to rest himself upon a post, placed at the angle formed by the square building at the corner of Finch-lane and Cornhill. There he continued his meditations.

On the opposite side of Cornhill, a light was seen shining from behind the transparent muslin curtains. This was in Mrs. Macnab's house, and the light was burning in the room then occupied by the two daughters of Augustus Macfarlane. It was then near midnight. Clara was sleeping. Her lovely face was reclining upon her white and polished arm, which the agitation of a dream had,

notwithstanding the severity of the season, caused her to withdraw from under the bedclothes. Her respiration appeared oppressed, and now and then a slight moan escaped from her half-opened mouth.

Anna was sitting up in bed. Her toilet for the night had long since been completed. She had arranged her hair, and tied on her cap, but she had not yet lighted the night-lamp; she had not yet sought a refuge from the cold under the soft shelter of her bedclothes. Her eyes shone brightly, and did not show the slightest symptoms of drowsiness, although it was long past her usual hour of going to rest.

She was watching, and appeared to be expecting the arrival of some one. Whenever a noise occurred in the street, she seemed to listen anxiously, and from time to time she clasped her hands, as though she was praying fervently. The cause of this anxiety was, that Stephen Macnab had gone out in the morning, and had not been heard from since. It was now long past midnight, and Anna knew not what to think of this prolonged absence.

A loud and violent rapping was now heard at the door. Anna leapt out of bed. The door opening upon the staircase had not been closed. The young girl, trembling with cold, and ashamed at her own eagerness, leapt over the baluster to ascertain who had knocked.

Mrs. Macnab soon appeared upon the staircase —she was also watching: a mother's love sleeps not more than the tenderness of a loving girl. She met Stephen, just as the servant had opened

the street-door, and overwhelmed him with caresses and inquiries. Stephen was full of sorrow. Anna could only see him as he ascended the first flight of the stairs ; but that was enough. She felt reassured and dismayed at the same time: reassured as to any little vague feelings of jealousy she might have entertained, and dismayed on observing the deep grief of her cousin. She listened. Stephen had gone into his mother's room. All that Anna could hear, was the name of Frank Percival, pronounced in a tone of painful emotion by Stephen, and some expressions of compassion on the part of Mrs. Macnab. She was shivering with cold, poor child, in her light night dress, but she still continued at her post

The interview did not last long. Stephen soon reappeared upon the staircase, but instead of ascending to his own room, according to his custom, went down again toward the street door, accompanied by his mother.

Where can he be going ? said Anna to herself.

She was not to obtain any solution of this mystery. She did not even hear anything further, excepting a name which Stephen pronounced as he embraced his mother. And that name was—Clara !

In a few minutes Anna had sunk into a sweet and gentle slumber. Clara, on the contrary, remained awake that night, alas ! as she did many others.

Gilbert Paterson, however, had had time for reflection, but he could not resolve upon anything that appeared feasible ; he remained above an

hour sitting upon the post, frozen, in bad humour, and not knowing what to decide upon. The noise which Stephen made on closing the street door, abruptly startled him from his sorrowful musings. He rose, and shaking his stiffened limbs, half benumbed by the cold and humid atmosphere, exclaimed,

Where the devil am I? I cannot sleep in the street, that is certain. Let me see—

He then walked up Cheapside, and getting into a hackney coach upon the stand near St. Paul's, the coachman, when he let him in, said,

Where shall I drive your honour to?

To Covent Garden Theatre; set me down opposite the theatre; and then he added to himself, it would be devilish hard, if among Peg's customers, I cannot find what I am looking for.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Never, oh! never had Bob Lantern been seen to occupy himself so actively upon a matter in which he had no concern. The thrashing he had received from good Captain O'Chrane appeared to have produced an extraordinary effect in him, for when Snail, on his return from his important mission, regained the Pipe and Pot, he found Bob working away with hands and feet, clearing out the lath and plaster with which the Tap had been almost choked up, to serve, as he said, his friend honest Mike, who on his part did not appear to

feel any excess of gratitude for these unwonted exertions.

Bob every now and then left his work, in which he was assisted by three or four vagabonds, whose hang dog faces showed they were destined to the gallows, and went and seated himself by Mike.

Any one who had observed Bob's face, while he was talking in a sort of half whisper to Mike, would have been seized with terror and disgust.

The perspiration was streaming down from his low forehead, his eyes twinkled craftily from under his shaggy eyebrows. A spasmodic convulsion agitated the muscles of his face, and the corners of his mouth, although he constantly kept wiping them, and as constantly covered with foam. His whole countenance expressed with hideous energy the instinct of savage cruelty—of cowardly but still terrible ferocity. The good-natured mask in which he sometimes arrayed his features was now cast aside, and his face appeared in all its naked hideousness, showing that every evil passion that can vitiate the heart of man, had left its stigma on it.

He had been there nearly two hours, endeavouring to stir up the sluggish blood of Mike; trying to instil into him the spirit of rage and discord; preaching to him; railing at him and entreating, turn by turn. For two hours a furious hatred had been boiling within him against Tom Turnbull, and he did not dare attack him face to face; he was afraid of Tom. Who does not know how powerfully fear embitters hatred?

Snail returned to the public-house, but he had resumed his usual clothes, having his gentleman's

suit tied up in a bundle under his arm. He sat down in his old place, by the side of his pretty Madge, and opposite to Mike. Although he had been gone two hours, there Madge sat; she had not budged, neither had she opened her mouth, excepting now and then, to swallow a mouthful of gin. Her burning pipe was still between her teeth. Neither the tobacco, nor the gin, nor the rum, had produced the slightest effect upon her. Poor little Loo, on the contrary, overcome with drunkenness and fatigue, had fallen motionless to the floor.

You are a great rascal, Mike, said Snail, to leave your wife in such a state. What is it that Loo wants? a little gin, and she would be as sprightly as you or I.

He went round the table to his sister. Poor Loo, said he, she burns like a lump of hot coke, She will choke if she lays so, with her head down. Loo, Loo!

Loo put both her hands to her chest. Oh, oh! cried she, with a hollow voice, I am on fire—I am on fire—here!

Your glass, Madge, cried Snail.

Madge handed him her glass, which was full of rum; he put it to his sister's lips, who gulped it down at one draught.

Some snuff, said Loo—I have had a good dance—who will dance with me?

The rum had deadened her sufferings for the moment; and the poor girl thought that she was cured.

Attention, Mike, my boy, said Bob, suddenly

drawing near, and sitting down by the lighterman. I hear a noise in the street: they are coming.

Another glass, Mike, said Bob.

Mike drank a second glass. As he finished it, a violent kick was given against the door, which flew open.

Didn't I tell you they were coming? exclaimed Snail. Here they are! now the fun is going to begin—fun for ever!

While speaking, Snail rose from his chair. Bob poured out a third glass for Mike, who in his confusion drank it to the last drop. Bob looked him in the face. The vacant features of Mike suddenly became animated. His eyelids twinkled; the veins of his forehead swelled. Seeing this, Bob took the bowl, which was still half full, and dashed it to pieces on the floor.

He has had enough of it, said Bob, and Turnbull must not taste it.

Snail had hurried to welcome the new-comers. They were Tom Turnbull, Big Charley, Mitchell, and two or three more of Captain Paddy's crew. They were all drunk; but Turnbull was a little less so than the rest. They came into the house, singing, and loaded Peg with curses, by way of salutation. Seats were placed for them round a table.

I am here with my wife Madge, my jolly boys, said Snail, addressing them, but I cannot ask you to drink with me, because Mike is my brother in-law, and we are drinking together. Are we going to open the ball?

Ah! Mike is your brother-in-law, replied Tom Turnbull; that's all right. I'll do for him!

At this name, Mike gave a convulsive shudder, and struck the table with his fist, and with such force that he made the glasses and pitchers jump again.

Where is he? where is he? cried he; this time I'll kill him!

May you have spoken the truth! thought Bob.

Snail clapped his hands, repeating a hundred times that the ball was going to open. He was not wrong. Turnbull had heard the threat pronounced by Mike; he got up and called him by his name. They went into the Tap, which shortly afterwards had the appearance of a regular battle field. All the customers of the Pipe and Pot were placed around the arena as spectators under the direction of Bob Lantern. Behind the men were seen, standing on benches, Peg Witch, Sally Redhead, and Loo, who kept on singing a monotonous and doleful measure. Madge, as was natural, had a place assigned to her among the men. Her hat, her coat, her boots, her pipe, and her beard, gave her an undoubted right to such an honour.

The two champions were taking measure of each other with their eyes, while Bob and Charley were discussing the regulations for the combat.

At this moment a gentle knock was heard at the street door.

Don't open the door, cried Mitchell, or I'll strangle you; 'tis the policeman.

Peg Witch had gone to the door, and put her ear to the key-hole, to listen.

Open the door, Peggy, my good woman, said a voice in the street.

May God pardon me, cried Peg, but 'tis the voice of Gilbert Paterson.

The devil take me if I don't open the door! said the landlady, at once making up her mind; besides which, Gilbert Paterson being as great a thief as the rest, has a right to come in.

She took down the bars which fastened the door, and the earl's steward entered the house. He was muffled up in a cloak, and had his hat drawn down over his eyes.

Good evening, Peg, said he, all at once changing his coaxing tone of voice. Good evening

Good Lord! Gilbert, how much stouter you have grown, and how much older—and grey, too, my man.

Very well, Peg—you have a fight here to night—I will wait till it is over.

What for?

I want a rascal, who has neither fear nor bowels of compassion, Peg.

By George! Gilbert, you can pick and choose then—for here are many such. Help me, if you please to fasten the door again.

The heavy bars were again placed across the door. Paterson, who appeared thoughtful and cast down, seated himself by a table. Peg remounted her bench.

A violent dispute had arisen as to some of the conditions of the fight. Snail appeared beside himself with joy. At intervals, when the noisy

discussion lulled a little, the hoarse, and monotonous voice of Loo was heard chanting her dismal ditty.

A knock at the street door was again heard.

Peg, you witch of Beelzebub, cried some one in a loud hasty tone; open the door, or I'll set fire to your d—d old house.

Doubtless Peg recognized the voice, for she hastily unfastened the door.

Is Bob here? asked the new comer.

There is a fight going on to night, replied Peg.

All right, said the stranger and walked toward the Tap.

I will kill him, shouted Mike; I will either kill him or he shall kill me, or may a thousand devils seize me!

Two thousond devils, my boy, you are quite right, exclaimed the man in the cloak, pushing away the spectators right and left, and placing himself between the two combatants; you talk of killing—and you would both of you make good subjects; I will, beforehand, give two guineas for the body of the man that's killed. Is it a bargain? and saying these words, he threw back the hood of his cloak.

Bishop! Bishop the burker! cried the spectators, trembling with fear.

CHAPTER XXV.

Thomas Bishop the burker, was still a young man. He seemed strong enough to thrash both

Turnbull and Mike together. His shoulders were of formidable breadth, his arms were long and muscular, and when stripped, would have outvied even those of Milo. His short and puffed out face, reminded one of that of a bull dog

He looked around him and gave a nod to Bob Lantern.

Bring me a chair, and some rum, Meg, said Bishop.

Now then, said Bishop the burker, throwing two sovereigns, upon the floor between the champions; are you going to set-to, my fellows?—make haste, for I want Bob. The fight is for two sovereigns. The conqueror will gain them; the loser—oh, I'll carry off the loser, for he will not want grog any more.

Mr. Bob, said Peg Witch, bustling through the crowd, there is a gentleman in the parlour who wants to speak to you: he says it is about a thing where you may make a good round penny.

A gentleman, cried Bob: at this hour—and a good round penny, Peg, my dear lady? Ask him to wait—this will soon be over—come Mike, stand up to him, my son, and give him on the eye just such a thump as he gave you on the head.

The two champions sparred about for a few seconds as if to feel each other's strength, but Mike placed the first hit. The ice being once broken, the blows fell thick as hail.

Well done, Tom! At him, Mike! cried Snail, in a perfect transport of joy. Some gin, Peg Witch, some gin for these brave fellows.

Enough! the poor devils have had enough,

cried one of the spectators, which the others repeated in full chorus, but Bishop cried out in a voice of thunder; be silent, fools: do you think I would give two guineas for a live man?

Bishop had a lancet with him, with which he operated epon Mike's eyes; and Turnbull's scalp was sewn back so as not to prevent his seeing. They stood up once more, when Mike, with Bob's insidious advice, butted his head with such violence against Turnbull's chest that it cracked again, and Turnbull fell heavily to the ground, bleeding profusely from the mouth. Mike, quite exhausted, fell close by him.

In half an hour after this, a profound silence reigned in Before lane. A faint light only glimmered through the ill-closed shutters of the pipe and Pot. Snail had gone home, being dragged away by his pretty Madge, who declared herself highly delighted with her evening's amusement; and he in turn dragged of the unhappy Loo, whom the noctural fog was suffocating. The other customers had followed Snail's example, after having most religiously covered over the bodies dead or living, of the two gladiators.

There were, however, some persons still stirring at the Pipe and Pot.

Come Peggy, said the burker, roughly, relieve us from your company, will you, my old hag?—and you Sally, be off to bed! and as quickly as possible, for we have business to talk about.

Bishop remained alone in the bar-room, Bob had sliped into the parlour.

Your honour, whispered he to Paterson, whose

face he could not see, has some commands for me?

I asked Peg Witch to find me out a rascal who eared nothing, and had no scruples, Paterson began; but, eh! What, is it you, Bob? Peg has made a right good choice.

Come here, Bob—come here you scoundrel! cried Bishop.

Bob hastened into the bar room.

Here I am, Mr. Bishop, said he; I have a gentleman waiting for me here; but of course I give you the preference.

That's quite right, replied Bishop, but what people will not give me, I take, friend Bob, and you are a prudent man. As to this gentleman who frequents Peg Witch's sty, he must be a virtuous subject of the king. Go and shut the door, Bob, that he may not hear what I have to say to you. Now then, continued Bishop—Bob having shut the door—what I have to tell you is—the devil take me, if I tell you or any other man—and he seemed embarrassed in speaking of it even to Bob— I have never undertaken a business of this kind; but you, Bob, have neither heart nor soul, and provided you are well paid—

Shall I be well paid, Mr. Bishop?

The matter in hand is, that—they want to carry off some young girl—it is a diabolical affair, upon my word, to carry off a young girl alive for the doctor to make some surgical experiment upon; but there is no occasion for you knowing the name of the doctor.

And how much will they pay? repeated Bob.

One huudred pounds. It is too devilish, really.

Agreed, Mr. Bishop, cried Bob: let's shake hands upon it.

The burker retreated from him with disgust.

Don't shake hands without you like, said Bob; but living is dreadful dear. One is obliged to earn a crust anyhow. Have you some of that water about you?

Bishop handed him a phial, which Bob put into one of his pockets.

I am all right now, rejoined the latter, I do not ask you for anything to bind the bargain. To morrow the girl shall be at your house, Mr. Bishop.

May God confound you! ejaculated Bishop, as he left the house.

A hundred pounds, muttered Bob, when left by himself; it is not often that one gains so much at once. I will give him the little girl that I saw going round with the box at Temple Church. That young girl is quite an income to me. Now let me see what the other wants, and Bob opened the parlour door.

Are we alone? asked the steward.

Yes, your honour; the gentleman I was talking with just now in the bar, is gone.

The steward threw off his cloak and hat.

Mr. Paterson, exclaimed Bob. Well, well, who would have thought it? something strange must have happened.

Something too strange, by Heaven, replied Paterson, sighing; but master Bob, you must manage, somehow or other to rid us of this devil, Brian.

Whenever your honour pleases: but it will

cost you devilish dear. The honourable gentleman would be rather a difficult one to manage, and is not of a humour to be easily got the better off.

Let us leave Brian de Lancaster for the present, said Mr. Paterson, abruptly; his turn will come, and by Heaven, I promise to pay him off. Listen to me, honest Job.

Bob if your honour pleases.

Bob, be it then. I know not what that infernal Brian has done to my lord to-night; but he returned from the theatre in a most furious state—I went to him, to my sorrow, thinking to say two words to him about our affair. You know that little girl in Cornhill?

Anna Macfarlane? I know, your honour; I was speaking about her only a minute ago to that gentleman who has just left.

She is a divinity, by Heaven, exclaimed Paterson; I have seen her. What eyes, Master John, what a complexion, what a lovely mouth!

I am sure that his lordship would be enraptured with the girl at first sight—we must have her.

It will be a dreadfully difficult matter, your honour, observed Bob, scratching his ear; dreadfully difficult, depend upon it. I don't see how we—

Hold your tongue—I will not haggle with you; you need not take the trouble to rise difficulties in order to get a higher price. If you bring her to me to-morrow evening, I will give you two hundred pounds.

Two hundred pounds, reiterated Bob, with a rapturous thrill.

Two hundred pounds. If you cannot do it, say so, and I will apply to some body else.

It is a devilish handsome sum.

Well?

Give me fifty pounds in advance, your honour, and I will engage that the little dear shall be with you to morrow night by ten o'clock.

Paterson took out his pocket book, and drew from it five ten pound bank notes, which he put into Bob's hand.

My servant shall watch at the door till ten o'clock, he replied, and you must come up stairs with the young lady. Mind that you do not forfeit your word!

Have my hundred and fifty pounds ready, your honour. I should like it best in gold, added Bob.

Paterson wrapped himself up in his cloak and went toward the door, which he opened. After he had gone a few steps he whistled, and the noise of carriage wheels was soon heard: a coach drew up before the end of the lane.

What the devil shall I do? said Bob, it is dreadfully awkward: one hundred pounds from Bishop! two hundred from the steward! a very pretty sum. But the sweet girl cannot serve as a *subject* for Dr. Moore, and a plaything for the earl, at the same time—that's very certain—that's not possible. And yet I promised Bishop; I promised that Leech, Paterson; I lose my hundred and fifty pounds—the devil! the devil!

It was in vain that poor Bob, for some time, tortured his brain to discover some means of escaping from this dreadful dilemma. All at once he stopped suddenly, and rubbed his hands in

great glee. What a fool I was, exclaimed he; there are two of them—there are two of them! the dear sweet little girls. The little begging one for my lord, her sister for Dr. Moore; they will both be satisfied, and I shall have fulfilled both my engagements, like an honest and faithful lad. This family is really a blessing to me!

CHAPTER XXVI.

Poor Lady B— did not sleep that night. The next morning, while she was dressing, two letters were delivered to her. The following are the particulars of the first she opened:

My dear Lady B—,

I send you twenty thousand pounds in Bank of England notes. I know that this morning an opportunity will be offered to you, to exchange them for the diamond which you lost last night; take advantage of it, I beg of you, and do not fail to regain possession of the diamond.

Be pleased to believe that I am ever, and more than ever, your most devoted, F.

Lady B—, who was a lovely woman of thirty years of age, or perhaps a little more, folded this letter up again, gave a profound sigh, and opened the second one, which contained these words:

Madam,

From the honourable character of the duke,

the peculiar position in which he is now placed, and the steps we have this morning taken, we are induced to expect that you will have already received twenty thousand pounds in Bank of England notes.

Be pleased to take this sum with you, and get into a hackney coach, which is now standing before the railing of your house, and order the coachman to drive you to St. Paul's Church: you must be alone.

There was no signature to this letter. Lady B—rang her bell violently.

Betty, said she to her lady's maid, go and see what there is standing in the street before the door. Go!

What there is, my lady?

Go and look, I tell you!

Betty went out, and returned in a few seconds, quite out of breath. There is nothing, my lady.

Nothing, Betty—are you quite sure?

Sure, my lady—nothing but a hackney coach: the driver looked at me so strangely.

Was there nothing brought with this letter? asked Lady B—.

Oh! yes. my lady, I put it on your dressing table, a small satin wood box.

Bring it to me.

Betty brought the box. Lady B— opened it, and found that it was full of bank notes; she closed it again, and locked it.

Carry that into the hackney coach.

When Betty had left her, Lady B— threw a Cashmere shawl upon her shoulders, and hurried

out after the servant, for she had just now reflected that the coachman might very easily drive off with the box. It is certain that in this wicked world stranger things than this have happened. She hastened into the coach, the door of which was immediately shut, leaving Betty who would have given three months' wages to know the meaning of this mysterious adventure, gaping with wonder and amazement. The coachman jumped upon his box, laid the whip stoutly upon his horses' sides, and trotted off without inquiring where he was to drive.

The coach had passed through the West end, and had got as far as Fleet street. It then went up Ludgate Hill, and stopped at St. Paul's Church Yard, to the right of the grand entrance of the cathedral. Not far from there stood a brilliant equipage, the panels of which bore the arms of Dunois. Immediately on the arrival of the hackney coach with Lady B—, the coachman belonging to the splendid carriage we have just mentioned descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the steps. A diminutive old woman, muffled up in a satin wrapper, amply wadded, and lined and trimmed with fur, alighted from the carriage, and hopping with the agility of a cat from stone to stone to avoid the mud, directed her steps toward the hackney coach. The driver of the latter vehicle, in his turn, jumped from his box, and opened the coach door. The little lady made three low curtseys to Lady B—, and with an extravagantly broad Italian accent, said:

I am the most humble servant of your highness,

and if your said highness would permit me to do so, I will carry my audacity so far as to take a place beside your illustrious person.

Lady B— looked with amazement at this living caricature. She had anticipated a tragedy, and the very commencement of the adventure was grossly farcical. In certain dispositions of the mind, a very trifle, if at all risible, is a relief. Lady B— felt as if a load had been removed from her heart.

The little lady, however, actively escaladed the coach steps, and seated herself opposite to Lady B—, but not without making hundreds of apologies.

Where are they taking me? asked Lady B—.

Yes, your excellency, God is my witness, that I would throw myself into the midst of a burning cauldron to die the most *picclisimo* pleasure to your illustrous highness.

I ask you, madam, where are they going to take me? repeated Lady B—,

Yes, your excellency, I call to witness the most holy mother of God, and Saint Peter of Rome, the blessed patron of my late husband, the Count Cantacouzini, that your highness has in me the most devoted of her slaves.

Lady B— fell back seriously alarmed. She saw herself all at once shut out from the world, at midday; she already imagined herself at the mercy of that occult and sinful portion of society of which he had often heard, but never could believe the existence of, which is the enemy of the law, and of all the law protects. All at once, rendered courageous by her despair, she sat up and endea-

voured to raise one of the curtains. The fingers of the little woman, as cold and hard as if they were of ivory, seized the soft hand of Lady B—.

In the name of Heaven! exclaimed Lady B—, where are you taking me?

Yes, your excellency, my noble husband the Count Cantacousini—but that does not signify—if your serene excellency wishes to alight, I will do nothing to prevent her—only that your said highness will go away with empty hands.

Lady B— felt about the seat of the coach for the box which she had placed upon it, but it had disappeared.

My God! my God! she muttered.

If, on the contrary, rejoined the little lady, your excellency wishes to remain here, she must not touch these curtains, which were fixed here expressly for your excellency.

The journey continued. The coach had passed through noises of all descriptions, which ring from morn to night through all the streets of London. These continued for a long time—then the noise diminished, then it ceased all at once. The wheels no longer bounded over a pavement, they seemed to be passing through a soft tenacious clay.

We shall soon arrive at our journey's end, said the little lady.

Almost immediately afterward, the hackney coach stopped and the door was opened.

Your highness may now look about as much as she pleases, said the little lady, smiling very amicably; she will deign to wait for me a moment.

The coachman presented her his arm; the

Countess Cantacouzini alighted and hopped over the mud till she reached the house.

It was a very strange sort of house. There was no door to it; nothing to show that any one could enter it, otherwise than by escalade, and even that might have been difficult, for all the windows were closed with strong shutters, presenting an impregnable and uniform rampart of wood.

The little woman seemed to be in some difficulty; she was endeavouring, by raising herself on her toes, to reach a small hole pierced in the shutter of one of the ground floor windows, but could not manage to reach high enough. At last, she called the coachman, who, lifting her by the shoulders, raised her up to a level with the hole. She placed her mouth against it, and gave a sort of call.

Who's there? growled a hoarse voice, from behind the shutter.

Donna delle notte, carissimo mio, replied the little woman, through the hole in the shutter.

All's well! growled the voice, take care.

The coachman and the old lady withdrew to a little distance, and this precaution was not a superfluous one. The shutters were thrown open, and the breastwall of the window, which was of wood, painted to imitate stone, was at the same moment lowered, and forming as it were the steps of a carriage, afforded a wide and commodious entrance to the house.

CHAPTER XXVII.

When this singular house, which appeared as it were, dead and tenantless, with all its windows hermetically closed, and without the appearance of a door on its red walls, gave all at once some signs of life by opening its ponderous side, to allow an entrance to its visitors, Lady B— imagined, more and more, that she was dreaming. It was the little old woman who took upon herself to prove to her, that all she had seen was a reality.

You will go round, Joe, said she to the coachman, and wait for us at the railing; then approaching the coach, she held out her little white and wrinkled hand to Lady B—. Your highness will please to be quick, said she, curtseying profoundly, for this entrance never remains long open.

Lady B— alighted, and the old woman gave her back the little box which she had carefully concealed under her wrapper. There is your serene excellency's property, said she, still speaking as an Italian. I had wished to spare her the trouble of taking care of it during the journey. And as Lady B—appeared to hesitate to venture upon entering the dark looking passage which led from the mysterious door, the little lady curtseying with great respect, rejoined, will your highness be pleased to go in first, and permit me to do the honours, being the inmate of the house.

Where am I? exclaimed Lady B—, in a trembling voice.

Keep to the left—keep to the left, my lady! said the gruff voice which had replied from behind the shutters to the pass words given by the Countess Cantacouzini; for d'ye see, if you make one step to the right, I will not answer for your neck.

Lady B— walked on mechanically, and with that fictitious calmness which fear, when carried to the extreme, sometimes inspires. She heard the sound of a door, opening about a dozen paces before her. At the same instant a red light showed itself, and a discordant echo composed of a thousand confused noises, struck her ear. The door from which issued the light in question and these noises, opened above a small stair of only three steps. The old woman was standing, waiting on the uppermost step.

Lady B— walked forward, without speaking: she was dreadfully pale, but her step was firm. The noise increased as they advanced, and at length to a degree of harshness altogether insupportable. It was such howling as one may imagine is kept up in the infernal regions; they were separated from the room whence the noise proceeded merely by a door, which was itself in a very dilapidated state. The little lady opened the door Lady B— immediately placed her hands upon her ears, but was instantly obliged to remove one of them, to protect her nose against the horrid smells which nearly suffocated her. Her eyes had instinctively closed themselves.

A little bit of courage! repeated the old woman.

The place which Lady B— had just entered was a large square room, in which there was no fur-

niture of any description. All around it, near the walls, there was a sort of litter composed of dirty broken—we may say, ground down straw, reduced to this state by too long use, and small portions of which were mixed here and there with the thick dust which everywhere covered the floor. Upon this straw was to be seen, lying down, a hideous population—dirty, squalid and miserable, of all ages and of both sexes. Among them were young women, whose features, correctly drawn by the hand of nature, had assumed, under the influence of vice in some degree hereditary, a most revolting expression ; there were young girls who, like poor Loo, were singing half naked, reclining on their filthy straw, near some pitcher containing doubtless some inebriating liquor ; there were old women, of whom no known terms are sufficient to depict the disgusting hideousness.

The men were fewer in number, and perhaps less hideous than the women ; but still the most squalid creature to be met with in the broad day in the streets, are incomparably less disgusting.

The moment Lady B— entered the place, a wild hurrah, at once burst from its miserable occupants. A dozen of women but half dressed, at once rushed towards her, and danced around her a truly satanic dance. The men shouted, uttering oaths and obscene language. The children pitilessly soiled her brilliant silk dress and Cashmere shawl with their filthy fingers.

Children, children, said the little woman, peace, peace, you will be made to repent this audacity.

This order produced a magical effect. The men

were instantly silenced; the women returned to their litter. The voice was still vibrating around the walls, when already order was completely re-established.

Lady B— pressed her hand to her forehead; a sudden trembling passed through all her frame at the remembrance of what she had just passed through, and she exclaimed, Oh, it is horrible, too horrible.

The fact is, said the little countess, that it is not altogether a very agreeable place, but we always introduce persons who do us the honour of visiting us, by that door. It is a custom, your very illustrious excellency, and a precaution.

Horrible, repeated Lady B—, involuntarily, whose nerves had much difficulty in recovering their tone after the shock they had received.

At the end of the gallery was an immense staircase. The Countess Cantacouzini ran nimbly up its steps, followed by Lady B—, and they soon came into a room where there were two servants in livery.

Announce her serene and illustrious highness, Lady B—, said the little lady, and her most humble servant, the Countess Cantacouzini, baroness of Famagosto, in Cyprus, sovereign lady of the Archipelago and other places.

Lady B— was introduced into a large drawing-room, furnished with some degree of elegance. In the centre stood a round table, upon which was an Indian shawl by way of cover, and a number of account-books and papers. All round the table were placed a number of elegant and comfortable arm chairs. There was only one person

in the room. This person was dressed in a blue coat, with black buttons, buckskin breeches, worsted stockings, and wearing immense unpolished shoes. It was no other than our worthy and good-tempered friend, Captain Paddy O'Chrane.

Good morning to you, Maudlin, said he, addressing the little lady; good morning, my cunning mountebank, and my dear friend—I present my respects to you, my lady—that is to say—excuse me, madam, I hardly know what to say, or may the devil fetch me.

He drew forward a chair, and bowing stiffly, presented it to Lady B—.

Be seated, my dear lady, rejoined the captain; d—n it, do sit down. I have been acquainted, or may the devil fetch me, with more duchesses and peeresses, i'faith, than this room would hold, and I know how to conduct myself in respectable society. Sit down, too, Maudlin, you cunning wife of a merry-Andrew, if you wish to sit down there—and now, by G—d, let us talk of business. What do you want?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Lady B— had sat down. In truth she had great need of doing so after the series of emotions by which she had been assailed.

It was the Countess Cantacouzini who first spoke. She was stung to the quick by the unceremonious manner in which O'Chrane had ad-

dressed her, and she seized the opportunity of putting him down.

Mr. O'Chrane, said she, pursing up her mouth, this is a very simple matter, and one that has been already arranged between their lordships and myself. Your business in the matter, Mr. O'Chrane, is limited to merely counting over some bank notes; and it would, perhaps, be better were you to remember who you are, when it may be your chance to have business wieh certain persons.

Lady B— presented the satin-wood box to the captain. Here is the money, sir, to ransom the ring, said she, with a timid voice.

Twenty thousand pounds, sir.

Twenty thousand, muttered he; the count is right, i' faith; that miserable abortion, Snail, has well earned his ten pounds. My lady, here's your ring.

Permit me, said the little countess, who rushed forward at the moment that Lady B— stretched out her hand to take it. I have the charge of delivering it to her excellency.

They then descended the staircase. Lady B— saw but confusedly the light through the veil which covered her face, but could not at all distinguish objects; at the foot of the staircase she felt the cool air blowing upon her, which assured her she was leaving the house. A few minutes afterwards she found herself seated in the hackney-coach, the red curtains of which were still drawn down. The little lady politely assisted her to remove the veil.

At last the coach stopped. It was before Lady

B—'s own house, but she remained motionless, and did not appear to observe anything.

If your excellency would be pleased to alight, said the little countess very respectfully: that is your highness's house.

Lady B— did not stir. The countess Cantacouzini ventured to take her hand, which she pressed very gently, at the same time slipping the ring on her finger.

There is the diamond of your very illustrious highness she added.

Lady B— cast her eyes upon the ring with a vacant look—but the moment that its lustre met her view, her memory instantly returned. She clasped it with breathless avidity, jumped into the street without the assistance of the coachman, who had presented his arm to her, precipitately ran up the steps before her house, and kept knocking at the door till it was opened to her. Before entering it, she cast behind her a look of indescribable terror.

Adieu, your excellency, adieu, softly said the Countess Cantacouzini, and then added, addressing the coachman—Now, Joe, gallop to Wampole-street as fast as you can drive, for we are behind time.

Joe flogged his horses with a heavy hand. The coach bounded over the pavement, splashing the unfortunate pedestrians on the footway, and at last stopped at No. 9, Wampole-street.

Order the carriage immediately, said the little lady to the footman, who opened the door; where is my niece?

The princess is in her boudoir, with a gentleman, said the French lady's maid.

Oh!—and my lord?

My lord is up stairs, madame la duchess; I have just let him in. Shall I announce madame la duchess to madame la princesse?

No! go up stairs into my room. I am going to dress.

The Countess Cantacouzini, who was also the little Duchess de Gevres, which did not prevent her from being also Maudin, as good Captain Paddy O'Chrane had called her. reached the first floor of the house in which were the apartments of her niece, the widow of the ever to be regretted Prince Philippe de Longueville. There, instead of entering by the principal door of the apartment, she took a back door which opened upon the staircase, and entered a narrow passage, at the end of which there was a small dark closet. Opposite to the door of this closet was perceived a faint light, which proceeded from several small holes that had been made in a round window which had been varnished over.

The little Frenchwoman placed her eyes before one of these holes, and saw, not three paces distant from her, Brian de Lancaster and the princess, seated near each other upon a sofa.

Nothing could be better! said she to herself.

Hush! said a voice near her.

Ah! you are there, my lord. What are these turtle-doves saying?

They are looking at one another, my lady.

You saw me last night, at length said Brian;

you comprehend my object, and you will still love me?

Will I not murmured Susannah; it is merciful in God not to have made you a murderer.

Their hands were clasped together. Brian placed Susannah's upon his heart. King or beggar, saint, or criminal, I must still have loved you, Brian, she continued; and if you do not love me, I must die.

We shall be happy, Susannah, said Brain, and what anguish should I feel to see you unhappy! But now, even that anguish appears preferable to that of not seeing you at all. Listen to me—you know what my life has been, and favoured by the mad favour of the world, with what arms I have attacked my enemy, and that enemy my own brother! I have however to confess to you a secret, my only secret.

Susannah, with grateful feelings, pressed more closely to him. Tyrrel and the little Frenchwoman, listened more eagerly than before.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I am a ruined man, rejoined Brian de Lancaster; and so completely ruined madam, that my own resources hardly equal those of the poorest beggar.

I believe that I am rich, said Susannah, timidly interrupting him.

And yet, pursued Brian, I live as my equals do I make even a good display. The time for get

ting into debts has gone by with me. No one would now lend me a farthing. Whence then do you imagine, madame, I obtain the means of living?

I am sure I cannot guess, replied Susannah, who would rather he had spoken of his affection for her.

I will tell you—you alone in the world will know it. A mysterious hand, madam, throws to me, every month, a periodical alms.

That's his great secret, is it? grumbled Tyrrel: I have had good reason to know something of that before.

Hush, hush, my lord, let's listen, said the curious little woman.

Every, month, continued Brian, some way or other, but always most mysteriously, I receive one hundred pounds sterling.

Brian pronounced these last words in a low voice, and very despondingly.

You have been near death, also? exclaimed Susannah, whose large eyes were bathed in tears.

I know not, said Brian, speaking in so low a voice, that Susannah was obliged to bend toward him, to catch their import—I know not madam; my head was full of hatred, and despair is a bad counsellor. But, after all, he is my brother, and God would perhaps have been merciful enough to allow me to die before I struck. Oh, yes madam, yes I do believe, and I trust that you believe it too, that I was nearer death than I was then to crime.

Brian was deadly pale. There was a wildness in his fixed looks, and his cold hand which Su-

sannah held between both hers, trembling convulsively.

Before Susannah could reply, the door of the room was thrown open, and a servant, in a loud voice, announced the dowager Duchess de Gevres. The little lady entered instantly afterward, and gayly running towards them, smilingly saluted them.

My dear child, said she to Susannah, the carriage is ready: I am waiting for you.

She threw a shawl over Susannah's shoulders, arranged her hair in the twinkling of an eye, and then hurried down stairs to the front door of the house, where the brilliant carriage with the Dunois arms npon it, was waiting for them. They both got into it. The noble horses bounded off, and did not stop till they had reached Dudley House, in Castle street, the residence of Frank Percival. The Duchess de Gevres put her head out of the carriage window.

Turn the horses' heads toward Regent street, said she to the coachman, who immediately obeyed.

Many things had happened during the morning. The marquis de Rio Santo had not left Trevor House during the whole day. There had been a grand consultation between him and Lady Campbell. That clear sighted woman had frequently been obliged to leave the marquis alone in her boudoir, in order to visit either the apartments of Miss Trevor or those of her brother, Lord James: evidently it was a critical moment. The hour for the assault had struck. The place was to be carried by main force. The marquis had authorita-

tively dismissed all his poetical feelings, and all chivalrous sentiments, as a good strategist dismisses from a garrison before it is besieged, all useless mouths. He was bound up in complete armour, had all his weapons prepared, and determined not to flinch in any way. His will had decreed that on this day his official betrothment with Miss Trevor should take place. This he had determined, whatever might be the means he should be compelled to adopt, and in spite of every obstacle. We do not speak of the poor Mary, who, ill in health, and weak in heart, undecided and deceived, replied to the formal demand made by her aunt, only by her tears, which Lady Campbell did not fail to consider as a favourable indication. We speak of Lord Trevor, that excellent and honest father, who during the morning had received a letter, the contents of which he communicated to no one, and upon receipt of which he had fallen into the most desperate ill humour.

Poor Mary, said he as he walked up and down his garden. I never could have believed this of that old scoundrel Frank, and, in fact, why should I give credit to it? what faith can be fixed to an anonymous letter? none—less than none—by Heaven.

Lady Campbell approached him during one of these moments of indecision, and did not delay to pronounce the word marriage, which in her mind was then the most important word in the vocabulary.

Do not speak to me of that wretch Frank, my lady, said Lord Trevor, who thought that marriage and Frank Percival must be closely con-

nected, when his daughter was in question; may I die, but his conduct is most disgraceful and inexcusable.

What can you mean, brother? what can you mean?

What do I mean? you intend defending him, I suppose, I will not hear a word my lady. I am perfectly incensed.

But I do not defend him, my lord.

Ah, that's as it should be. What were you talking to me about marriage, then, my lady?

The Marquis de Rio Santo asks the hand of your daughter, my lord.

'Tis well, my lady; but I refuse the hand of my daughter to the Marquis de Rio Santo.

You would not think of doing so, brother.

Yes; assuredly.

Lady Campbell, returned to Rio Santo to give him an account of the ill success of her embassy. He appeared to be much discouraged by the information he had received from her.

I have nothing further now to do than to withdraw my pretensions. madam, said he; I have done all that a gentleman could do.

But, marquis, cried Lady Campbell, you need not yet despair—a little time, perhaps—

Still to wait, said the marquis, with some bitterness; I cannot do so, madam. I had offered Miss Trevor my affection and my hand—a deep affection and a hand without a stain, my lady. I am rejected.

Lady Campbell drew her chair nearer to him.

It is for her, and her sake only, that I speak, God is my witness, and not for myself, rejoined

the marquis. Do you not think, madam, that it would be dreadful for Miss Trevor to share the heart of her husband with a rival?

How can you ask me such a question my lord.

Because the Honourable Frank Percival has a mistress, madam—a lovely mistress, whom he loves.

Assuredly, marquis stammered Lady Campbell, very much embarrassed, this is a very serious matter—but—

Pardon me for guessing what you mean. What man is there who has not had a mistress, you would say? I have had mistresses, too, before I loved Miss Trevor. Since I have loved her, I have left them, madam. But Mr. Percival?—It is after having loved Mary—it is at the very moment of his return to England for the purpose of claiming the performance of a given promise—

'Tis very true, exclaimed Lady Campbell who did not desire more than to be persuaded.

He comes to marry Mary, madam;—and 'tis at that very moment that he brings with him, from France, another woman whom he also loves.

He brought her with him from France, marquis?

You have seen her, madam. Mr. Percival arrived the day before yesterday; the Princess de Longueville was seen by us yesterday for the first time.

'Tis very true, again said Lady Campbell; and it was that lady, so young, so admirably lovely, whom you pointed out to me last night!

The same, madam.

Lord Trevor was still walking in the garden, when a servant ran to him quite out of breath, to tell him that Miss Mary was ill, and that she wished to speak to him. Lord Trevor hurried back into the house. He found his daughter reclining in an arm chair, her face covered with her hands. She was sobbing, the tears ran through her fingers and fell upon her clothes. Lady Campbell was much agitated, and perhaps repented the communication she had made, and was endeavouring to assuage her grief.

See, my lord, see, said she, this isFrank's doing—what he has done is altogether shameful, brother—he has a mistress.

I know it, madam, coldly replied Lord Trevor, tearing up the last fragment of the anonymous letter he had received that morning.

The poor child loves him no longer, rejoined Lady Campbell.

Who is it that says so? exclaimed Mary, suddenly uncovering her face, which was of death-like paleness.

Poor child, murmured Lady Campbell, with the greatest possible sincerity; she is delirous.

Lord Trevor commanded her to be silent, by a gesture.

Now, they calumniate him, rejoined Mary; they say he loves another—ah, it is too horrible thus to calumniate a wounded, perhaps a dying man.

A dying man? reiterated Lord Trevor: what does this mean, madam.

Frank Percival has fought a duel, my lord, replied Lady Campbell, somewhat embarrassed.

I wish to see him, my father, continued Mary; take me to him. We shall soon see the meaning of these false accusations. Frank, my own noble Frank, oh, how I have suffered.

Lord Trevor rang the bell. Have the horses put to instantly, said he to the servant; and then turning to his daughter—Calm yourself, my dear Mary, he added, I was completely ignorant of all this—I will go to Percival—

And I, also, my dear father.

Mary snatched her father's hand, and kissed it with much emotion. Lady Campbell shrugged her shoulders, and left the room, muttering the word shocking, which is the *ne plus ultra* of condemnation among persons who are not accustomed to the use of energetic exclamations. She immediately returned in great discouragement to Rio Santo; but the marquis did not, on this occasion, appear to participate in her feeling of disappointment.

I will await the return of Lord Trevor, said he, in a careless manner; I wish to ascertain the extent of my misfortune.

The game has commenced well, said he to himself, am I to win it?

CHAPTER XXX.

Lord Trevor and his daughter remained silent during the first part of their ride. Mary, in an access of true feeling, had with one single effort

destroyed the tissue of sophistry which had been raised like a dark veil between her and her love. She had reassumed the reins of her own conscience, and her moral slavery was instantly terminated. She was herself again. She thought with her own intelligence, she felt with her own heart. She no longer entertained any doubts, any uncertainty. One only image reigned despotically in the recesses of her soul. Not a single thought was turned toward Rio Santo, that man who was so handsome, so fascinating, so superior to all other men—that demi-god who had been so long pointed out to her, and whom she had been exhorted to admire and adore. All her mind was engrossed by Frank, who had no one to espouse his cause, but whom all seemed to unite in calumniating. Mary had recovered quite from her moral weakness. All the generous instincts of woman were at once aroused in her. She was at that moment strong and courageous enough to undertake to conquer that domestic tyranny which she had shaken off as it were by accident. A soft and roseate tinge pervaded her before pallid cheeks. She suddenly took her father's hand, and looked at him imploringly.

My lord, said she, my ideas are much confused, and the cruel words of my aunt have returned to me, like those we sometimes hear in the course of a painful dream. But you—I think I heard you say—when Frank was accused of being false to me—did you not say I know it?

Mary released her father's hand, and leaned her head against the side of the carriage, and her former weakness again assailed her. They had

just turned out of Regent-street. The carriage with the Dunois arms upon it was still standing before Dudley House, and the little Duchess de Gevres was still leaning out of the carriage window.

Now, my lovely one, now, she cried, as soon as she perceived Lord Trevor's equipage, this is the moment for action, and she at the same instant pushed open the carriage door, and urged Susannah to alight, who did not attempt to conceal her repugnance at the part she was compelled to play.

Run up the steps, run quickly, rejoined the little duchess, in an imperative tone; knock at the door; when you get up stairs, you will be told what you have to do.

My lord, said Mary, in an agitated voice, that woman—

What woman?

Mary pointed with her hand toward Susannah, who, at that moment, was stepping over the threshold of Dudley House.

The devil! muttered Lord Trevor, that woman, did you say, Mary? Upon my word, I do not know her.

I know her but too well, said Mary, whose paleness had returned. All her limbs trembled with feverish agitation: it was with difficulty that she breathed.

It was not only at that moment that Lord Trevor repented having brought his daughter with him. He had been bitterly reproaching himself all the way, with the imprudence he had committed—but there was now no remedy for the evil.

You should be firm, my dear, said he, hiding his emotion under an affected tone of harshness; and then he added to himself, aside, Ah, that rascal Frank! that rascal Frank!

I am firm, father, said Mary, with some effort: but what are we waiting, for, my lord? We came to see Frank Percival, and this is his house.

Lord Trevor hesitated for a minute, and then addressed his daughter in an affectionate, but firm tone. Mary, I have acted too precipitately; you ought not to be here. I will not, at all events, carry my imprudence so far as to expose a daughter of the house of Trevor to any indignity—you must remain in the carriage—I will alone see the Honourable Frank Percival.

About half an hour before this, the unfortunate blind man, Sir Edmund Mackenzie, had seated himself by the bedside of Frank Percival. Stephen Macnab, who had passed the whole of the preceding night and the greater part of the day with his friend, took advantage of the presence of the excellent Sir Edmund, and of his obliging offer to await his return, to hasten to Cornhill, to let his friends know of Frank's improving state. He had not seen his mother since the preceding night, nor Clara, the thought of whom had shortened his night's watch. But Sir Edmund being there, he could leave Frank without uneasiness, for the good blind gentleman had known Frank long, and Frank's mother also—as he knew everybody, indeed. Who was there in London who did not know, who did not love the good Sir Edmund Mackenzie? Frank had certainly behaved rudely to him the night of the ball at Trevor House;

but Stephen was not aware of that fact, and moreover, the poor blind man had never borne malice toward any one.

Frank had passed rather a feverish night. He was now asleep. Old Jack was attending to some household matters on the ground floor; it was he who opened the door to Susannah.

The Hon. Frank Percival? said Susannah.

He lives here, my lady, said Jack, but no one can see him.

He is ill, rejoined Susannah, repeating, though most unwillingly, the lesson she had been taught. I know that—it is for that reason that I have come. Stephen Macnab thought it might be imprudent to leave his friend alone with a person deprived of sight.

Go up stairs, madam, go up stairs, and may God bless you, and all who feel an interest in the house of Percival. Susannah hastened to take advantage of the permission.

Upon entering the invalid's room, Susannah was met, face to face, by Tyrrel the blind man.—It was the first time that she had seen him in broad daylight; she nevertheless instantly recognised him. Tyrrel directed his large, but sightless eyes towards her.

Who's there? said he, in a low voice.

She whom you were waiting for, replied Susannah.

They heard a knocking at the house door—Tyrrel drew Susannah toward the bed, and made her lean down over the sick man, as though affectionately observing him.

A man will come into the room, continued

Tyrrel—an old man. The moment he places his foot upon the threshold of the door, you must do as you have been ordered. No objections, added he, imperiously. you have entered into a compact, you must fulfil it.

Lord Trevor was just entering the door, when he perceived Susannah; her back was turned toward him. He stopped suddenly.

Now then! whispered Tyrrel.

A tear of anger and of burning shame rose to Susannah's eyes, but she instantly bent down toward Frank Percival, and kissed his forehead. An expression of profound grief escaped from Lord Trevor.

Who's there? asked the blind man.

Instead of making any reply, Lord Trevor left the room, and hastily descended the staircase.

You may now withdraw, whispered Tyrrel, in Susannah's ear. Thanks! thanks!

Lord Trevor, as he passed by old Jack, addressed some angry words to him, and hurried into his carriage, which instantly drove off.

Frank, however, had suddenly awakened on feeling the pressure of Susannah's lips upon his forehead. He had perceived, as in a dream, the frowning features of Lord Trevor, and the enchanting face of the lovely girl bending over him. He closed his eyes again, uttering a faint murmur. In a few seconds he re-opened them, and gazing around him, saw only the good Sir Edmund Mackenzie sitting by his bedside.

I have just had a most strange vision, said he, faintly; I saw Lord Trevor—and there was a lady too! I more than saw her, for I still feel upon

my forehead the pressure of her icy lips. It was not Mary.

My dear Frank, said the poor old man, sighing very deeply, I cannot tell whether you have been dreaming or not. I heard some one walking in the room—but my poor eyes, you know—

Ring for Jack, sir, if you please, then, cried Frank, interrupting him; you heard some one walking in the room, do you say?

Jack hastened into the room, directly he heard the bell.

Who has been here? cried Frank, much agitated.

Don't you know, your honour? I said to myself that you could not have recognized Lord Trevor, or he would not have been so out of humour.

Lord Trevor! reiterated Frank.

He has just left the house, your honour, swearing that he never will see you again.

What can this mean? exclaimed Frank, sitting up.

You have even affronted the young lady, too; and a pretty girl she is. She has just run out, like a—

What young girl?—what lady?—of whom are you talking? cried Frank, who seemed lost in amazement.

One of Mr. Stephen's cousins, to be sure—either Miss Anna or Miss Clara.

Oh, said Frank, somewhat relieved at this information.

And here is Mr. Stephen, cried Jack, and now he will be able to tell us.

Stephen came into the room; he had just left his cousins in Cornhill, from whence he had come as fast as a cab could bring him. It could not, therefore, be either Clara or Anna.

My God! my God! exclaimed Frank, in complete agony. I then did really see Lord Trevor. He, the father of Mary, was there—and a woman was leaning over me—he saw her—and he then said—

Frank could not utter another word—he fell back heavily on his pillow, and fainted.

When Frank had completely recovered his senses, he found Stephen standing on one side of the bed, and the Countess of Derby on the other. The latter wished to withdraw from the room, but Stephen did all he could to prevail upon her to remain. Frank seemed to have no recollection of what had passed.

My friend, said Stephen to him, while feeling his pulse, you are still, I am afraid, too weak to undergo the emotions to which you will be subjected, and which, as your physician, I ought to avert. But the whole happiness of your life being threatened, the friend must put aside the professional man. Listen to me. A cruel blow has been prepared against you.

I recollect, said Frank, in a plaintive tone.—Oh, then it was not a dream.

No, replied Stephen, firmly; what you saw was real. There is now a barrier between you and Miss Trevor.

Her father—my last hope! groaned Percival.

Courage, my friend! If I speak thus to you in your present enfeebled state, you must readily

divine that I do so because I have a remedy for the evil.

Her ladyship the Countess of Derby, is here faithful to the appointment she had given you. She is about to communicate—

I desire to speak to the honourable Frank Percival, and not to you, sir, said she, haughtily, after remaining some time silent I request that you will leave us.

Stephen gave Frank a spoonful of cordial, bowed to the Countess, with an expression of respectful gratitude on his features, and immediately left the room.

The countess hesitated a long time after Stephen had gone out, before she could summon up enough of courage to address Percival. When she did at length venture to speak, it was to relate, in stammering and disjointed sentences, and in a voice hardly audible, a history in which the name of Rio Santo was very frequently pronounced.

And it is this man who is to wed Mary? exclaimed he, when the countess discontinued speaking. She took his hand; her eyes were filled with tears.

He is a man whom neither you nor I know how to judge, said she in a low tone.

The countess pronounced these last words, after a struggle to overcome her confusion. A deep blush covered her face, and Frank felt her hand tremble convulsively within his. Before he could reply to her, she rose and precipitately left the room.

Stephen! Stephen! cried Frank, the fever at

that moment supporting him, and making him capable of exertion. Some paper, pen and ink! Call Jack.

Jack showed his bald head at the door, and soon afterward placed writing materials before his master on the bed.

Shall I write under your direction? said Stephen.

No, no, exclaimed Frank, warmly.

I will myself make the attempt, unassisted, and let my fate decide. Oh, should I fail, Stephen, should I fail: I feel that death would soon ensue.

Stephen made no reply. Old Jack shook his white head, and raised his eyes to Heaven, which were in moist tears. Frank's pen, in the mean time, was running over the paper with feverish rapidity. When he had folded his letter, he held it to Jack.

For Lord Trevor, said he; do not return here until you shall have placed it in his own hands. Do you understand?

Perfectly, your honour.

Lord Trevor when he got into his carriage again, was boiling with rage. He refused, at first, obstinately, to reply to the questions of his daughter. But Mary at last demanded that he should fulfil the promise he had given her upon his word of honour, and the old man then spoke:

I have seen him, said he angrily, I saw him with my own eyes. Frank has forgotten you, my daughter.

Mary had been expecting his answer for several minutes, and yet the assurance that her fears were

well founded, overwhelmed her. She sank back against the side of the carriage, and did not utter another word. Her father endeavoured to arouse her from this state of insensibilty, which alarmed him. * * * * *

My lord marquis, said Lord Trevor, in a hasty and vexed tone: I this morning refused to give you my daughter, because I then had promised to give her to another. That other, whom I would have preferred for my son in-law, to you, my lord, has released me from my promise, so that—

Lord Trevor hesitated

Did I not tell you, my dear marquis? cried Lady Campbell; my brother is an old soldier, whose compliments are sometimes singularly expressed, but definitely you see he consents.

Permit me madam, said Lord Trevor, interrupting her; I have not promised anything. Miss Trevor is free. Let her choose a husband for herself, and God grant she may be happy.

At this moment, a loud noise was heard in the adjoining room. as if persons were disputing; and it seemed that Lord Trevor's servants were endeavouring to prevent the entrance of some person who wished to force his way into the drawing-room.

Give me your letter, said one of the footmen, I will deliver it to my lord.

By St. Andrew, I will deliver it to him myself, said a person, apparently out of breath.

At last the door flew open, and old Jack, much heated, and his clothes in disorder, precipitated himself into the apartment, followed by two foot-

men. Lord Trevor instantly recognised him, and turned away his head.

Here is a letter for your lordship, said old Jack, from his honour.

Lord Trevor pushed away the letter.

Take it, my lord, take it, in the name of Heaven, my master is dying.

Lord Trevor took the letter and tore it, without reading it. Jack started back as if he had received a blow in the face; his eyes flashed fire; he drew himself up to his full height, and then he bowed his head sorrowfully, and threw upon the old lord a look of sorrowful reproach.

It was his last hope, said he, slowly, and with indescribable grief; my poor Frank has nothing now left, but to die.

CHAPTER XXXI.

During a great part of the day, a man was observed prowling about Finch-lane, and along the pavement of Cornhill. He was dressed in complete Scottish costume. Tartan, feathered bonnet, naked legs, philabeg, and sandals—nothing was wanting.

When he thought no one was observing him, the Scotchman directed his attention toward the house of Stephen's mother. He then seemed uneasy and sorrowful, and the more so, the longer his stay lasted. He appeared vexed, and stamped his feet impatiently, and gave that peculiar motion of the shoulders, so common among the lower

and more dirty class of beggars in all countries, but which habit the proud Scottish montaineers would be ashamed to adopt.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Stephen Macnab, taking advantage, as we have before said, of the presence of the unfortunate Sir Edmund Mackenzie at Frank's bedside, paid a hasty visit to his mother. As soon as the Scotchman saw his cabriolet drawn up to the door, he concealed himself in Finch-lane, looking stealthily around the corner.

The devil, grumbled he, in bad humour; now we have the young fellow! well, this was all that was wanting to complete the bother: I am in d—d bad luck to-day—evening is coming on, and I shall have hard work to earn my poor crust of bread.

When Stephen had gone into the house, the Scotchman returned to his post. In a few minutes, however, the door of Mrs. Macnab's house was again opened, and Stephen re-appeared with his mother leaning upon his arm, whom he was about to leave at the Reverend John Butler's, on his way back to Dudley House. They both got into the cabriolet, which drove off. On seeing this, the Scotchman's looks brightened considerably; he shook his plumes and rubbed his hands with delight. As soon as they were out of sight, he crossed the street and gave a thundering knock at Mrs. Macnab's door.

What do you want? asked the servant girl, who opend the door to him.

Bob, whom our readers have doubtless recognised, raised his bonnet, and exclaimed, with the

broad nassal twang and peculiar pronunciation of a Highlander.

It's just his honour who sent me to say a word or two to his dear little girls.

Who do you call his honour?

His honour, God bless him! why, who should his honour be but the laird?

It happened just as Bob had anticipated; the two young girls hearing the noise he made, had leaned over the balusters of the staircase to listen.

My father, said Clara; it is a messenger from my father; Betty, let the good man come up.

Oh! dear me, dear me! cried Bob, with a joyful tone of voice, when he was shown into the room where the young ladies were—how much they are grown. My wife, Effie, would not know them again, although she nursed them both.

Effie, cried Anna, what, good Effie,? our foster mother. Are you then farmer Duncan, of the Muir?

Certainly, my dear little ones, replied Bob, good naturedly. Effie, stout Effie, who used to sing so many auld songs to you—do you recollect the salmon fisher's song?

Do we not? said Anna, the tears springing to her eyes; we have not forgotten one of them, nor Effie either, nor any thing we used to love in our own dear Scotland.

But how you are changed since that time, Duncan, said Clara, with astonishment.

How delighted I am to see you again, cried he, evading the question put to him: what stories I shall have to tell my good old Effie about you, when I go back.

And your daughter Elspeth, Duncan—how is she? asked Anna.

Elspeth, sighed Bob, with an admirable gesture of paternal grief, poor girl! We have mourned for her loss now nearly six months—but I did not come here to speak to you about my own family matters—no! his honour is expecting you.

My father! cried Clara, interrupting him, is he then in London?

Why, do you see, said Bob, lowering his voice, all at once, and taking the hands of both the young ladies he drew them toward him as people do when they are going to impart a great secret. The laird is here upon business, and is hiding up, I can't tell you why—that's impossible; but he is waiting for you—he expects you—and, above all, you must keep it perfectly secret, for his liberty, and perhaps his life, depends upon it.

The two sisters uttered a cry of terror.

Silence, said Bob, the noise will attract the attention of listeners. I was telling you then, that the laird expects to see you at the King George's Head, near Temple Gardens, therefore, get ready, my dear children. In a quarter of an hour I will send you a hackney coach; but above all, be prudent.

His life! exclaimed Clara, who was at last able to speak; did you say his life was in danger?

Ay, ay, said Bob; I perhaps have gone too far in saying that, but his affairs are in such a terrible state, the poor dear man. At all events, you are going to see him, and if he thinks proper to tell you, you will know more about them than I do, who certainly does not know much. Good bye,

Miss Clara—good bye, Miss Anna. In ten minutes I will send you a coach—mind not to say a word about it to any one—this is not a trifling matter. I can assure you—not a word, then, to any living soul.

Bob opened the door, placed his finger on his lips in a solemn manner, and then all at once changing his manner, he gave a friendly nod of the head to the two sisters, and disappeared.

They soon completed their preparations for going out. Clara took under her arm a pair of handsome hunting gloves which she had embroidered for her father; Anna a tobacco-pouch, worked in beads, which she had made for him. And then both of them went down stairs at a moment when the servant was occupied below in the kitchen, and could not notice their leaving the house. A quarter of an hour afterwards the hackney coach set them down at the King George's Head, the public house kept by Mr. Gruff, of whom we have already made mention in the first chapter of this history, on the occasion of the nocturnal expedition of the good Captain Paddy O Chrane.

Mr. and Mrs. Gruff received the two young ladies, as persons whose arrival they appeared to have expected; and this did not a little contribute to relieve Clara's mind, whose doubts had returned during the ride.

The daughters of the laird, doubtless, said Mr. Gruff, abruptly; come in, come in, young ladies, we will show you to your father's room.

The two sisters followed Mrs. Gruff without mistrust. The latter took them into a spacious

room on the first floor, the windows of which opened upon the Thames. In the middle of the room, was a table laid out for three persons.

His honour, your father, said Mrs. Gruff, with a most amiable smile, ought to have been in by this time; but he has always so much to do when he comes to London.

We will wait for him, said Clara.

Mrs. Gruff withdrew, curtseying to them. In the room on the ground floor, she found her husband talking with Bob Lantern. The latter had laid aside his Scottish dress.

My good lady, said he, I confide to you these two little angels—you must take great care of them.

Bob took from one of his pockets the small phial, which Bishop the burker, had given him the night before, and handed it to Mrs. Gruff.

In three hours I will be under the trap with a boat, rejoined Bob Lantern; mind you do not hurt them in letting them down to me, Master Gruff; my merchandise, as that rascal Paterson calls it, must be delivered in good condition, and without damage.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

Clara and Anna Macfarlane had been at the King George's Head about an hour. They were still seated at the table which had been prepared for dinner, and were anxiously awaiting their father's arrival. From time to time a stealthy footstep was heard coming along the passage, and the rustling of a gown rubbing against the door, as if some one had stopped to listen, or to look through the keyhole.

Clara and Anna had begun at first, by chatting in a lively manner about their meeting with their father—of him they had spoken so much; then they conversed a little about Stephen, and of those castles in the air, which young girls are so fond of building; then the solitude in which they were left, and the monotonous noises of which we have just spoken, produced a feeling of melancholy, which, by insensible degrees stole over them.

Clara was serious and thoughtful; she looked with anxious eyes towards the window, through which, at long intervals, there gleamed the red light of some passing steamboat.

Clara, said Anna, at length, in a half whisper, while she covered her face with her hands.

Clara turned toward her with a sorrowful but calm look.

Are you not afraid? said Anna.

What is there to be afraid of at this hour, and in the centre of London?

I cannot tell, said Anna, with a trembling voice, but I am afraid; I never felt such terror in my life.

As she uttered these words, a noise was heard at the door, and the poor child ran trembling to her sister, and threw her arms around her. Clara's noble features did not lose their tranquil expression. The door was opened, and Mrs. Gruff came in, arrayed in her blandest smiles.

Some Scotch ale, my children, cried Mrs. Gruff, who filled out a glass for each of the sisters; upon my word, it is some of the best Edinburgh—the real sort. You must taste that, my dears; it smells of the country, or I am no christian. But now I think of it; perhaps you would rather have a thimbleful of whisky?

We are expecting our father, said Clara, in a tone which at once put a stop to this patriotic invitation.

Mrs. Gruff received these words with an angelic smile, which exposed two rows of teeth, of a most lovely brown and variegated hue.

My pretty young lady, replied she, you will of course do as you please; but as I hope to be saved, the beer is excellent; as good as any that ever was brewed on the other side of the Tweed! She then curtseyed, and went down stairs.

Anna raised her head, and thought that Clara

was no longer alarmed, and her courage was immediately restored.

How cold you are! rejoined Clara; shall we take some dinner in the meantime?

Can you have any appetite in this place? asked Anna, with astonishment; for myself, I have none, I feel such a weight upon my heart. Could I not have a little water.

Her cheeks became more coloured, and a playful smile once more illumined her countenance.

Why should I think of water? said she, seizing one of the long ale glasses, the froth on which had completely subsided; here is something that will give me courage, Clara; let us drink my father's health.

She drank about half the contents of the glass —a slight rustling was heard at the door.

It is good ale, rejoined Anna. Effie of the Muir, never brewed better. Are you no longer a Scotchwoman, Clara? I challenge you to drink my toast.

Clara, delighted at an opportunity of keeping up her sister's spirits, took the glass which was standing before her, and drank also.

This time, a noise was distinctly heard in the passage, of some one retiring from the door, and going down the stairs. It was the sweet Mrs. Gruff, whose discreet eye had not quitted the key-hole, during the scene we have just related.

They have drank it! they have drank it! the dear little doves! exclaimed she, rushing into the room where Mr. Gruff was quietly snoring by the fire; they have drank it like two brave Scotch girls!

While Mrs. Gruff was still speaking, the street door was suddenly opened, and a man, carefully wrapped up in a Scotch plaid, entered the parlour of the public house. As soon as he got into the room, he threw back the chequered folds of his tartan. Mrs. Gruff did not conclude the sentence she had begun. She fell, as if thunderstruck, upon the bench which was opposite to the one on which her husband was sitting.

The laird! muttered she to herself, in great terror; it is the devil, surely who has brought him here at this moment.

CHAPTER II.

The man who had entered the parlour of the King George's Head, might have been about fifty years of age, but appeared much older. When he took off the plaid-cloak which was thrown over his shoulders, and had partly concealed his features, he discovered a face which had originally been fresh coloured, but which years of torture had rendered pallid.

The man who had entered the house was, in reality, the Laird Angus Macfarlane of Crewe Castle.

The arrival of the laird at such a moment was a real thunder clap to the worthy couple. Mrs. Gruff, as we have before said, fell upon a bench, while her husband opened his large unmeaning eyes, and twisted his red whiskers with both hands.

Angus did not observe his emotion. He drew near the fire to dry his sandals, which were soaked with wet, and threw upon the table his bonnet, which was ornamented with a sprig of yew.

I am tired, said he; get my room ready.

Your room! reiterated Gruff, in a grumbling tone; your room, Macfarlane! the devil take me if I expected to see you to-night!—yes, Macfarlane, or your honour, as you are now called—as I said, the devil take me if I expected you.

Is my room occupied by any one?

All my house is at your honour's orders, replied Mrs. Gruff, whose unchangeable politeness nothing could disturb; I will run to see about it, and will be back directly—in less than a quarter of an hour it shall be prepared for you.

She rose from her bench, and in passing her husband, gave him a dreadful pinch on the arm, who stifled a cry which was nearly escaping him.

Try to amuse him, she whispered in his ear; and when you hear me cough, come up stairs.

The landlady crept up stairs with wolf-like steps, and had again taken up her position at the door of the room in which were the two sisters. Within that room was passing a strange scene, and one that would have moved the heart of even the most indifferent spectator.

The ale which Mrs. Gruff had poured out, that good Edinburgh ale, containing a tolerable strong dose of water, which Bishop, the burker, had given to Bob Lantern at the Pipe and Pot; this water was nothing more than a powerful narcotic. The sisters had hardly swallowed a few mouthfuls of

the ale, before the potency of the narcotic began to produce its effects. They at first felt a genial warmth spreading through their frame, and, as it were, a renewed energy. Anna began singing a sweet Scotch air. Clara gave to her thoughts their usual direction, and for the first time since many days, a gleam of hope seemed to brighten in her soul. And then both of them felt as if the flooring of the room was undulating beneath their feet. Anna smilingly closed her eyes. Clara suddenly turned pale, and endeavoured, with a strong effort, to keep herself steady. A vague suspicion just then entered her mind.

My sister! my poor Anna! cried she, in a heart-rending voice.

Anna heard; her lips opened.

I have loved him so long, she said, in that happy tone of voice in which persons express themselves who have suffered, and who see happiness again opening to their view; a very long time, Clara. Yesterday, I thought that you loved him. Oh! my dear sister, how I then wept while you were sleeping!

Clara pressed her hands convulsively to her forehead. Father! father! cried she, loudly, are you not here to save your child? If I am to be lost, yet Heaven grant she may be saved.

Mrs. Gruff, however, fearing that Clara's cries might reach the ears of the laird, slowly descended the stairs, and made a signal to her husband, who immediately went to her.

Take your violin, said she.

My violin, my dear wife! reiterated Gruff, astonished at the order.

Hold your tongue, and take your violin, I tell you.

A piercing cry was heard from above. Gruff understood all. He took down an old dusty violin, hanging against the wainscoting, one of the strings of which was wanting, and rubbed some rosin over the bow.

I think I hear a cry, said Angus Macfarlane, awakening from his gloomy reverie.

A little patience, your honour, replied the landlady; in five minutes your room will be ready.

At the same moment, the bow was drawn across the strings of the violin, from which issued the most diabolical sounds. Macfarlane drew from his pocket book a Scotch skull cap, which he pulled down over his ears, while Gruff was scraping away the pibroch of the Macgregors, so that with the last shrieks of the unhappy Clara, were mingled the notes of the most unearthly music. Her voice soon succumbed to the powerful effects of an unconquerable lethargy.

They are coming—they are coming! thought Clara, for she could no longer speak.

Stephen, my own Stephen! said Anna, encircling her sister's neck with her arms; how kind has God been to us, and how happy are we!

CHAPTER III.

When Mrs. Gruff saw that the two young girls remained immovable, and that they were locked in each other's arms, she gently turned the key of

the door and entered the room. They had, in her opinion, been very long in feeling the effects of the narcotic, and they might still not be completely asleep. Mrs. Gruff, therefore, as a prudent woman, took the precaution of passing the candle several times before their eyes, to assure berself that they were perfectly senseless. Besides which, had they not been completely overcome by the narcotic, they would have been aroused by the horrid screeching produced by Gruff on the cracked fiddle, which was sufficient to have almost awakened even the dead. The two sisters, however, did not move an inch. Their lethargy was complete.

Mrs. Gruff left the two sisters, and went to the top of the stairs, and coughed in a manner which, in all countries, is understood to be a call. It was the signal agreed upon with her husband, whose violin was instantly silenced, and the worthy landlord soon joined his wife on the landing-place.

Is it all right, asked he in a whisper.

Hold your tongue, growled Mrs. Gruff; but this was merely from habit. What is the laird about?

There is no danger of him, my dearest. The laird has got into one of his wandering fits. He has his second sight upon him, and is talking to himself, as is the fashion with some of those Highlanders. Oh! exclaimed Gruff, on approaching the two sisters, and in a voice that proved he freely commiserated their situation, what lovely creatures they both are!

Mrs. Gruff shrugged her shoulders.

What a pity, rejoined the landlord, whose com-

passionate tones contrasted greatly with his villainous looks—what a pity that any harm should happen to these poor angels.

Hold your tongue, said Mrs. Gruff, sourly.

Go down stairs and see what the laird is about, and whether he is getting impatient, and bring me up a glass of whisky. Come, man, move!—and move a little quicker than that.

Mr. Gruff obeyed.

When he returned up stairs to his beloved spouse, and just as he was telling her that the laird was still sitting quietly by the fire, lost in the midst of his mountain fancies, a bell, which hung over their heads, rang suddenly.

There's Master Bob, said the hostess. To work, immediately.

They instantly set about removing the table, which they carried into one corner of the room; and then Mr. Gruff with a hook caught hold of a rope which ran through a pulley affixed to one of the beams in the ceiling, and drew one end of it down to the floor. During this time, his wife was occupied in separating the two sisters, who remained lying in each others arms—and she did this roughly, and without much precaution, for she knew there was no longer any fear of their awaking.

Two sheets were spread out upon the floor, Gruff and his wife put Clara into one of them and wrapped it round her; they then placed her in a sort of hammock which they had fastened to the end of the rope. Usually, this hammock had not served for living persons.

Master Gruff laid hold of an iron ring, which

was riveted to the flooring of the room, immediately in the centre of the place where the table had before stood, and by main strength raised up a heavy trap-door, which groaned upon its rusty hinges.

Whose there? he asked, in a low tone.

Companion! replied the voice of Bob Lantern, from the bottom of the dark hole.

The pulley was immediately put in motion, and the white hammock containing Clara disappeared through the trap-door.

The rope was again drawn up. Mrs. Gruff, during the first operation, had had time to wrap up Anna, who was now ready to be let down. But at the moment that the worthy pair were arranging the hammock, they heard the noise of footsteps, and the gloomy face of Angus Macfarlane appeared at the room door.

He had come up stairs into the room without any precise intentions, but merely because it was a room he usually occupied when in London.

Leave me, said he to Gruff and his wife; I wish to be alone.

Notwithstanding her agitation, Mrs. Gruff had the presence of mind quickly to place herself between the laird and Anna. There is only one bale to let down, your honour, said she with one of her most amiable smiles; and then the room will be at your service.

The laird was now in the middle of the room, within three or four feet of his daughter, who swung suspended in the hammock over the yawning trap-door, and from which he was only separated by Mrs. Gruff. She was a daring and skil-

ful woman. In this imminent crisis she retained all her presence of mind. She clearly perceived that she could no longer calculate on any assistance from her husband. She calculated how far it would be prudent to trust to the chronicle aberation of the laird; and she resolved quickly upon a plan which was at once daring and cautious. There was but one candle in the room, which was standing upon the table in the corner, but the light of which fell full on Anna's face. Another step, and the laird must see his daughter. Gruff was as pale as a sheet.

The hostess, at this decisive moment, seized the cord which communicated with the bell from below, and pulled it with all her strength. The bell rang. As this very moment Mrs. Gruff laid hold of it, Angus had seen the face of his daughter. It was only for the twentieth part of a second, but he saw her pallid cheek, her long hair streaming around her, and hanging above the open trap.

An agonizing pang struck to his very heart, his legs trembled under him, and he was nearly falling. The pupils of his eyes became dilated as they eagerly strained to see his daughter. And then, carried away by the habitual tendency of his mind, which led him to look for supernatural causes, he asked himself if this were not all a vision.

The laird looked anxiously and eagerly around him, and pressed both hands against his forehead,

Mrs. Gruff smiled very sweetly, and said in her mellifluous tone, Your honour has been asleep

by the kitchen fire; I am afraid you have had some frightful dream.

I saw her, cried Angus, with agony; oh, I am sure I saw her there! She was either sleeping—or dead.

He bent forward to point out the spot. Something white, upon the floor, suddenly presented itself to his view; he eagerly caught it up. It was a cambric handkerchief—he examined it narrowly, and found upon the initials C. M. F. embroidered above a sprig of yew. He drew himself up to his full height; his eyes flashed fire, and he uttered a hollow groan.

And Clara, too, he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder; both of them, both lost at the same moment.

There was something so terribly threatening in the voice and look of the agonized parent, that the landlady flew trembling from the room, shutting the door behind her, and abandoning her husband to his fate.

Angus slowly advanced toward him, seized him by the chest, and dashed him to the ground as easily as if he had been a child.

Are—they—dead.

No, your honour, no, as I hope to be saved, they are not, cried Gruff, they have swallowed opium, that's all.

The laird heaved a long drawn sigh.

Beware! said he; if you lie I will kill you! Where are they taking them.

I do not know, your honour, I swear I do not know.

Angus dragged him toward the window, and raised the sash, when Gruff pointed out the boat containing his daughters.

Bob had been delayed for a short time, by wishing to assure himself whether his merchandise was damaged; his boat was not more than forty fathoms from the window. Gruff pointed to it with his finger. The laird jumped upon the window-sill, and then plunged into the Thames.

Master Gruff raised himself from the ground, shook off the dust with which his clothes were covered, and began to feel whether all his limbs were unbroken.

He leaned his elbows upon the window sill, and endeavoured, through the darkness of the night, to discover what was about to take place between the laird aud Bob Lantern.

The fog being dispersed by a strong southeast breeze, which drove swiftly along the heavens the light clouds by which they were dappled. The moon appeared every now and then, and almost at regular intervals, as the fleeting clouds passed by it. The river was silent as the grave. Here and there lighters and boats of all descriptions were confusedly moored. Bob had already got through the tiers of lighters and was rapidly gaining the middle of the stream. The laird on the contrary, was still threading his dangerous course among the moored vessels. He was an expert and strong swimmer; throwing aside the water with powerful and regular strokes, he was rapidly gaining upon Bob's boat, who, not conceiving himself in any danger, did not hurry.

Angus Macfarlane continued to swim on with a

powerful and well regulated motion, which proved that his strength was far from giving way. He was not making directly for the boat, but rather straight across the stream, so that when the decisive moment should arrive, he might avail himself of the current to reach the boat more surely and more rapidly. The barking of Master Gruff sounded above his head without exciting his attention. The laird continued to swim on, but the nearer he approached to Bob, the more he moderated his exertion, being anxious that no splash should warn his prey of his intention.

Bob's boat appeared perfectly deserted; it was drifting gently with the stream. Bob had laid down in the bottom of the boat, in such a manner that his eyes could just peer above the gunwale. The distance he had to perform was but short. It was less important to him to go quickly, than to arrive without hindrance; and Bob, in his wisdom, had calculated that a boat drifting slowly along in that part of the river, and where the tide did not run very strong, was less likely to attract attention than if he had been rowing it. He had the two sisters as comfortably as he could wish, and every now and then looked at them, to see if they continued so. Nothing can be more like the attention of a father toward his children, than the care of a trafficker for his merchandise. At that moment a barking reached his ears, and he stripped himself of his jacket, to place it under Anna's head. The well known sound produced upon him the effect of an electric shock. At first, he remained motionless; and afterward, raising his head a little above the gunwale, he

cast all around him an eager and penetrating look.

What the devil can this mean? muttered he; have my eyes failed me, that I cannot see a police boat by clear moonlight?—oh, it must be the bark of a real dog, though it is wonderfully like that rascal Gruff's.

He paused suddenly, stretch his head farther beyond the boat's side and looked with eager anxiety at a dark object in the water, which he had only that moment perceived, and which appeared to be moving towards him, in the wake of his boat.

Ho, ho, said he, what have we here? upon my soul, it is a man, and a famous swimmer, too, —does he want, perhaps, to get hold of my cargo.

By this time, the laird was within fifteen fathoms of the boat; he struck out more vigorously than before, and in doing so, raised his head so much above the water that Bob recognised his features.

Well, well, only think of that, muttered he, without, however, being in the least alarmed; who could have expected to see him here? I would rather have bet that it was a policeman—upon my word, I would,—but that's no matter—I must be well upon my guard, for he is a tough fellow, and should I miss my first blow at him, my merchandise might be in danger.

Bob drew his knife and jumped to his feet. He perceived a tall figure rising above the gunwale: —in a second he and the laird were standing before each other.

The two adversaries remained for a second or so

watching each other, both upon their guard, and both prepared to strike.

Away with you, at length exclaimed the laird, my dirk is longer than your knife; but my children are alive, for I hear them breathe. Begone, you might have killed them, and did not, and therefore I do not wish your death.

I can't swim, said he, ironically.

Begone! reiterated the laird, whose voice trembled with anger and indignation.

Listen a moment, cried Bob; we may settle this matter.

While uttering these words, which seemed intended to produce some sort of capitulation, Bob sprang upon the laird with the activity of a tiger, and aimed a blow right at his head—but Angus was on his guard: he parried the blow. A short, silent, but terrible struggle ensued. In about a minute Bob staggered, having received a wound in the throat. Angus threw him down, and placed one knee upon his chest. In falling, Bob struck Clara's shoulders, who, half awake, raised herself up. The laird was about to strike another blow. At that instant the moon, emerging from the cloud, threw its rays upon the face of Angus; that of Bob Lantern remained overshadowed.

My father! cried Clara, imagining she was oppressed by some horrid dream.

The laird involuntarily turned towards her. Bob Lantern took advantage of this movement, jumped up, and without attempting to search for his knife, which had dropped from his hand in the struggle, he seized the laird by the throat, with

tremendous violence. Clara hid her face in her hands, and screamed in terrible anguish, Angus could not breathe. Bob's iron fingers clung to his throat, and having dragged his head upon the gunwale of the boat, he dashed it repeatedly against it. Then, suddenly drawing him up, he forcibly pushed his shoulders over the side, and leaving hold of his throat, he seized his legs and precipitated the laird's body into the Thames.

Anna was still asleep. Clara was no longer so, but she was lying across the boat, having swooned with terror.

CHAPTER IV.

Behind the noble gardens of Buckingham palace, and far from those populous districts in which commerce huddles together her starving labourers, rises a vast and regularly designed square, the interior gardens of which disdain the round or oval form common to nearly all the gardens of the other squares of London, and which contrasts so strangely with the straight lines of the houses which environ them. The buildings which surround this magnificent part—for so it deserves to be called from its extent—are all palaces

Don Jose-Maria Telles de Alarcaon, Marquis of Rio Santo, occupied the largest of these palaces; it was at the same time the most brilliant, the most magnificent of the whole, and is

situated on the north side of the square, between Belgarve street and Belgrave-square.

On the ground floor were three superb drawing rooms, separated only by folding doors. Behind these was a suite of small receiving rooms, built over the kitchen, and in a line with the coach-houses and stables vast buildings, which had an issue in Belgrave street. On the first story were the private apartments of the marquis.

It was in this palace that the marquis of Rio Santo received all that was most eminent and most distinguished in the society of London. The great officers of state did not disdain to visit him, for they all knew that he was in constant communication with the ambassadors from the great powers. This did not a little contribute to confirm the general idea, that his residence in London was connected with some great political object.

If such an end existed, every one was compelled to acknowledge that it was very dexterously and carefully concealed.

It was imagined that Rio Santo might have some political mission; but it was imagined also that he neglected it most carefully, and this added several cubits to the pedestal of his glory.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. There was no light in the grand saloon of Rio Santo's mansion, which he had baptized with the name of Irish House, no one knew why.

In one of the apartments at the back of the house, and which was illuminated by the soft light of a lamp, shaded with a ground glass globe, a young man was sitting, or rather, we should say,

inclining on a blue velvet ottoman, playing with the long and silky ears of a large spaniel. In the centre of the room stood the blind man Tyrrel.

What do you think of Lovely, Sir Edmund? said the young man, suddenly.

Lovely was the name of the Spaniel.

I think the question an impertinent one, Signor Angelo Bembo, replied the old man; you are aware of my infirmity.

You are quite right, Sir Edmund—quite right, muttered Bembo, whose handsome and thoughtless face assumed a slightly sarcastic look; your infirmity is well know, it is the brightest feather in your cap, and I am quite certain you would not loose it for a thousand pounds.

Yes I would, said Tyrrel dryly.

The blind man once more began walking up and down the room, apparently absorbed in his own reflections. Bembo followed his motions with a vexed and sorrowful look.

Angelo might have been about twenty years of age.

He was a native of Malta, where his ancestors, of Venetian origin, had formerly lived there in great state. The conquest of the island by the English had ruined his family, whose decline had commenced at the time that General Bonaparte landed there, on his way to conquer Egypt.

He gallantly set out, determined to make the tour of Europe, as do all those Italians who are driven by foreign tyranny to leave their country, where they see only Austria, and shutting their eyes, launch out into the world, and commence

the hazardous life of an adventurer. At Paris Angelo met the Marquis de Rio Santo, who, as we have before said, then reigned paramount as leader of the fashionable world in that great city.

The young Italian was presented to Rio Santo who, immediately upon hearing the detail of the persecutions to which his family had been subjected by the English government, took great interest in his fortunes. Angelo was taken into the maquis's house, and followed the latter when he came to London. When he arrived there, they, in appearance, separated. Angelo, in the world, re-assuming his character of a young Italian gentleman, and living independently.

But he continued to visit Rio Santo privately and constantly, at the palace in Belgrave-square. The marquis had a great friendship for him, and Angelo returned his friendship with a most unlimited devotion.

Tyrrel continued walking up and down the room. Angelo had recovered his serenity, and was smiling no doubt, at some thought of love, and was once more playing with his favourite Lovely, when suddenly the dog jumped up and gave a joyous bark, and then bounded toward the door of the room, which was immediately opened, and Rio Santo entered it, followed by Doctor Moore.

How are you, Angelo? said Rio Santo, taking his hand, and pressing it warmly. Go and take the money which you will find in the carriage, continued he, whispering to him; there is ten

thousand pounds, which comes from the house in Cornhill, and put it into my cash box.

Angelo bowed and went out.

What is there new, Sir Edmund, said the marquis to him. Doctor, pray excuse me for a short time: pray be seated. Now I can attend to you.

I have come to ascertain, replied the blind man, if my scheme has had complete success?

You are an able man, Sir Edmund, replied Rio Santo, coldly, All has succeeded, and you have gained to day a hundred guineas, which my treasurer holds at your disposal.

He ceased speaking. The blind man made a low salutation, and retired. Rio Santo remained alone with the doctor.

CHAPTER V.

After the departure of Tyrrel, the marquis remained pensive for an instant. His fine face rendered pale by fatigue, had assumed a tender expression.

He summoned Doctor Moore to approach him, by a sign, for he had held himself aloof during Rio Santo's conversation with Tyrrel. The doctor drew near, and in his turn remained standing before the ottoman.

How did you find her? asked Rio Santo, with much interest.

Ill, my lord, seriously ill, replied the doctor,

gravely shaking his head. I know of but one remedy—

And what is that?

Happiness.

Cannot you find some other means, sir? said Rio Santo.

If your lordship so desires it, I will seek some other; but time is precious, and every hour's delay may aggravate Miss Trevor's malady,

Rio Santo passed his hand over his forehead, which was covered with large drops of perspiration.

Save Mary; cried he, in a voice that was hardly intelligible.

I will endeavour to do so, my lord, said the Doctor, and then withdrew.

Rio Santo walked to the chimney-piece and rang the bell. A servant immediately entered the room by a door opposite to the one by which the doctor went out.

Is there any one waiting, Toby? asked Rio Santo.

A gentleman wrapped up in a cloak, my lord.

Introduce the gentleman.

The door was again opened, and a man of tall stature whose face was nearly hidden by the fur collar of a voluminous cloak, entered the room with a heavy step, his spurs jingling upon the carpet as he strode along.

How is your highness's health? asked Rio Santo, giving him a courtly bow.

Well—well, my lord, replied the new comer, who threw off his cloak, and discovered a face with prodigious high cheek bones, a horse-like

mouth, and low forehead, covered to the very eyebrows with a thick forest of hair. There was, in the whole appearance of this man a great resemblance to a horse. His long teeth seemed to be made for eating oats; between his large shoulders, there was room enough to place a hundred stripes with a whip—or with a knout. His highness was a Tartar. A Tartar prince, i'faith. Demetrius Nicolaowitsch, Prince Tolstoy, ambassador from the czar to his Britannic majesty. William IV.

He threw himself upon she ottoman by the side of Rio Santo.

May I be permitted to ask your lordship a question? said he.

Usually, replied Rio Santo, your excellency asks me questions, without considering whether it is my good pleasure to listen to them—but pray proceed.

Tolstoy blushed, and his small grey eyes were instantly cast down, apparently studying the figures on the carpet. This is a reproach, my lord, he rejoined, and I really do not know whether I ought to venture.

I entreat your excellency to do so.

I would ask whether your lordship is personally acquainted with the emperor?

I am, prince.

Ah! ejaculated Tolstoy, whose bearing assumed a more deferential courtesy than before.

Nicholas Paulowitsch did me the honour of listening to some plans which I had floating in my mind, but were then only in a state of vague protection. I was usually admitted to his presence

in the evening, after he had dismissed all his court and very frequently the day dawned before our interviews had terminated.

Really, my lord! exclaimed the prince.

Yes very often! rejoined Rio Santo, who appeared to be carried away by his recollections; one morning after a long conversation, in which I had ardently and enthusiastically advocated my political principles, his majesty designed to seize my hand and pressed it warmly, and then affixed to my breast the cross which you now see. And he pointed to the brilliant cross of a commander of the order of St. George of Russia, which was hanging between those of the black eagle of Prussia, and of Maria Theresa of Austria.

The prince half rose up, but sat down again, holding himself as stiffly as tho most punctilious etiqutte required.

Nicholas Paulowitsch, resumed Rio Santo, does not forget me, prince, and maintains a most respectful place in my remembrance.

The marquis paused, and seemed to be pondering on scenes which had long since passed. Tolstoy remained silent and immoveable, as does every well bred Russian, in the presence of his superior.

I beg your excellency's pardon, said Rio Santo, suddenly shaking of his revery.

A long and serious conference then ensued between the marquis and the embassador. The latter yielded in every point, and formally undertook to bring over to the projects of Rio Santo, the ministers from every foreign power, then

resident in London, since such was the good pleasure of his imperial majesty.

Your excellency's task will be an easy one, said Rio Santo, as they were about to separate. The tyranny which we wish to destroy, menaces soon to weigh upon the whole world, and the whole world is consequently interested in shaking it off. The weight of the imperial wish expressed by you, its official organ, will be alone sufficient to cast the balance on our side; for every one of the diplomatists you are about to see, and every one of their masters too, have been separately solicited on the subject, and will be glad of an opportunity to be persuaded. Moreover, remember well that other measures—measures still more terrible, are in preparation to strike the colossus on every side, at the same time. You will hereafter comprehend, I hope, why it is that I give my whole life—my apparent life—to those frivolous pastimes, of which you have so often spoken as a crime. You will now understand, why I have made myself the king of fashion; why I am surrounded by this almost oriental luxury—for that is your favourite term, prince, I understand; why I make every echo of the West-end resound with my amorous intrigues;—and finally, that London may think me the opposite of what I am, or, better to express myself, London should only see me under one of my aspects, and thus believing me to be merely the most elegant and the most gallant man of the day, the man who possesses the most magnificent horses in the three kingdoms, they will not think me anything else. One is better hid by playing this part, prince, than by

putting on a mask; and my spangled mantale is better than the rags of the Roman Brutus—and Brutus overthrew a throne.

Prince Demetrius Tolstoy retired by the back gate, as he had entered.

When Rio Santo found himself alone, he threw himself, completely tired out, upon the ottoman. It was then about ten o'clock. Usually the marquis passed a great part of the night in making up for the hours of which the world had robbed him, but that evening, fatigue overpowered his will. While endeavouring to think, his head dropped upon the cushions of the ottoman, and he fell asleep. His slumbers were agitated, and uneasy. The chimney clock striking twelve, around him suddenly. He rose up, but the first step he took, his foot struck against the body of a man, stretched motionless upon the carpet.

It was no malefactor, for Lovely was lying near him, licking his face and howling piteously. Rio Santo knelt down beside him. The face of the man was stained with blood, and his wet hair clung around his shoulders. His Scottish costume was also completely wet and stained with blood.

Rio Santo uttered a cry on perceiving the features of this man: he rushed to the table and seized a light, for he could not believe the evidence of his eyes. The light convinced him that he had not been deceived.

Angus, Angus, exclaimed he: my brother!

The laird did not stir. Rio Santo raised him from the ground, and laid him upon the ottoman;

there were tears in the proud eyelids of the marquis.

Angus, Angus, cried he again.

The laird opened his eyes, and gazed around with a vacant look.

Both of them, both, great God! exclaimed he, in a voice of agony—both lost!

And then his eyes closed again, and he fell back heavily.

CHAPTER VI.

About a week had elapsed since the occurrence of the events we have related in the preceding chapters.

Susannah was alone, in the little parlour which served her as a *boudoir*. Her dress had undergone some change, analogous to her state of mind. It no longer affected that daring, and almost theatrical singularity which, although it heightens beauty, still diminishes its charm. Her thick black hair was rolled in spiral ringlets on each side of her face, and ornamented only by a tortoise shell comb which fastened it behind. A black-silk dress, admirably set off her graceful form, and closing at the neck, left room only for a narrow lace collar.

This simple dress, which, on Susannah, appeared ravishingly elegant, restored to her that youthful appearance which was hidden by her more brilliant costumes.

For a long time, her meditations revolved be-

tween these sweet and bitter fancies, like the boulder-stone between the flux and reflux of the tide.

The hours passed by—Susannah once again, cherished the consoling thought, that her mother had been taken away from her cradle, by accident or misfortune; and then her mind, too long distracted from its usual direction, all at once reverted to Brian de Lancaster.

Brian was very late that day. In general, the lovely girl had no need to desire his presence, and never had he compelled her to wait so long for him. The brilliant eccentric, in fact, was constantly at the feet of the Princess de Longueville.

She rose from the chair, and ran her fingers over the keys of a piano which the Duchess dowager of Gevres had ordered to be placed in the boudoir. She at first struck a few chords capriciously and as if by chance, and then from their harmonious confusion there arose a melody, pure, soothing, and religious in its character. Then Susannah's voice, as sweet, and purer still than the clear tones of the instrument, mixed its marvellous softness with the melody.

The door of the room had been partly opened for about a minute, and Brian de Lancaster had appeared upon the threshold—his hair dishevelled, his face covered with perspiration, and his dress in much disorder. On seeing Susannah, whose face was reflected by a glass which hung before her, Lancaster gave a mute sigh of admiration; and then he advanced gently, upon tiptoe, and placed his hands upon the back of Susannah's chair.

Susannah, who had not heard Lancaster's foot-

steps, was still delighted with the poetry of her chaunt. Poor Pagan! she raised to Heaven the Catholic melody, and her voice ascended to the Deity as fragrant incense. The sonorous words of the beautiful Italian language poured from her lips, in harmony with the clear notes of the piano which, touched by her skillful fingers, sent forth a flood of melody.

Brian listened, and endeavoured to restrain his respiration; but he could not succeed in this, for he had been running hurriedly. His chest heaved violently, and the effort which he made to prevent Susannah from hearing him, caused large drops of perspiration to start upon his forehead.

The last vibrations of Susannah's voice were extinguished in a brilliant finale of chords, struck vigorously by her well practiced fingers. Then the piano became silent. The lovely girl raised her glistening eyes from the music, and in the glass before her they met the ardent gaze of Lancaster. She started and blushed deeply, not from shame, but with pleasure. Brian bent down and kissed her hand.

They seated themselves near one another upon the sofa, and remained some minutes without speaking. Susannah was happy because she saw Brian. He was still under the influence of the recent impression. He was silently admiring her, and from his very soul.

I was waiting your arrival, sir, at length said Sussannah; this is the first time you have been so late.

Was you prayer, then, for me? said Brian, as

if avoiding her question. The angels must sing as you do Susannah.

When I do pray, it is always for you. I am so melancholy when you are not hear. If it should happen one day that you do not come at all—

That day I shall be dead.

The eye of the young girl flashed enthusiastically.

Thanks! thanks! I believe you, Brian, and I am proud of loving you.

Brian de Lancaster and Susannah were thus conversing together, forgetful of the whole world. Susannah did not even remember that she was constantly under the watchful eyes of that occult association, which set spies on all her actions, and listened to every word she uttered. This did not, however, prevent the system from being as actively pursued.

Behind the dark window, where we have formerly seen blind Tyrrel when he abruptly terminated the first *tete a tete* of Brian and the princess. Madame la Duchesse de Gevres, comfortably muffled up in her satin wrapper, and her feet warmly ensconced in fur, was looking on and listening.

Notwithstanding the enjoyment she derived from satisfied curiosity, and the little soliloquies with which she diversified her long watch, she began to feel very weary in her dark cabinet, and gaped widely enough to dislocate her jaws. She was comfortably seated, or rather half reclined, in a large easy chair;—her feet were warm;—darkness surrounded her, and weighed upon her eyelids. Her eyes once shut, she attended for a

few minutes to the conversation between the two lovers, and then the words sounded hummingly in her ears. It was a painful moment, but at last madame la duchesse overcame her somnolency so far as to fall fast asleep, and dream that she was listening. From that moment her conscience became quieted.

Is it possible! exclaimed he with transport; it was I—this valued keepsake of which I have been so jealous, came from me? How can this be possible? added he, casting a look of doubt upon Susannah! you have just arrived in England, and I have never been in France, madam.

Susannah turned very pale; she opened her mouth as if to answer, but did not pronounce a word.

To keep a remembrance from any one, rejoined Brian, with that heartfelt earnestness which is the true language of an impassioned lover, you must have seen—have known.

Ah! sir! I knew you! then exclaimed Susannah.

I do not understand you, princess.

I am no princess, sir.

Brian looked at her in mute astonishment.—The voice of Susannah, which, until then, had been subdued, all at once became loud and peremptory.

Listen—listen to me, she continued. I am not a princess: I am but a blind instrument in powerful hands—I am Susannah, sir, the daughter of Ishmael Spencer, the Jew, who was hanged last Autumn, at Newgate.

Brian involuntarily retreated some paces from her.

Ishmael Spencer! exclaimed he; Ishmael, the usurer?

Ishmael, the forger, sir! Ishmael, the robber!

Susannah appeared almost suffocated with emotion, yet she pronounced these last words with energy, and as heroically as a valiant prisoner of war would do, when ordering troops led out to execute him, to fire upon him.

I have an anxious desire to know the history of your life, replied Brian.

I will recount to you all I know of my own history Brian.

The little French woman was still comfortably sleeping in the dark cabinet, warmly wrapped up in her satin cloak. She was still dreaming, that Brian was relating to Susannah the ingenious history of Robinson Crusoe, thrown by a storm upon a desert island. It was a long time since the little French lady had read Robinson Crusoe, and, therefore, she listened with a more fixed attention to the recital of his adventures.

Susannah appeared to be summoning her recollections, and, after a short pause, she thus began!

CHAPTER VII.

Behind my father's house, in Goodman's Fields, said Susannah, there was a garden, in which there stood twelve trees—twelve large oaks, sir, such as

you see in the royal parks. There was nothing else in the garden.

I never went out. In my father's house lived only a Presbyterian girl, named Temperance, who drank from morning till night, and a servant named Rehoboam. The latter was dumb.

Temperance attended me as my nurse. She was forbidden to speak to me, and my father once threatened to kill her without mercy because, when overcome with liquor, she had said some strange words to me, the obscure sense of which I could not then comprehend. But the words themselves remained impressed upon my memory, as does the slightest incident of that period of my childhood. She talked about a cruel and wicked lord—of an earl, I think—who had abandoned his daughter, and of a poor woman who was weeping for her child on the other side of the Clyde. But now that I reflect upon it, I think she must have been repeating verses from some old Scotch ballad. Temperance took good care not to repeat her fault. She was much afraid of my father; every time she saw him, she trembled like a leaf, and her cheeks, although reddened by the gin she drank, became deadly pale. She was a stout girl, of masculine appearance, with a stupid looking face. Her work consisted in dressing me, and in keeping in movement a swing fixed under the trees in the garden, in which I amused myself for hours and hours together.

Rehoboam waited at table. His dumbness was not a natural infirmity, for he bore upon his face the traces of a barbarous mutilation, and of which

I afterwards saw many examples in the East, among the Turks, and also among the Jews, who availed themselves of the services of these mutilated creatures during the performance of their secret sacrifices. The poor fellow was really a slave. My father used to beat him cruelly.

I loved my father. I loved Temperance, too, and I pitied poor dumb Rehoboam.

Susannah remained pensive for a moment. Brian, who, until then, had remained listening in mute astonishment, took advantage of this pause.

Did you ever know your mother, Susannah? asked he.

Alas, no, replied the lovely girl; when my father spoke to me of her—it was to exhort me to hate her!

Brian started with surprise.

Exhort you to hate your mother, he repeated: have you not then any remembrance of her beside's your father's words?

None, said Susannah.

Brian said no more. Susannah reflected for a moment, and then her lovely face became all at once illumined with a ray of gladness, and she suddenly said:

I must relate to you a mysterious event, which at this time broke the monotony of my seclusion.

It was one evening. Ishmael had not for two days been in that part of the house in which I lived. I was in the parlour, where I had fallen fast asleep, with my head resting upon Cora's shoulder. I raised my eyes; whether I was still sleeping or awake, I know not, but I saw a lady cautiously entering the parlour with Temperance,

How beautiful that lady seemed to me, and how much goodness was there in her features! The moment that I saw her, my heart leaped toward her; but I did not dare to move, restrained by a feeling of timidity and awkwardness, which the solitary mode of my bringing up had engendered. I kept my eyes closed, pretending to be asleep.

Temperance and the beautiful lady stopped, when they reached the centre of the room. Corah lay trembling under me, for Corah was timid also, and was alarmed at the appearance of a stranger. I was too much a child, was I not, Brian, to have invented all these details. Temperance and my father must have deceived me. I saw that lady—I felt Corah trembling: it could not be a dream?

Susannah raised her eyes to Brian, and interrogated his looks.

Brian took her hand, and smilingly replied:

You are a poor deceived child.

You have no idea, Brian, how much it would delight me to believe that this lovely lady, who looked so kindly and so sweetly, was not a vision. It is the only happy remembrance I have retained of my childhood. She looked at me with beaming eyes. How pretty she is, exclaimed she, in a tone that was at once mournful and joyous. Temperance, for a wonder, had not been drinking. Madam, said she, she is your very portrait. A step was heard coming along the inner passage. You must begone, madam, you must begone! cried Temperance, who turned pale; in the name of Heaven do not remain another minute. The lady made a step toward the door; but she then hesi-

tated, and resisting the efforts which Temperance made to drag her away, she rushed toward me, and pressed me convulsively to her heart, and kissed me. To tell you what I experienced at that moment, would be impossible. My soul seemed overwhelmed—tears filled my eyes, and I saw nothing more.

When that friendly mouth had touched my forehead, I uttered a cry of joy, and held out my little arms to return embrace for embrace. Alas! my arms closed on empty air. There was no longer any beautiful lady leaning over me to kiss me. I opened my eyes; the room was in complete darkness. I certainly heard a stealthy step withdrawing from the room, but that must have been Temperance. Almost immediately afterward, I heard my father's voice, speaking in loud anger at the passage door. I could not understand what he said, because he was speaking in some strange language. I afterward found that it was Irish. Temperance answered him in a trembling voice, and Ishmael continued to threaten her. At last the poor girl uttered piercing cries; and during the intervals, I heard my father beating her most cruelly. When a fresh light was brought, I saw Temperance stretched on the floor, her face bruised and bleeding. Ishmael often beat her in this way. I drew near to her to console her; my father roughly pulled me away. Have you slept well, Susannah? said my father. I was not asleep, sir, and I saw—— You will tell me your dream another time. But do not sleep any more upon the floor; the evenings are cold, and, you see, you have been the cause that I have been

obliged to punish Temperance. What, cried I, was that on my account? Listen, Susannah, rejoined Ishmael, with a malicious smile—for when he smiled, Brian, I always trembled and felt afraid—listen. Do not sleep any more in the parlour, my child; and, when you have such dreams as this, always come and tell me them at once. Will you do so, Susannah? My father's questions were always an order or a threat. I bowed my head and trembled. Will you do what I tell you? repeated Ishmael, shaking me by the arm. I will sir. Yes, Susannah? You are a good girl; and, besides, if you did not, I would kill your doe.

Brian started from the sofa. The wretch! exclaimed he involuntarily.

He is dead, said Susannah, gravely, and he was my father.

CHAPTER VIII.

I many times after this questioned Temperance, continued Susannah. When she was sober, she trembled, and would not answer me. When she had been drinking, she looked at me, smiling stupidly, and began to sing. I was not allowed to sleep any more in the parlour.

Days passed on: then months—then years. I grew very fast. My father told me that I was becoming beautiful. No change was made, however, in my mode of life. I still continued shut up in the house in Goodman's Fields, having no other society but Rehoboam, Temperance, and my

poor doe. My father absented himself still more frequently. I scarcely ever saw him.

I have since been told how he was occupied during his absence. He was venturing his life to procure riches. At first his gains were great; when fate turned against him—he lost his life.

One morning, when I went down into the garden, I found my poor Corah, stretched out upon the grass; she breathed with difficulty, and her chest every now and then, had a convulsive movement. My limbs failed under me—I foresaw what was about to happen. I knelt down by Corah. Large tears streamed down my cheeks. She raised her dying eyes towards me, and made an effort to get up, to offer me her caresses; but she fell back—and all was over. Corah never rose again.

Brian was obliged to take his handkerchief, to wipe away the tears which this recital had excited. Susannah endeavoured to smile.

I remained the whole day by the side of my poor dead Corah. It was in vain that they attempted to drag me from her. I wished to die there.

But in the evening, and this was frightful to me, Temperance brought a man into the garden. This man was perfectly hideous: his person was deformed, and he was dressed in miserable rags: when he walked, all his limbs appeared disjointed. Temperance said to me: This is the pretty beggar, Bob, who is come to take away the doe. You must go up stairs, or you will be ill. I would not stir. But the frightful looking beggar advanced towards me, and seized with irresistible dis-

gust, I fled into the parlour. Bob and Temperance remained alone with poor Corah. Come, my pretty Bob, said Temperance, hoist that on your shoulders. Bob went down upon his knees, and placed his hands on my poor doe's side. She is horridly thin, this little beast, grumbled he: but had she died from having her throat cut, I could have got thirty shillings for her, any way. I heard what he said, and it quite chilled my blood. Bob put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a long knife, the bright blade of which shone in the last beams of the setting sun. Before or afterward, said he, can't matter much! It would be a pity to lose so many pounds of good meat; I will manage it so nicely, that the dealer will believe I killed it before it died. I heard him laugh brutally, and then I saw the knife plunged into Corah's throat. I uttered a cry of horror, and fell fainting to the ground.

The next day they made me get into a carriage, which journeyed a whole day without stopping. When I alighted from it, it was quite dark, and the next morning when I awoke, I found myself in a large room, the rising sun darted a flood of light into it, which at first dazzled my unaccustomed eyes.

The place to which they had taken me was at a great distance from London. That is all that I can tell you, for I never knew its name or its position upon a map. I was allowed to go out whenever I pleased, but I was forbidden to speak to any strangers, and Temperance was always my only companion. Temperance and Rehoboam, who accompanied me in all my rambles over the

country, always placed themselves as a wall between me and the good villagers, who bade me good day as they passed. My father had remained in London.

I had left London at the commencement of spring. They allowed me to remain at this country house during all the fine season. These eight months of comparative liberty had produced an extraordinary effect upon me. My constitution was naturally robust, and it had required all the oppressive effect of solitude, amid the impure amd enervating atmosphere of the worst part of London, to undermine my health.

I learned to ride on horseback, to swim in the lake, and poor dumb Rehoboam was frequently surprised at the skill with which I managed a fowling piece, which Ishmael had ordered to be packed up with my baggage.

Toward the autumn, a letter from Ishmael recalled me back to London. We again got into a close carriage, and arrived in town during the night.

When my father saw me, he appeared quite astonished. How tall and beautiful you have become Susannah, said he, with unaffected admiraation, the devil of a doctor was quite right, with his flowers and his children. Come Susannah, my child, you are now a great lady, and must be treated as a person of consequence. Do you like fine dresses? I blushed with pleasure, at this question. You shall have fine dresses, rejoined my father, who threw a shade of sarcasm into his words, and fine jewels and laces—and besides which, my child, you soon shall see new faces.

Oh! you will now amuse youself like a queen, Susannah.

When Ishmael left the room, I became pensive. My curiosity had changed to timidity. The idea of seeing any one, of speaking to any one, who was neither my father, nor Temperance, nor Rehoboam, alarmed me. But on the other hand, the fine dresses, the jewelry, and the laces, quite turned my head. I believe I was then more than eleven years of age—it was about six years ago.

The evening of that very day, a singular event occurred: Temperance was busily employed arranging my hair before putting me to bed. As usual, the unfortunate girl had drank so much, that the smell of it was enough to make me ill. But she was not absolutely tipsy, only gay, and excessively communicative. Miss Susannah, said she to me, all at once, laughing loudly, I am desired to kiss you—to kiss you on both cheeks, Miss Susannah! What was I saying, Miss Susannah? You said that drinking was a dreadful fault, Temperance said I with childish malice. Did I say that? exclaimed she, I must be drunk, then! But no, you wicked child—I was saying that I was charged to kiss you, and to hang this knicknack round your neck. Before I had time to answer her, she had planted a hugh kiss on each of my cheeks, and placed round my neck a silk cord, to which was hanging the medallion which now incloses our flower, Brian. What is this? I exclaimed, and who was it that desired you——Hush! cried Temperance, it is a great secret. I entreat you, my good Temperance, tell me who was it that sent me this pretty box. It is—and

then she burst into a laugh ; it is a fairy—a fairy who wanders about Goodman's Felds every evening, and who gives me money to buy gin, when—whenever it pleases her to do so, Susannah.

CHAPTER IX.

It was impossible for me to learn anything more from Temperance, continued Susannah, who ran away from me, as she told me, to finish the half-pint of gin which the fairy had given her.

I was still occupied in looking at my dear medallion, when Ishmael came in suddenly to pay me his evening visit. I endeavoured to hide it in my bosom ; but he perceived the movement, and caught hold of my arm. Ha, ha ! cried he, Miss Susannah ! have we already learnt how to hide things away in this manner? this is a custom hardly thought of at your age, my child. It cannot yet be a love letter, I should think. Do not take it from me, sir, I exclaimed ; I beg you will not take it from me. We set great value on it, then, eh, Miss Susannah ? But come, let us see what this great treasure is. I will return it to you. but you must shew it to me instantly.

He said this in a tone of imperious mockery, which, to my misfortune, I have rarely known how to resist. I have since then heard a voice much like it, Brian ; the first time that it struck upon my ear, the blood curdled in my veins, and a cold thrill shot to my very marrow. It was the voice of a man,

Susannah lowered her voice, and drew nearer to Brian.

It was the voice of a man who is now my master, continued Susannah.

I was telling you, resumed Susannah, that my father had peremptorily ordered me to give up the object I had concealed in my bosom. I was compelled to obey him, whatever repugnance I might feel at surrendering the medallion.

He took it, and the moment he had cast his eyes upon the written word and the arms, an angry exclamation escaped his lips: That wretch, Temperance! muttered he—it is impossible to place any dependence upon her. Who gave you this trinket, Miss Susannah? I made no answer. It is a very pretty one, my child, rejoined he; will you make me a present of it? No, oh, no, sir! exclaimed I; let me keep it; I entreat you to let me keep it. I will let you keep it, Susannah, if you are a good girl, that is to say, if you will acknowledge that it was Temperance who gave it to you.

But I knew that my father would beat Temperance, and I felt pity for her. No, sir, I replied, hesitatingly, it was not Temperance. Could it have been Rehoboam? cried he, turning pale.—Oh, no, sir. This time my answer came direct from the heart. Ishmael looked at me suspiciously. And Miss can already lie, muttered he, with a canting smile; her education will neither take so long, nor be so difficult, as at first I thought. That's enough, Miss Susannah, added he, aloud. I know what I wished to know, and I will return you your jewel.

He sat down near me, turning over and over the medallion between his fingers, as if he wished to open it. As for myself, I had not even suspected that it was hollow. At the end of a few minutes, during which time he continued talking to me of frivolous matters, his finger, by accident, touched a secret spring, and the medallion opened. I called out with surprise. Ha, ha! Susannah! said he, you did not expect that. What is there in it? inquired I, with eager curiosity, There is some lavender-water, Miss Susannah, and a few cats' hairs.

While speaking thus, which he did with a dry, forced laugh, he approached the fire-place, in which there were a few pieces of half consumed coal, and threw into it something he had taken out of the medallion. This crackled when it touched the fire, then blazed up and sent forth a thin cloud of smoke.

Ishmael still retained the medallion, continued Susannah: he appeared to hesitate as to returning it to me. All at once he drew from his pocket a small instrument, similar to those with which Rehoboam used to carve the little bits of wood I mentioned, and suddenly came again and sat down by me; and then, with the assistance of the small instrument he began to scratch over the coat of arms. What are you doing, sir? said I. You see what I am doing, Susannah; but let us speak no more of that, I beg of you for we have serious matters to talk over. I have a long sermon for you, and I like to work while I am preaching. Listen to me attentively. You are a lovely child, Susannah, and if you fulfil the pro-

mise you now give, in two or three years—four years at the farthest—you will be the handsomest girl in London. Will that give you pleasure? Oh, sir, cried I, sobbing, you are effacing the name of the person who loves me. What service will my learning to read be to me? You are very anxious. then, to know this name, Susannah? If you will be a good girl I will tell it you, by and by. Besides which, my child, in a short time you will count by dozens those that love you. Upon my faith, you will be a happy creature, Susannah. He then gave me back the medallion, empty, and in the state you now see it. And afterwards he went on, in an almost solemn voice: The duty of woman is to love, Susannah—to love without reserve, and without difficulty. You will comprehend that better in a short time. But it is her duty, also to select; and the best rule to guide her in her choice, my daughter, is not to repel any one, excepting, for example, those miserable adventurers who have nothing in this world but their persons and their dress. Good night, Susannah.

Brian appeared quite petrified.

Infamy, infamy, muttered he, at last.

Madame, said he, in a tone of profound conviction, that man—that monster, was not your father.

CHAPTER X.

After the interview which I have just now related to you, said Susannah, Ishmael left me; but

before doing so, he repeated to me, that on the next day I should commence a new mode of life. A few minutes afterwards, I heard shrieks and groans proceeding from the passage. It was the voice of Temperance, who was expatiating the fault she had committed in delivering the medallion to me. After that all was silent. From that time I have never seen Temperance, and I have often shuddered at the thought, that perhaps— But I am anxious to believe that my father had merely sent Temperance away; why should he have killed that miserable and really harmless creature?

The next morning a woman, whom I had never before seen, came to attend me in my getting up. My shyness would have induced me not to speak to her; but on the other hand, I wished to make some inquiries about Temperance, and this desire, augmented by a vague uneasiness regarding the fate of the poor girl, proved stronger than my timidity. I therefore questioned the new comer, who began to smile, and pronounce some words in a foreign language. She could not speak a word of English. She immediately began to dress me. The clothes which she put on me were not the same as those I had worn the previous day. I had a beautiful new dress, the silken sash of which tightly drew in my waist, which, until then, had been free and unimprisoned. She combed and dressed my hair, which, for the first time, fell in ringlets, symmetrically arranged on each side of my face. When I looked at myself in the glass, after my new attendant had completed my toilet, I uttered a cry of joy. For the first time, the

feeling that I was good looking arose within me, I did not know myself again, I blushed, I smiled, I was proud, and happy, and ashamed. I wished at once to show myself to every one, and to hide my face. I was already a woman, since I already experienced this double and contradictory feeling of all women—the desire to shine, and the wish to place a barrier between ourselves and the public gaze.

That day I was introduced into a saloon on the first floor of the house of Goodman's Fields, which I had never before been admitted into. It was a spacious and magnificent apartment, hung with red velvet, and surrounded with rare pictures. There was an elegant pianoforte, a harp, and richly-bound books, and albums lying upon the tables, on the piano, and all about the room.

I remained in the room for a short time alone; and, for I must tell the truth, during the few minutes I remained there, I frequently looked at myself in the glass. My new dress quite turned my brain, and I would willingly have jumped with joy had I not experienced a feeling of anxious bashfulness upon thinking of the strangers who doubtless were now about to be introduced to me.

Bravo! Miss Susannah, bravo! this is as it should be, cried my father, who came in and surprised me at that moment, I was endeavouring to obtain a full view of myself, by the combined reflection of two mirrors; that is right my child, admire yourself. In a short time, I trust their will be many lords to look at you and admire you.

The shame of being thus surprised—a very natural shame, I think, which all women seem to possess, even without instruction—made me blush even to my forehead. Why should you blush Susannah? continued my father; doubtless this additional colour makes you appear more beautiful; but what you were then doing was quite right, and you should not, therefore blush. The first, the greatest, the only merit of a woman, is her beauty; why then should she not feel proud of it?

A person, whose manners were obsequious, and who had entered the room with Ishmael, was standing near the door; he smiled with an approving air. You are right, good Mr. Spencer, said he, bowing respectfully, and Miss Susannah is right too.

This man, who was a French Jew, was to instruct me in his language, and to dance in the Parisian fashion. I was at the same time to study Italian and German, under Jewish professors of those several countries, who were also to teach me music. And so it was arranged. My days were thenceforth fully occupied—there was no time left for ennui or even for thought.

In about a year, I had acquired the French and other languages. I began to sing, and accompanied myself on the piano and on the harp. I danced as they danced on the stage. I was, in fine, all that my father desired in these respects. One evening after my lessons he came to me.

Susannah, said he, I this night give bread and wine to my brethren. I mean to present you to

them. Put on your best looks, together with your best attire, so that my brethren may call me a happy father. Would you not be glad to see Rehoboam again? asked my father. A year had elapsed since I had seen the poor dumb lad, who was separated from me at the same time that Temperance had left us. I had so few things to remember, Brian, that those I had were dear to me. I expressed my joy at the hope of again seeing Rehoboam. Come, then, said my father, taking me by the hand.

He took me through a door opposite the one that led into his boudoir, and instead of entering the dining room, which it communicated with, he opened a small door in the wainscoting between them. I did not suspect the existence of such a door. We went through a very narrow passage, lighted by a lamp, and after walking about a dozen steps, came to the foot of a staircase, which was as steep as a ladder. Go up, Susannah, go up, said Ishmael; Rehoboam lives up yonder. I climbed up stairs without feeling any alarm, my curiosity being so much excited. When we got to the second story, which must have been the third of the house, as this mysterious staircase began at the first floor, my father tapped gently at a low door, which was almost immediately opened. Before entering it, he looked at me and smiled; but this time I could perceive, beneath his raillery, that he felt alarm. Susannah, said he to me, in a low tone, at once boasting and bitter, this is my working study. I am about to tell you a secret, my daughter; the day following on which a man shall penetrate into this place,

your father, Ishmael Spencer, will be hanged, Miss Susannah. What does that mean, sir, inquired I, to be hanged? His smile forsook him for a moment, and a nervous agitation contracted his lips. It is a very pretty sort of thing, replied Ishmael; I promise that I will show it to you some day.

CHAPTER XII.

These words, which later in life were to have, both for Ishmael and myself, so terrible a meaning, pursued Susannah, at that time made no impression upon me. Where could I have formed an idea of human punishment—I, who had so much difficulty in repelling the belief that crime deserves a recompense in this world?

The room which my father called his study, was a vast laboratory, where numbers of the most dissimilar objects were strewed pell mell together.

At the farther end, to the right of the door, there was a boarded partition, similar to those which are sometimes seen in public houses. This partition formed a small office, in which was seated Rehoboam. How had one year altered his appearance. His cheeks, pale and sunken, were covered with a dirty and uncombed beard; his hair had grown so long that it fell over his shoulders. He had all the look of an old man, timid, sickly and worn out.

I held out my hand to him, which he eagerly took and pressed his lips to it; and then pointed,

with a passionate look, toward the open air, or rather to the window behind which was the open air, and then drew a long breath. Poor Rehoboam.

My eyes were suffused with tears, when I comprehended the energetic and distressing gestures of poor Rehoboam. Ishmael shrugged his shoulders, and began to laugh.

Adieu, Rehoboam, said I to the poor mute; I will soon return to see you. He placed his hand upon his heart. My father called me away. Rehoboam put his head out of his office door, and pursued us with envious looks. We were going out, and the poor fellow remained shut up in his prison. Alas, I was also a prisoner, and yet I left him with a lacerated heart.

When we had descended the staircase, and got near the secret door which communicated with the drawing room, I heard the buz of several voices on the other side of the door, and timidly hid myself behind my father. The noise proceeded from the invited guests, who had already assembled, and were waiting for him. He made me go through the boudoir, and ordered me to dress at once for dinner.

When I returned, decked out by the skilful hands of my French waiting woman, a murmur of admiration burst forth from my father's friends. They were twelve in number, and were already seated round the table, which was covered with delicacies of every kind.

When the viands were removed to make way for the dessert, the servants placed several decanters of wine upon the table; and then, on a sign

made to them by Ishmael, they withdrew, closing the doors after them.

Well, my good companions, said Ishmael, what think you of Miss Susannah! She is pretty, said one. Charming, added a second. Admirable! exclaimed a third: and above all, when she blushes as she does just now. You can make of her just what you please, Ishmael.

All these men, said Susannah, were staring at me with envious eyes, as if they had each considered me as a piece of fine cambric, for which a good price might be obtained. My father seemed to triumph in this jealous feeling, and made the more parade of his so envied treasure. You see, my companions, added he smiling, that I do not consider my Susannah as an article of luxury—and yet I have not told you all. The principal use I mean to make of her must remain a secret: but believe me, what we do not disclose is always of the most importance, and there is perhaps fifty thousand pounds beneath this mystery.

Ishmael now thought me capable of executing the most odious portion of his designs. He wished to make a traffic of my heart.

While pronouncing the last words, the bosom of the lovely girl heaved with violent emotions, and her cheek turned pale, while her dark eyes flashed with indignation.

It would have been a dreadful moment for me, rejoined she, could I at once have imagined what Ishmael's real intentions were. But my ignorance spared me some portion of the anguish of my situation. When I at last understood what was required of me, I had acquired new strength—I

loved you. And, besides, my father had not time enough.

His first care on arriving in London, was to establish his gambling house in Leicester Square, on a magnificent footing. You know the vogue which it maintained during the greater part of a year. It was called the Gold Club, and the persons who visited it were exclusively of the highest classes of the nobility of the three kingdoms. My father had not, however, abandoned on that account his house in Goodman's Fields. He there carried on his usurious business as a discount broker; and his offices, which consisted of the rooms on the ground floor which had so long been my residence, were full of customers from morn till night. Thus, Brian, that room in which you often sat when you came to borrow money of Ishmael, was my bed chamber. On the part on which you saw my father's desk, formerly stood my small child's bed; and the first time I saw you through the window which opens upon the garden, you were sitting upon the very place where I had fallen asleep, with my head reclining on the shoulder of my poor Corah, on the evening when I dreamed of my mother.

It was a short time after we had arrived in London. I was walking in the garden, giving up my whole soul to those vague thoughts which fills the heads of all young girls.

I heard a noise in the anti-chamber. It was you, sir, who had just come in. A singular hazard—doubtless my fate decreed it—led me to half open the garden door, in order to observe what was passing. I saw you, and I thought you

very handsome. My father had brought with him, from France, two tall men-servants; they attempted to prevent your entering the room. You were not angry; your features still retained their proud indifference, and yet they made way for you on your addressing a few words to them, accompanied by a commanding gesture. I was astonished; for I had often seen these men insolently resist the entrance of visitors. What most amazed me was, the power that you possessed of compelling their obedience, and this without anger. My father also knew how to make himself obeyed; but then it was through fear.

When you came into my father's office, I glided along the wall, and placed myself close beside the window, in a position from which I could see you without being seen. My heart beat violently, but I knew not why: my eyes burned as when one is about to weep, and yet I felt within me a new, and till then, unknown joy. As long as you remained with my father, I continued at my post. I stood gazing at you—I was breathing the same air that you did, and this mysterious contact seemed to overpower all my senses. Do you know, Brian, that from that day, I loved you, almost as much as I now do? When you again crossed the threshold of my father's house—when I no longer saw you, a sudden chill came over me, and I shed bitter tears. I then sat down under one of the tall trees, and delighted myself by recalling your image, which was traced in characters of fire upon my memory.

It was a long time after this, Brian, before I saw you again. My father, I suppose, had lent

you a large sum, for you did not soon return to the house in Goodman's Fields; but I did not forget you. It was in the Park that I met you the second time. I instantly recognized you among the gentlemen who filled the ride, and my heart leaped toward you.

You were in your elegant riding dress: and as an expert cavalier, gracefully mastering the impetuosity of your steed, who appeared to be coquettishly dancing on the gravelled road.

During the first days of my love, I often wept; and when my father surprised me weeping, he said: Patience, Susannah, patience; we will take good care of you, my daughter, and in a few days I will take you to a place where you can make your choice.

He kept his word, and one evening took me to a place where I might have chosen. But it was not with this purpose that he first took me there. He calculated upon me to play a part in a comedy, by which he hoped to forward one of his speculations.

You will, perhaps, recollect, sir, the nocturnal repast, at which Ishmael stated to his Jewish brethren, the benefit he hoped I would be of to him. He said, that he was in want of a syren, to attract rich men to his gambling house. This was not true; for the splendid saloons of the Gold Club were always full of beautiful women, attired like queens. Nevertheless, it is to be imagined that these women did not suffice; for Ishmael determined to make sure of me, and make me play the part of a syren. He had conceived a plan, which would be at once striking and theatrical;

and which should be in keeping with the magnificent style in which the Club was furnished. In the principal saloon, he had put up some rich draperies, behind which was placed my harp and my piano. Before the drapery was a strong, high balustrade, which prevented any one from passing it. When I entered this place, for the first time, the warm and perfumed atmosphere strongly agitated my nerves; at the same time that the noise of numbers of persons in conversation, alarmed my bashful timidity. My father made me sit down to the piano. Do not be alarmed, Susannah, said he, but sing in your best style, no one can see you. What he said was true, for the thick drapery prevented any one from seeing me. I ran my fingers over the keys of the piano, and some murmurs of dissatisfaction arose from some of the gamblers outside the curtain. That is a bad speculation, Spencer, said one of them; keep that piano quiet, which is dinging in our ears. Go on, Susannah, said my father to me. Do not mind what they say.

This is as it should be, Susannah, said my father, as I finished the last note of the finale. At the same moment, the most vehement applause burst forth from the saloon. This was somewhat strange, after the grumbling words which had attended the first notes I struck. 'Tis Malibran, said one. 'Tis Catalini, who has drank the waters of Juvence, said another. 'Tis Pasta, who has by her genius found some new soprano notes, cried a third. 'Tis Grisi, rather my dear fellows, uttered a soft voice: you do not know Grisi yet; you must know Grisi—I am speaking seriously,

My father rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and laughed heartily, but seriously. My lords, said he at last, it is neither Malibran, nor Pasta, nor Grisi. Who is it then, Master Spencer? It is the syren, my lords.

Susannah, said my father, to me; you will soon be happy. I will make a lady of you; and you may this night select from these lords who have so applauded you, him whom you like best.

CHAPTER XIII.

My father told me this, continued the lovely girl; to choose among all these noblemen. This idea struck my mind confusedly. I could not then have said why it revolted me; and yet a vague and indefinable fear oppressed me with a melancholy feeling, until the moment of our setting out for Leicester Square. I was thinking of you; my heart called for you to come to my assistance; and I felt that you, and you alone, could save me from this imminent and unknown danger.

I seated myself, arrayed in a most sumptuous manner, in my father's carriage, and we left Goodman's Fields. All the way my father was most madly gay; but the gaiety of Ishmael had an after-taste of bitterness, which excited melancholy, and gave rise to apprehension. When we arrived at the club, there was already a long string of carriages before the door. This is right, quite right, gaily exclaimed my father; you will

have only the more difficulty in choosing, Susannah.

We passed the front door of the club, and were set down as usual, at the private one. For, had I gone in at the public one, my incognito, which my father considered to be all-important, would soon have been destroyed.

Outside the curtain, there was a compact and impatient crowd. All those people were talking at the same time, and all talking of me.

Let us see, said my father; I would not wish to do a violence to your heart, Susannah; I will point out to you which is the most respectable among these lords.

There he is—there he is! exclaimed my father touching my shoulder. Look, Susannah. I looked through the curtain, Brian, and I saw you.

Me! cried Brian, in amazement.

You were just entering the room. I saw but you!—alas! it was not you my father was pointing out to me. Oh, sir, exclaimed I, transported by a delicious hope, are you not deceiving me? Is it to him, you wish to give me? Ishmael looked at me inquiringly. To him, Susannah, most assuredly. I was happy. Before reaching the door, a sudden thought struck Ishmael, and he precipitately returned to me. Let us understand one another, Miss Susannah, said he. I hope there is no mistake here. I was speaking to you of the Prince Demetrius Tolstoy, who has just entered the saloon. It is that tall man, yonder, with a rather singular face; his breast is covered with orders. I trust that we understand

each other. I had not strength enough to answer him. The man he pointed out to me, was—but you must know him, Brian.

I know him, madam, replied Lancaster, in breathless agitation; but, for mercy's sake, continue.

He both horrified and alarmed me, Brian. I clasped my hands, and looked at my father, imploringly. Ah, cried he, frowning, we are, I see, playing at cross purposes. Of whom were you speaking, then, Susannah? I was speaking of Brian de Lancaster, sir. My father burst into a mocking and noisy laugh. The brother of the earl! exclaimed he, upon my honour, that would be an excellent joke! a capital joke!

Come, now, you must forget this folly, and prepare yourself to receive the Prince Demetrius Tolstoy, the ambassador from Russia. And what can that man want of me? I asked angrily. What you want of the honourable Brian de Lancaster, replied he; moreover, he will explain that to you himself. I do not wish to see him, sir, I cried—I will not see him. You shall see him, Miss Susannah. I suffered dreadfully, Brian, and I felt my strength abandoning me; nevertheless. I again resolutely answered: No, sir, I will not receive him. Ishmael seized my arm, and pressed it so strongly, that his iron fingers were imprinted in my flesh. You are mine! he said, in a voice almost choked with rage—you are mine, only!—I am your master—I might kill you! do you hear me?

Brian involuntarily started from his seat, and placed his hands upon his palpitating chest,

Kill you! continued Susannah, who trembled at the remembrance of this dreadful scene; but I would rather sell you! and I must sell you! His flaming eyes seemed to scorch me.

Brian uttered a smothered cry, and fell back upon the sofa.

Upon whom, then, can I revenge the wrongs you have suffered? murmured he.

CHAPTER XIV.

The last threat of Ishmael strengthened my resistance. You may kill me, said I to him, but you cannot make me yield. Well, then, I will kill you, said he, foaming with rage—I will kill you—but not at a single blow!—you shall die by inches, slowly, and day by day. Curses be on all! He paused suddenly, drew his handkerchief across his foaming mouth, and with difficulty recalled to his lips his habitually cold smile. Listen to me—we are both wrong—let us talk reasonably. I am asking you a very simple thing; why do you refuse me? You wish to give me to one man, sir, when I love another. You love another! this is tolerably peremptory. Miss Susannah—you forget that I am your father. That cannot alter my feelings on such a question. He bit his lip violently. That is perfectly just, said he. I am quite obtuse, this evening; that is of very little consequence, certainly. I meant to say, Susannah, that you forgot I am the strongest. No, sir. Then you will obey me. No! He abruptly

turned away from me, and walked up and down the room several times.

I took advantage of this moment's respite. I ran for some moments without knowing in what direction, and then I stopped, almost fainting, at one of the corners of Leicester-square. I knew not where to go. I felt alarmed at finding myself alone, at night, in the open street; but I was happy in having thus escaped from danger. I did not reflect that I had no other asylum than the house of Ishmael, and that the danger which I had overcome to-day would return just as terrible to-morrow.—I did not reflect that Ishmael's iron will, once manifested, could not be subdued —that his appetite for gain, being thus excited, must, at all costs, be satiated; and that having no sort of defence against him, I was fatally condemned, sooner or later, to submit to his tyranny.

I thought so little of all this, Brian, that my first step, as soon as my agitated mind became somewhat calmed, was to throw myself into a coach, and return home to the house in Goodman's Fields.

My father had not returned, when I reached the house in Goodman's Fields. Instead of going to my own room as usual, I took advantage of a moment when Ishmael's servants were not watching my movements, and hastened up to Rehoboam's laboratory. He was the only being in the world who had an appearance of affection for me.

The poor dumb fellow was stretched out at full length on a mat in the middle of his room; this was his bed, and he was sleeping. When I awoke him he made a gesture of surprise; and effectu-

ally, Brian, my appearance at such an hour, added to the disorder of my splendid dress, must have astonished him. By his gesticulations, which were almost as intelligible as words, he interrogated me: and I related to him, in a voice almost stifled by emotion, the odious conduct of Ishmael, and my flight from the Gold Club. He held down his head, and appeared to be meditating. After some minutes he took my hand, kissed it, and then led me into his office, and showed me a cupboard, in which there was just room enough for me. And then he struck with the back of his hand an empty plate which was on his table. This meant to say, Brian, in the language of the poor dumb man, that he would hide me in his office, and would divide his meat with me. The idea of my escape restored my courage, and made me feel comparatively happy. Yes, yes, my good Rehoboam, I replied, I will hide myself there, and remain always with you. He made a grave sign, assenting to my wishes.

About eleven o'clock next morning, Rehoboam and I heard the knock of Ishmael. I hid myself trembling in the cupboard, which was henceforward to become my hiding-place, and Rehoboam seated himself at his table, in such a manner as to prevent Ishmael's passing. The servants, no doubt, told my father that I was in my own room. He had other matters too important to be attended to, to allow him to assure himself of the fact. Rehoboam enjoined my silence by an energetic gesture, in which his apprehensions were but too clearly depicted. I remained motionless—I hardly breathed. My father entered the office.

He drew near to Rehoboam, and placed upon the table the paper which he held in his hand.—Here, said he, take this, and trace me out this signature. We will make use of it, should an opportunity present itself, and his highness will not be the richer for it. Take care not to spoil the note, Master Silence. If there is a single mark upon it, I will break your head at one blow.

Rehoboam took the paper, which was a note of the Prince Demetrius Tolstoy, for the price stipulated between him and Ishmael, and began to imitate the signature. My father walked up and down, soliloquising.

How much have you done, Master Silence? said he, suddenly addressing Rehoboam. I felt the chair of the unfortunate man trembling against me, and I felt afraid, because I was convinced he had made some mistake. My father took the paper, which Rehoboam hesitated to return to him, and instantly a cry of rage escaped him. You villain! he exclaimed, you miserable brute! Did I not tell you to be careful? Ah, this time, I will make you pay for all!

The poor dumb man seemed paralysed with fear; he could not even tremble. The drops of cold perspiration which fell down from both his temples were the only signs he gave of life. My father, after pausing some seconds before his victim—as though he would have torn him piecemeal with his own hands—on a sudden sprung to the place where hung his weapons, and selected the heaviest of the (so called) life preservers. When Ishmael struck his first blow, I felt Rehoboam's chair jump, as it were, from the floor. I not only

heard the leaden weapon strike on the poor man's head, but also felt the counter shock, and this at every blow. Then the chair fell suddenly toward me. Two savage groans struck on my ears. Rehoboam was no longer near me. With one spring he had leaped over the table which separated him from my father, and they were standing close together. It was a fearful combat, Brian, a dreadful struggle—in which one of the champions, already wounded, had nothing to defend himself but his unweaponed hands; while the other was striking with a club, each blow of which might have proved mortal. But the unarmed man had to avenge twenty years of slavery and martyrdom. His face was in a moment covered with horrible bruises. He did not fall, however. because each blow being—if not parried effectually—yet, deadened by his uplifted hand, lost a considerable portion of its force. He was waiting—Ishmael went on blindly aiming at him. Their palpitating breathings blended together, and produced a frightful sound. In a short time, I saw, with great alarm, that Rehoboam's arm, which he had held up to parry Ishmael's blows, had fallen to his side. Ishmael's uplifted club was falling with tremendous violence. I thought the combat was at an end; and it was so in effect, Brian; but it was not Rehoboam who was conquered. With a movement rapid as lightning, he had avoided the mortal blow, and taking advantage of the moment in which Ishmael was again raising his weapon, he seized him by the throat. My father, being thus checked, could not even utter a cry. Re-

hoboam was obliged to support him, or he would at once have fallen to the ground. Then the dumb man began to laugh. His savage instinct being thus violently excited, had returned with an almost incredible energy. He dragged my father to the other end of the laboratory, and seized a strong rope and bound him; and from time to time, while performing this work, he gave way to a loud and discordant laugh.

When Rehoboam had securely bound my father, so that he could move neither hand nor foot, he rushed toward the door, and disappeared with a shout of savage triumph. A few minutes afterward, his face still bleeding, and dreadfully disfigured, the dumb man returned. He was followed by a police magistrate and two constables, who thus entered the secret study of Ishmael.

Rehoboam rushed into the room, and pointed out, with most frantic energy and gesticulation, all the suspicious articles of which I have already spoken. This rapidity, which proved that the anger of the dumb man was not assuaged, was only equalled by the quickness with which the man, who immediately followed him, scanned the whole room with a look. This man was short and thin; he wore upon his nose a huge pair of metal spectacles, and his straight hair, which was cut close to his forehead, appeared as if he usually wore a wig over it. Behind him came two assistants, dressed in that singular costume, half civil, half military, which I have since learned was that of a policeman. The little man was a police magistrate. His first look had sufficed, apparently: for he took a chair and sat down

without ceremony, near Ishmael, whom Rehoboam had just dragged triumphantly into the middle of the room.

They untied my father's legs, so far as to enable him to walk; his arms alone remained bound, as Rehoboam had left them.

They made Rehoboam and I go out first; and then my father, between the two policemen; for the last time he passed the threshold of his secret study. The magistrate placed a strip of parchment over the keyhole, which he sealed. We descended the stairs, and went into the room which my father called his boudoir.

You were well lodged, Mr. Spencer, said Robert Pound, but to whom, the devil, will all this beautiful furniture go when you are hanged? My father appeared to have become marble; he walked across the room with a firm step, and went out at the opposite door. Rehoboam and I remained in the boudoir. I did not then well understand the fate which awaited my father. His calmness, and above all the indifference, and the jocular turn of mind of the men who had come to arrest him, did not allow me to conceive that this was a question of life and death. What was positive and certain was, that Ishmael was threatened with some dreadful evil, and Rehoboam was the cause of it. I had not strength enough to enter into the consideration of this idea, and still less that of reproaching Rehoboam. The lethargic feeling which the supplications of Ishmael, and the presence of these strange men, had, for a time, dispelled, then returned with overpowering weight. I was stretched out on an arm-

chair, and all my senses were once more overwhelmed.

More than an hour had passed on in this way. When I opened my eyes, I saw Rehoboam pacing up and down the room, a prey to the most frightful agitation. How was he changed, Brian, and what an expression of profound repentance had replaced the savage triumph which before animated his features! He smote his breast, and sobbed like a child.

As soon as he perceived that I had recovered from my torpor, he rushed toward me, threw himself at my feet, and covered my hands with kisses. Then, striking his pockets, which were full of gold, he drew me towards the door. I comprehended that he wished me to leave the house in Goodman's Fields, and I offered no resistance. I was indifferent to everything at that moment, your name, even, Brian, had it been pronounced to me, would not have had the power of dispelling the torpor of my feelings.

Night had already closed in when Susannah arrived at this part of her history. She had been speaking for a long time, and was obliged to pause, as much from physical fatigue, as from the bitter emotions which these recollections had awakened. The room was not altogether dark, because the white ceiling gave sufficient light to enable them to see the furniture of the room, though but obscurely.

The features of the lovely girl, pallid from lassitude, had upon them a look of langour, which rendered them more enchanting. Brian gazed upon her in perfect ecstacy. He repassed in his

mind the tribulations of her life, so short, and yet so cruelly unfortunate; he sought within himself the means of compensating to Susannah for all the horrors she had suffered, and inwardly promised her a future happiness, and fairy-like existence.

Noise prevents sleep—this everybody knows; —movement also has the same effect; but when one is set to sleep by any motion, should that motion cease, we wake; this cannot be denied by any traveller accustomed to sleep in a mail-coach or stage. In like manner, when we have gone to sleep with some noise drumming in our ears, a sudden silence would shake off the somniferous effect, and drive away, what poets have for ages termed, the poppies from our eyelids. This would induce one to believe that the first poet was an apothecary! * * *

We really stood in need of these most masterly reflections, to enable us to return, without any sudden jolt, to our little French lady, the dowager Duchess de Gevres, whom we left—ah, very long ago—enjoying a most peaceful nap in the dark closet.

If we are not mistaken, madame the Duchess de Gevres was, at the moment we last left her, exerting all her ingenuity to avail herself of the incredible resources which the desert island of Robinson Crusoe afforded; she had at last imagined that she was herself the hero of that name, and had resolved to live as comfortable as possible in that solitude.

She had fallen asleep while it was yet broad daylight: the two lovers at that time were to-

gether. Were they still so?—and what had they said to one another? There lay the whole question, and it was an alarming one.

Fool that I am! muttered the little lady, and with deep felt regret. I have been asleep. I have slept more than two hours. During that time my dear niece may have told him, and perfectly at her ease, much more than he ought to know. Oh Lord! if that rascal Tyrrel were to know this?

As she pronounced these words, a hand seized her arm in the dark, and pressed it sharply.—She smothered a cry of terror, which had nearly escaped her.

Were you here, my lord, said she.

The rascal Tyrrel was here, madame la duchesse, as you perceive, replied the blind man.

I swear to you—

Hold your tongue! You have done quite right to sleep, Maudlin, and in saying that I am a rascal, you do not venture perhaps too far, you foolish chatterer. But at another time, take care I am not so near you when you say so.

My lord—

But never mind, Maudlin. Do not imagine thatI am angry with you, you stupid creature! I repeat, you did right to sleep, for had you kept awake, Maudlin, you would have heard things which you might, perhaps, have understood; for you are very clever in divining what does not concern you, and then it would have been necessary to have compelled you to be silent.

Usually, Tyrrel was far from being so communicative. The little French woman perceived in

his words a tone of gaiety, though mixed with bitterness, which she had never before remarked.

During this time, a servant had taken lights into the room where Brian and Susannah were sitting.

But listen, Maudlin, listen, exclaimed Tyrrel, she is going to begin again, and the end of her adventures will interest you, without any danger to me—to the association, I meant to say, as you will readily imagine—she is going to talk about an execution. You have heard of the hanging of Spencer?—I was there, Maudlin, but I was so placed, that I did not at all enjoy the sight. I shall, however, be very glad to learn what sort of a figure the Jew cut under these circumstances.

CHAPTER XV.

When Tyrrel and the little French woman ceased speaking, the voice of Susannah could be distinctly heard in the dark cabinet.

I have but little left to tell you, Brian; you know me now, and if I continue, it is that I do not wish there should be any lapse in my history, and that you may be to me as a brother, under whose eye I have been from my earliest infancy.

Rehoboam hired a small lodging in Farringdon-street, not far from Newgate, to which prison my father was transferred two days after his arrest. Rehoboam had taken with him a large sum in gold before leaving the house in Goodman's Fields; but we lived very poorly, because this gold was

destined to relieve the captivity of my father. Assuredly, the poor dumb man had been strongly worked upon, and no one who had witnessed the barbarous tyranny under which he suffered, could have had a right to blame him for the revenge he had taken. Notwithstanding this, he sorely repented what he had done. Now that he was free he was still more unhappy than during the time of his slavery; he seemed to regret his chains.

The Grand Jury assembled one Tuesday, in the Lower Court, in the Old Bailey, to decide preliminary the question whether there was any reason to pursue the accusation brought against my father. Their deliberation did not occupy much time, and they gave a unanimous verdict, that my father should be tried before the judges in the Old Court.

The day of the definitive trial at length arrived. My father was unanimously declared guilty, and condemned to be hanged.

He listened to his sentence, without evincing the slightest emotion. Rehoboam, on the contrary, uttered a hollow groan, and struck his breast in despair. My father looked at him with a smile of pity. Poor madam! said he. Goodbye, Miss Susannah! The officer led him away.

We returned to our lodgings in Farringdon-street. My agony had again reached its climax. I experienced a complete and general insensibility. All that I have related to you, Brian, did not cause me to shed a tear. Two days afterwards, I received a letter by an unknown messenger—these were its contents; "I had calculated on making a lady of you, Susannah, but for that un-

happy idiot, Rehoboam. The fashionable world of London would have raised a throne for the syren—a throne, the steps of which would have been of gold. Now all is at an end; and yet, who can tell what the future may still have in store for you, and for me, Susannah? Do you remember—that I once promised you that you should see what it was—to be hanged? Come on Thursday to the Old Bailey, my daughter, before sunrise. Be there: it is my wish—it is my last wish—I will then keep my promise to you Miss Susannah. Let Rehoboam not fail to be there also; and tell him to watch my slightest movements—I shall have need of him, To our next meeting, Susannah, I do not believe in God, if I did, I would say, God bless you. You may be rich whenever you wish to be so—for you are beautiful. Try to wish it."

CHAPTER XVI.

Assuredly my lord, said the little Frenchwoman to Tyrrel—who, for some minutes past, had with great difficulty kept her tongue quiet—I have heard of the execution of that miscreant Ishmael Spencer, but I never thought he was so hardened as all this—to write such a letter as that, and when he was on the point of dying. to his own daughter. As to myself, whenever I shall feel my last hour approaching, I have no doubt I shall begin to think of eternity.

Ishmael did what he chose to do, replied Tyrrel,

who appeared to take an extraordinary interest in Susannah's history, and you will do as you choose. In the meantime let us listen.

Susannah had just recommenced speaking.

The letter of my father, continued she, in a voice which fatigue had rendered husky, and had destroyed its pure clear sound, caused me most painful feelings. And this is all I can say, Brian. The time for powerful emotions had gone by with me; all that happened seemed to glid off from the thick covering of insensibility in which my heart was inshrouded. I read to Rehoboam that part of the letter which concerned him: a ray of joy gleamed upon his countenance. I think he hoped to find some means of saving Ishmael, and thus repair, as much as possible, the injuires his fatal anger had inflicted upon him. It was about eleven o'clock at night; the next day was the one mentioned in my father's letter. I had just fallen into one of those agitated slumbers, full of startling and horrid images, which made my nights a long period of fatigue, when Rehoboam rushed precipitately into my room. By dint of sign, he made me understand that it was time for us to be gone. I quickly dressed myself, and we left the house. There was no one in Farringdon-street. nor in Fleet lane, which we passed by in going to the Old Bailey. When we first perceived the gloomy walls of Newgate, the clock was just striking twelve. There was no movement in the wide and gloomy street, called the Old Bailey. We only heard the murmurs of what appeared to us, gay conversation in the air, all along the walls of the houses opposite to the court and to the prison.

I raised my eyes to ascertain from whence could proceed these gay murmurs, which contrasted so cruelly with the spot, and the scene announced to take place there. At first, I could see nothing; but soon my vision becoming accustomed to the obscurity, distinguished that there were ladies and gentlemen sitting in every window of the houses. The garrets were filled with men and women of the lower class, and some boys had mounted up to the sign boards over the shops, to which they were clinging.

All these people were waiting for the execution —they hired their seats.

Half past seven had already struck. The fatal moment was approaching; a profound silence pervaded the crowd.

At a quarter before eight o'clock, a funeral knell began to toll from the belfrey of St. Sepulchre. At that moment, two men dressed in black, ascended the scaffold, and placed upon the platform a long deal box. The bell was tolling my father's knell, and that box was intended for his coffin. A shudder ran through the crowd. At last at last, muttered they.

The knell had been tolling ten minutes when the debtor's door was thrown open.

The first person who appeared was a clergyman, with a paper book in his hand—this was the Ordinary of Newgate, who walked on to the platform without turning round. After him came Ishmael. My father was very pale, but no anxiety appeared upon his countenance, which retained its habitual expression of bitter and sarcastic raillery. He walked with a firm step, and

stopped when he had reached the centre of the platform. His wrists were bound together, and a strong cord passed round his elbows, behind his back, so as to render the movement of his arms impossible. Around his neck was passed a rope with a running knot, one end of which was coiled upon his arms.

My father bowed his head. His resolution appeared about forsaking him. Cheer up, said a grave and sonorous voice, which proceeded from a window at the corner of Fleet-lane. All eyes were instantly turned in that direction. My father gave a slight bow, and then he proudly raised his head, and turning towards us, made a sign to Rehoboam to go to him.

The fatal hour would strike in two or three seconds; but it required but one for Rehoboam to vault over the barrier which was between him and my father—to overthrow the policemen who was in his way, and leap upon the platform. The crowd, completely astounded by this unprecedented event, soon saw him standing by the side of Ishmael, whose cords, having been partly cut before, yielded to a sudden effort. The crowd, forgetful of the hatred it had before expressed, cried out, Bravo, because the incident promised to be dramatic. Handkerchiefs were waved out of the windows, and the voice from Fleet-lane repeated —Cheer up.

CHAPTER XVII.

The movement of Rehoboam had been so rapid, that no one had thought of opposing him. The executioner was petrified, and stared stupidly at him, but did not move; his assistants had already left the scaffold. I know not whether my father might have succeeded, had he attempted to escape. The crowd appeared to think so, and broke out into loud acclamations. Projectiles of all sorts were thrown at the police. There was every appearance of a commotion. But my father did not attempt to escape; it was not for that he had called Rehoboam. At the moment the latter had seized the cord, to loose the running knot, Ishmael, who had put his hand into his bosom, drew from it a short poinard, and with furious strength plunged it into Rehoboam's breast. Rehoboam fell dead at his feet, between my father and the executioner. Ishmael turned toward the window in Fleet-lane, brandished the reeking poinard with triumph, and cried, Thanks, my lord

At this moment, eight o'clock was striking at St. Sepulchre. The executioner, more from the habit of his profession than from reflection, for he appeared completely stupefied, pressed the bolt with his foot. The drop fell, the cord became straightened, and half the body of Ishmael disappeared through the opening. His face contracted for a moment, and then remained motion-

less. But the cord vibrated for some time, and the body of Ishmael swung slowly round and round. I shut my eyes, Brian; my legs sank under me. I felt, as it were, an icy hand pressing around my heart; and then I saw—I felt nothing further.

Susannah then paused. Brian, completely horrified by the recital of this horrible scene, remained silent.

In the dark cabinet, the little Frenchwoman was trembling from head to foot, muttering exclamations of terror. Tyrrel himself appeared moved to an extraordinary degree, and at one moment, when he was trembling and staggering as though about to fall, Maudlin felt a drop of perspiration, cold as ice, fall upon her hand from the forehead of the blind man.

When I had recovered my senses, Brian, the sun was above St. Paul's; the funeral decorations had completely disappeared. The crowd had dispersed, and the market carts were going up and down, as usual, the melancholy neighbourhood of the Old Bailey. I awoke, because a policeman observed that I was encumbering the public path, and rudely shook me.

I mechanically walkeddown Fleet-street, thinking, no doubt, of you. At the corner of Cornhill, a man came up to me; he told me that I was handsome, and asked me if I would follow him to his house; I accepted without hesitating, and did not even attempt to conceal the joy I felt. But as we walked on together, he spoke to me in such terms, that I was obliged to leave him. There was something within me, Brian, which com-

pensated for my ignorance of the world—it was my love for you. The idea of selling myself to another, had nothing in itself which was repugnant to me, excepting as it regarded you. That vague and confused sense of shame, which struggled in my breast, would not alone have stopped me. But you were there—there always between me and the abyss. A voice, within my heart, incessantly repeated to me, It were better to die at once. Midnight came: the passers-by became fewer in number. The closed shops presented only their dark shutters, in place of the dazzling light of their gas burners. I was hungry, and overcome with fatigue. I laid down at the foot of the railing before St. Paul's, and I fell asleep. I awoke before daylight, frozen, paralyzed, incapable of moving. A watchman passed me by; I called him, and told him that I was hungry. Ho! ho! said the man, dragging me under a lamp; and yet you are pretty, my girl; how can you be hungry? I staggered, and my tired head could hardly sustain itself upon my shoulders. But never mind, said the watchman, you are, perhaps, after all, a good girl, though good girls are scarce in London; I will take you to a house of refuge. He took me by the arm, and assisting me as he best could, he led me to the house opened for the poor in the city, where I was admitted without any difficulty. Every assistance was immediately afforded to me; I thought that I was saved. Ah! how much did I repent having thought, that in London no one compassionated those who suffered. Here I found compassion, regularly organized; charity, administered according to the rules

of a vast administration, and exercised upon an immense scale. These were my reflections, Brian, and my gratitude was infinite. But the following day, precisely twenty four hours after I had entered the walls of this establishment, one of the officers opened the door to me and requested me to leave the house. Twenty-four hours, such is the respite afforded by the charity of London to miserable creatures who are about to die! Such is the regulation of this association. You are young and strong, said they to me; you must work. How happy should I have been to work, Brian; but what could I do? I was almost ignorant of the meaning of the word, work. I had worked to learn languages—worked at learning to play upon the piano-forte, and on the harp. Was not this what the man of the House of Refuge meant? One day passed on and then another. Hunger again assailed me, and more severely than before. Oh, Brian! in the midst of these miserable recollections, one delightful remembrance serves to throw a ray of light upon them. On the evening of the second day, I was walking, faint and exhausted, upon the foot pavement in Cheapside, for I did not wander far from the centre of the city. Hunger had begun to produce upon me its usual effects—those effects which I had so often endured. My head was heavy, and seemed turning round; a mist appeared to obscure my sight, and I only perceived the gas lights through the medium of a thick haze, which gave them a thousand shades of colour. My forehead seemed to be splitting from the sharp pains I endured. I felt that I could

no longer support myself upon my feet. I had before fallen, from the same cause. At the moment that I was staggering, perceiving around me only a confused and whirling light, a hand caught my arm, and supported me. What is the matter with that poor girl? demanded a sweet voice. At such a time, any moral or physical shock serves to establish the equilibrium for a while. Surprise restored my faculty of vision. I saw near me two young ladies, who were walking arm in arm with a gentleman a little older than themselves. The sweet faces of these two charming girls are vividly before me at this moment. What goodness was there in their looks! what tender compassion in their smile! How good—how pretty were they both! This poor girl is dying with hunger, said the gentleman, after having attentively examined me. Of hunger? said both the young girls, shuddering. The eldest immediately placed her arm around my waist; I saw tears standing in the eyes of the youngest. Oh, Stephen! said the latter, you must take her home to your mother's. And we must take her there immediately, said the eldest, who was already leading me on. He whom they called Stephen, stopped them, and continued to examine me. There was goodness in his features, but a prudent and reflecting goodness, which contrasted singularly with his youth. This must not be, Clara, said he at last; do not insist upon it, for it cannot be. We must not take this lady to my mother's house; but we can, and we ought, to afford her some assistance. He took his purse,

from his pocket, and gave me two pieces of gold. That is enough—it is not enough! cried the young girls, at the same moment. Here, miss, take this! Their purses were both slipped into the pocket of my gown. I kissed the hand of the youngest; and the eldest said to me, Our house is yonder, at the corner of Cornhill—I did not catch the number—when you are hungry, come to us. Oh! do come, repeated the other—Stephen is too cruel; his good mother would receive you.

I have never seen these two angels since. Sometime afterward, when I was again reduced to want, I endeavoured to find out their house in Cornhill, but could not succeed; but their sweet names and their lovely faces remain still in my heart; and I pray to Heaven that I may one day be able to requite to them all the good which they did to me; for it was to me a heavenly consolation to find some goodness in this wretched world. This revived my strength, and gave me new hope. The future, and the world itself, presented a less gloomy aspect. I bought some bread with the money which they gave me. When it was all spent, I sang in the evening in Cheapside, before a tavern, where the merchants of the city used to assemble. At first they gave me more money than was necessary; but the crowd used to gather round me, and the policemen forbade my singing. It was then, Brian, that the idea of suicide first took possession of my mind. I would not accept the offers of men who speculate upon the misery of a poor girl, because I was yours; and I had no other resources to prevent my utter destitu-

tion. Besides, I then knew what the sufferings were of dying for hunger, and the fear of that drove me to seek immediate death.

During my residence in the country house, I had seen a poor child drowned in the lake, on the borders of which I had spent so many happy months. I walked toward the Thames. On my way there, in a narrow street called Water-street, I sat down worn out with fatigue, upon the steps of a public house. The mistress of the tavern saw me, and came out to drive me away; but she was in want of a servant; she thought me handsome—and handsome servants are valuable recommendations to such a house as the King's Arms.

Susannah then related, how her life had been passed during the three months she had lived at the King's Arms; the menial occupations to which she had been condemned; the conduct toward her of the parlour customers; the brutal insults of the drunken frequenters of the Tap; the fractious and bitter tyranny of Mrs. Burnett herself, who, for the bread she gave, thought she had the right to treat her as a slave. She at last came to that Sunday evening when Mrs. Burnett, being exasperated, struck her in the face.

I again directed my steps towards the Thames, Brian, continued Susannah, and it was at a moment when I was about to commit a crime—which God would, perhaps, have forgiven, in compassion of my ignorance, and my unhappiness—it was at that moment that I met Tyrrel, the blind man.

Oh, oh! muttered the little Frenchwoman, and paid more attention to Susannah's recital.

Tyrrel did not say a word.

At that time, continued Susannah, as I have before told you, I observed nothing that was passing around me. There was, as it were, a thick veil before my eyes; the only feeling which I retained was your remembrance, which was, at one and the same time, my only consolation, and my most bitter cause of suffering. Nevertheless, the face of this blind man, who sometimes came to the house, had slightly interested me. It seemed to me, now and then, that his eyes, though deprived of sight, were bent on me in preference to every other object. But that night, by the river side, I experienced a strange and terrible delusion. While Tyrrel was holding me by the arm, the light of a candle, burning in a neighbouring window, passed rapidly across his face, and I thought I saw—

Susannah hesitated.

Pray continue, madam, said Lancaster, with eager curiosity.

I thought I saw my father's ghost, Brian, said Susannah, shuddering.

Brian started with surprise.

'Tis strange! exclaimed he—very strange. Oh! there is some dark mystery concealed beneath all this: but I will unravel it, madam.

Susannah continued her story, and related all the circumstances attending her arrival in Wimpole street, the luxury with which she at once had been surrounded, and the threats which had been addressed to her. She spoke of the scene which had been performed at the bedside of Per-

cival, and pronounced even the terrible password: *Gentlemen of the night!*

When she had concluded, she raised her dark eyes to Lancaster's face, but their lids immediately sank down again, while she softly said:

You now know all, Brian; I have concealed nothing from you—I have exposed to you every circumstance of my life—have laid open my whole soul to you, and it is for you to pronounce whether I am still worthy to love you.

Brian did not immediately reply. Tears fell from the silken eyelashes of the lovely girl.

He threw himself at her feet.

Will you accept the name of Lancaster, madam? continued Brian, with that exqusite and rare gallantry, of which certain families in our mercenary times have retained the chivalrous traditions.

Do you ask me if I will? stammered Susannah, if I desire to become your wife?

She bent down toward him with enraptured looks, and could not find words to express her joy.

Come, exclaimed Brian—oh, come, madam, remain no longer under this impure roof. The Countess of Derby is your friend; her house will be a more fitting asylum for you, until that day when I shall have the right of protecting you myself. Come, let us leave this place?

Susannah rose up, beaming with happiness, and replied:

I am ready to follow you, Brian.

They went toward the door. But at the moment that Lancaster was about to open it, it flew

back, and Tyrrel was seen standing upon its threshold. Behind him were four powerful men, and of resolute appearance.

You came alone into this house, Mr. de Lancaster, said the blind man, and alone you must depart from it.

Susannah clung, terrified, to Brian's arm; he gently disengaged himself. For a moment, the idea of attacking his opponents seemed to cross his mind. His eye flashed lightning, and he appeared to be selecting the antagonist whom he should first strike down. But after some reflection, he moderated his anger, and then replied in a calm tone:

Be it so, Sir Edmund; I will leave the house alone.—I shall be with you again soon, said he whispering in Susannah's ear; you shall not have long to wait, I swear to you!

He passed rapidly before Tyrrel and his confederates, ran down stairs, and rushed into the street. As soon as he had got out of the house, he ran up Wimpole-street, and did not stop until he had reached the police office.

He was instantly admitted to the magistrate's private room, and held a short conference with him, when the magistrate immediately placed a police officer and a number of policemen at his disposal.

This small troop, being stimulated by Brian, ran with all haste towards Wimpole street. Half an hour, at most, had elapsed since Brian had left Susannah, when he returned with the policemen to No. 9. The officer knocked at the door,

and commanded it to be opened in the king's name.

May God bless his most gracious majesty, replied a mocking voice, from a window on the first floor. The window was then closed. In about half a minute, the door was opened.

The policemen immediately rushed into the house, after taking every necessary precaution to prevent any one from escaping from it. Not one appeared to prevent their searching through it. They examined it from the cellars up to the garrets, They found many drawers open, and the furniture in disorder, as after a precipitate departure.

There were no servants to be seen even, and no master. There were no longer any horses in the stables, nor carriage in the coach-house.

The house had been abandoned.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

On the first floor of the magnificent house in Belgrave-square, inhabited by the Marquis de Rio Santo, there were, besides his own private apartment, a suite of rooms, all furnished with that expensive magnificence, the good taste of

which was also so pre-eminent, that it made Irish House a perfect and really marvellous establishment, These rooms had no particular destination, but, nevertheless, they had been completely tenanted since the arrival of Rio Santo in England, and the reports current in the fashionable world excited a vague mystery as to the uses to which they were applied.

As far as regards that portion of Irish House which was usually uninhabited, and of which we are now speaking; we should profoundly astound our readers, were we to place before their eyes even one half the hypothesis which the young ladies and the matrons of the fashionable world ventured to pour forth, as to the wonderful doings in those empty rooms.

This room did not, in any way, bear out the pictures drawn by the vivid imaginations of the ladies above mentioned. There were but the portrait of one lady in it: and there would not have been room to hang the remaining twenty-three, for the chamber was of small dimensions, and two large looking-glasses, fixed against the dark velvet drapery with which the room was covered, occupied nearly its whole width.

The portrait was suspended between two windows, whose thick and ample curtains descended to the floor. Opposite the portrait was a bed, behind the curtains of which was heard the oppressed breathing of a human being struggling against fever.

A lamp was burning on the table, covered with a shade, and its veiled light was contending with the first rays of morning, which were beginning

to give transparency to the closely drawn draperies of the windows.

Rio Santo was seated near the bed in an arm-chair.

Opposite the portrait, as we have said before, there stood a bed, through the half-opened curtains of which was heard the stiffled breathings of an invalid. When a momentary current of air gave additional brilliancy to the dying flames of the lamp, the eye could discern, in the back part of the alcove, the ghastly and meagre face of a man. This man was not asleep, but the sufferings which weighed upon him chained him to his couch. His eyes opened at intervals, at times fiery and red in their hollow orbits—at times dimmed and lustreless under the weight of their heavy lids, which were raised with much effort. It would have been very difficult to have distinguished his features, for, besides the half-obscurity in which the care-worn face was enveloped, a thick beard almost entirely covered it.

The Marquis of Rio Santo, seated in an arm-chair opposite the place where the raised curtains opened, was anxiously contemplating the sick man, and appeared to be suffering from a fever, equal in intensity to his. He was pale, and reduced to a state of complete exhaustion.

A clock in a neighbouring room struck seven. Rio Santo made an effort, and turned toward the window.

A sudden convulsion of the sick man, agitated the bed clothes.

Rio Santo rose, and passed a sponge, moistened

with cold water and vinegar, over the face of the invalid.

Both of them,—both of them, repeated the latter, whose voice became weaker, until it sank into an almost indistinct murmur.

Both of them, reiterated Rio Santo, as though he sought to read upon the features of the sick man, an explanation of his meaning; for six days past has he unceasingly repeated these same words —I cannot divine their import.

He clasped his hands together, and a more bitter expression of disappointment suddenly pervaded his features.

I saw him, I saw him, said Angus Macfarlane, in a hollow tone. I saw his breast pierced with a round red wound—and the voice of my dream said to me, It is the blood of thy veins which must deal death to him.

Rio Santo looked at the sick man with vague terror.

Saddle my good black steed, Duncan of the Muir, suddenly cried the laird, in a loud voice. I must pass the river to day, that I may go to London, and Fergus O'Brian, the assassin of my brother Macnab, shall die.

Rio Santo uncovered his face, and made a gesture of mute resignation.

I will saddle your horse, Macfarlane, replied he, but Fergus O'Brian, is also your brother—when you kill him, you will have no brother left.

That's true, exclaimed the laird, who shook with anguish, under the bed-clothes—that's true. And then he addded, in a voice so low, that Rio

Santo could not hear him: No brother left, and no daughters,—I saw them—both of them,—both of them.

And his head fell back heavily on his pillow.

Angus, after having uttered these words, turned on his side, as if about to sleep. Rio Santo breathed more freely; but almost the moment afterward, a convulsive trembling seized him, and his paleness became more livid.

The laird had raised himself up, and was sitting in his bed.

They are there! they are there! shrieked he, with fearful vehemence—both of them—both of them in that boat! but I am a good swimmer.

He again wished to rush toward the window, according to his usual habit, from recollection of the one at the King George's Head—but Rio Santo suddenly restrained him. He then uttered a dreadful shriek; his eyes became so red that they appeared full of blood; his burning breath seemed to scorch the face of Rio Santo, while his nails were dug into his flesh. It was a horrible struggle, and such as can be seen only in those houses, where wretched people, for a trifling salary expose themselves to the formidable attack of furious lunatics. Angus, whose delirium had attained its climax, dealt the most fearful blows—tore, bit, and lacerated the marquis—he seemed a tiger freed from his chain. Rio Santo in vain endeavoured to restrain him. As he would not strike him in return, but limited his resistance most strictly to the defensive, he every moment received the most dreadful injuries. The only sounds that could be heard, were a furious gurg-

ling in the throat of the madman, and the panting breathings of the marquis.

In a moment, the bed was deluged with blood. Angus was sitting upon it, one leg cut, and the other still stretched upon it. One of his arms was passed round Rio Santo's neck, which he pressed with all his might; with the other hand he continually kept striking him. The marquis made every effort to retain him in that position, because he foresaw, that should the laird's foot once touch the floor, he would have a firmer support, and his assault would then be irresistable. Rio Santo was a robust man, and his desperate situation for a time renewed his native vigour, which had been exhausted by six days of cruel trial. He succeeded in throwing the laird back upon his pillow, and thought the crisis over. The laird, in fact, remained quiet for some moments; but at the instant Rio Santo was recovering his breath, Angus suddenly started up, seized his throat with both hands, and strangled him, uttering a shout of savage triumph.

All was over with the marquis—his arms fell lifeless, to his side. He could neither defend himself, nor cry for help.

The laird grasped him—grasped him still more strongly;—and yet upon the face of Rio Santo purple from strangulation, and whose veins were full, almost to bursting, from the violent pressure a vague expression of repose was visible. It was like the drop of cold water given to a martyr, nailed upon a cross.

Several minutes passed on thus; and then, had there been an ear to listen in that room, it would

have perceived a vague, undecided continued noise which appeared to proceed from the partition to the right of the portrait. It sounded like the attempt of some inexperienced hand endeavouring to put a key into a lock. But the partition on that side did not give any indications of a door. The noise, however, continued, and still appeared to proceed from such a cause. At length the bolt flew back, and about a minute afterward a pannel slowly opened. Behind it was the pale face of Doctor Moore. It was more wan than usual, and he appeared alarmed at the daring indiscretion he was committing.

This indiscretion, moreover, had not any very decisive result; for at the moment that he was advancing his head beyond the panel, the noise of footsteps was heard on the opposite side of the room. The doctor gently closed the wainscoting, showing, by a significative shake of his head, the disappointment he experienced at not being able to gratify his curiosity.

An instant afterward, the chevalier Bembo rushed into the room, followed by Lovely. The dog bounded toward the panel which had just closed, and barked loudly, then ran toward the body of its master, and howled piteously.

CHAPTER II.

Bembo had raised Rio Santo's head, and supported it upon his knees. He placed his hand upon his heart, but it no longer beat; he felt his

pulse, but there was no response. He tried to discredit these fearful proofs; he would not believe them.

Bembo endeavoured to raise the body of the marquis, but his emotion was so great, that it deprived him of all strength, and he could not. He then stretched himself on the carpet, and placed Rio Santo's head upon his breast. Lovely laid down at her master's feet. Bembo was overwhelmed; he was now convinced, and in despite of himself, that he was lying near a lifeless corpse.

Since the evening on which the marquis had given audience to Prince Demetrius Tolstoy, he had remained shut up in Irish House. The cause of this sudden and complete seclusion, is no mystery to the reader. Rio Santo, on awaking from the short sleep which had overcome him, on the same sofa on which he had been sitting with the prince, had found Angus Macfarlane bleeding, and half dead, at his feet.

It may be necessary briefly to explain this circumstance.

After the furious attack of Bob Lantern, who had thrown him overboard in that part of the Thames where the current is most rapid, Angus Macfarlane, stunned by the severe blows he had received, which would have dashed the brains out of any other man excepting a good Scotchman, went down like a lifeless mass, incapable of making the least effort to save himself. But this torpor was of short duration. The instinct of a swimmer had taken the upper hand, even before Angus was himself capable of comprehending his

position, and a few mechanical movements again brought him to the surface.

He drew a long breath, and supported himself upon the surface of the water as a seal might have done, without knowing that he was swimming. At the end of about a minute, his eyes recovered their power of sight. The moon was still shining above Blackfriar's bridge. Angus Macfarlane looked around him. He knew not what he was searching for, but he was searching for something. At this moment, Bob Lantern's boat was gliding silently under the arches of the bridge; and changing its direction, shot toward the shore, a little below the bridge; and went under the private landing place of a large commercial house in Upper Thames street.

Under the vaulted roof, and among the waggons belonging to the house of Coventry and Sons, stood a hackney-coach, with two strong horses harnessed to it. This hackney coach was waiting for Bob; and had already served him, in the evening, to carry the laird's two daughters to the King George's Head.

The two sisters being safely deposited in the coach, Bob jumped into it, and stretching himself out upon the cushions of the front seat grumbled —It must be acknowledged that I have worked hard to earn my crust of bread to-night.

When the laird got to land, trembling with cold, bleeding, and half dead, he directed his steps, staggering, and frequently compelled to support himself by leaning against the walls of the houses, towards Belgrave square. It is a long distance from Blackfriar's to Pimlico. It was

nearly eleven o'clock when the laird, completely exhausted, arrived in Grosvenor Place—he did not go into Belgrave square, but went into Belgrave lane, because he had been accustomed, like many others, to enter that way into Irish House. In the middle of Belgrave lane he turned into a narrow passage, and leaned against the wall, close to a doorway, which was shut.

A few minutes afterwards this door was opened, and a tall man, wrapped up in a cloak, came out of it. This man appeared angry, and was grumbling as he walked away, forgetting to close the door after him. This was no less a personage than his serene highness, the Prince Demetrius Tolstoy, ambassador from his majesty the emperor of all the Russians. Angus Macfarlane pushed the door open, and went in.

He dragged himself to the place where Rio Santo was reclining asleep upon the ottoman, he fell exhausted at his feet murmuring the names of Anna and Clara.

We already know what followed.

Bembo waited, spending his days and the greater part of his nights near the door of the room where laird Angus and Rio Santo was; but very little is required, in most things, to make one miss the moment when our presence is most necessary. The most faithful sentinel may fall asleep at his post, and good soldiers have been known to desert their watch for a few minutes. And a few minutes were enough.

Thus in consequence of a few moments' absence, Bembo now found himself in the presence of the corpse of a man, for whom he would have willingly shed all his blood.

CHAPTER III.

At the end of the passage in which the Chevalier Angelo Bembo had passed nearly all his time, during the last few days, there was a low window which opened upon a small court yard surrounded by a wall; beyond the yard was the passage communicating with Belgrave lane.

One morning—it was the third of Bembo's watching—the sun had risen brighter than usual, and had victoriously struggled against the opaque rampart, which the heavy vapours, suspended over our heads, so incessantly oppose to it. Bembo was leaning out of the low window in the passage, and with unmeaning eyes, was following the faintly defined outlines of the shadow which Irish House was casting on the opposite side of Belgrave lane.

His melancholy abstraction, all at once gave way to an expression of astonishment. The sun, in penetrating into one of the rooms of the Lord's Corner, had just exposed to his view a young girl, reclining asleep in an arm chair.

The sleeping girl appeared to be tormented with painful dreams. Two or three times she extended two small white hands of the most beautiful proportions, as if to repulse some invisible enemy. It was, perhaps, the rays of the sun falling on her face, which thus agitated her; and, even at that distance, an expression of fatigue and suffering could be observed on her pale fea-

tures. Angela reflected that it had happened, that young and lovely girls had been violently carried off from their parents, and delivered over for vile lucre to some perverted debauchee.

The suffering girl, for a few seconds appeared agitated, and then she awoke with a start. When her eyelids opened, they were the soft eyes of Anna Macfarlane which sparkled in the sunbeams.

It is hardly necessary for us to inform the reader, that Anna had been placed there by the instrumentality of Bob Lantern, for which he was paid by Paterson, the steward; and that the Lord's Corner belonged to his lordship, the earl of White-Manor.

On awaking this morning, Anna's heart was joyous. The sun used to awaken her in the same manner on the fine mornings in Cornhill; she thought she was in her own room, and was endeavouring to convince herself that she had had a horrid dream. This idea existed as long as her eyes remained covered by her hands.

And then the Chevalier Bembo, who was devouring her with her eyes, saw her suddenly start and rise with terror. She had just returned to a sense of the horrible reality of her position.

After that day the Chevalier Bembo often approached this window and leaned out of it.

One morning Bembo perceived something very extraordinary. The day had not yet completely dawned. Anna was sleeping in her arm chair. A door at the end of the room suddenly opened, and two men entered it. One of them carried a wax-light, the other completely wrapped up in a

warm fur great coat, was following him with an indolent step. It may be imagined that Bembo opened his eyes widely.

The first of the new comers advanced gently, and made a gesture of surprise at seeing Anna in the arm-chair. He no doubt expected she would have been in bed; and his face, as he turned smiling obsequiously toward his companion, seemed to say:

She is asleep: it is of little consequence whether it be in the chair or not.

The man in the great coat did not deign to reply; and the other, who appeared to be his valet, if not something worse, although he did not wear a livery, raised the candle so as to throw its light upon the sleeping Anna. Bembo lost not a single gestures of these two men, one of whom was Gilbert Paterson, and the other Godfrey de Lancaster, earl of White Manor.

The Chevalier Angelo Bembo continued looking most anxiously and felt the blood boiling in his veins at the thought of the probable designs of these two men, who were clandestinely violating the retreat of his young love:—for she was his, or rather Angelo choose so to consider her.

The earl, however, had remained motionless, at three or four paces distance from Anna, and while Paterson was gesticulating and speaking with apparent emphasis, White-Manor was gazing with his dull eyes around the room. Bembo felt no difficulty in interpreting this scene. The valet was evidently praising the exquisite charms of the young girl—doubtless a new acquisition—while the pacha—we meant to say the lord—was mak-

ing melancholy reflections upon the instability of all human enjoyments. Angelo felt a violent desire to knock out his brains; but he did not recognize him.

After having looked at her from head to foot for some time, his eye-glass fell.

I find her passable, said he in a wearied tone; another time Master Gilbert; I will come back again.

The lord and his steward left the room. Angelo Bembo was more dead than alive; he was almost suffocated; the departure of these two men, relieved his heart from a dreadful load

The following sight, lord White Manor being tormented by his chronic wakefulness, ordered his carriage, and repaired to Belgrave-lane. Day was beginning to dawn when he crossed the threshold of Lord's Corner. It was on the very morning, and nearly at the same hour on which we found Rio Santo sitting by the bedside of Angus Macfarlane. Anna had just fallen asleep, and was perhaps dreaming—dreaming doubtlessly of Stephen, or of Clara, or perhaps of both.

The Chevalier Angelo Bembo, on the contrary, had just awakened, and had left, with aching bones, the mat spread before the door of Angus Macfarlane's room; where from time to time, he would snatch a few minutes repose. He placed his eye to the keyhole. The sick man was lying motionless upon his bed, and Rio Santo was sitting also motionless, in his own chair. Bembo walked toward the window—he played the sentinel a little on that side too; for he determined to protect, as well as he might be able, the poor imprisoned

girl. The moment had arrived; at the instant he looked out of the window, Bembo saw as before, the door of the room open and two men enter it. They were the same men—the steward and the master.

Paterson, without saying a word, drew back the curtains of the bed and raised the counterpane. Then he approached the sleeping Anna, as if he were about to take her in his arms and carry her away.

Cold drops of perspiration stood on Bembo's forehead. Bnt the earl made a sigh, and Paterson left the room, after respectfully bowing to him. The former instead of approaching Anna stooped down, and picked up a paper which had fallen from the bedclothes. The gesture did not at all quiet Bembo's uneasiness, whose brain was in a complete fervent. The sacrifice was about to be accomplished; one minute's delay would render all assistance fruitless. Bembo convulsively pressed his forehead. An irresistable influence, led him to fly at once to the ill-omened house, where an infamous crime was about to be accomplished; but the idea of abandoning the marquis, though only for a moment, made him pause.

He returned to the door and again looked through the keyhole. The marquis and the sick man were both still motionless.

He ran with the rapidity of lightning, but it was only to be assured that a providential accident had rendered, for this time at least, all intervention on his part superfluous.

The door of the Lord's Corner was open. A

carriage, without arms upon the panels, was standing before it. At the moment that Bembo got into the street, armed and resolved, let it cost what it might to get into the house, he saw two servants carrying the man with the fur-trimmed great coat in their arms. The latter gave no signs of life. With some difficulty they lifted him into the carriage, and one of the men remained there with him. The carriage drove on rapidly, The door of the house was then closed immediately.

Bembo ran back as quickly as possible to his post. His absence had lasted only a few minutes.

The few minutes he had been absent had sufficed to render completely unavailing his six long days of watching. Rio Santo had succumbed.

Bembo had remained in the position which we have described in a preceding chapter, with the marquis's head resting on his breast, and overwhelmed with that sort of stupefaction which sometimes deadens the first emotions of anguish. Lovely had laid himself down by the side of his master, with his head upon his shoulder, and was looking at him. Suddenly, the dog started and barked. At the same time, Bembo thought he felt the breathing of Rio Santo on the back of his hand—but it was so slight.

He rang for the servants, who immediately hastened in.

Let some one go for a physician—a physician instantly!

Doctor Moore is in my lord's study said one of them.

Doctor Moore was in fact in the study, and was immediately summoned to attend.

At the sight of Rio Santo, who had all the appearance of being dead, the doctor did not betray any symptom of either anxiety or surprise. He drew an arm chair close to the sofa, and took hold of the marquis's hand to feel his pulse—and then he felt his throat, and pressed upon his stomach.

Leave the room, said he to the servants.

Signor, continued the doctor, addressing Bembo, I like to be alone with my patients.

But, doctor—

Have the goodness not to object, signor.

You will at least inform me exclaimed Bembo, if their is still any hope?

I will not tell you, signor.

Bembo felt his anger rising violently, but he restrained himself and moved toward the door.

Signor, said the doctor, as he was about passing the threshold—Bembo turned toward him—be pleased to take this dog with you; he is in my way.

Bembo seized Lovely by the collar, and dragged him away, in spite of the resistance of the noble animal, who looked first at his master and then at the doctor, howling plaintively.

Bembo closed the door after him. Doctor Moore bolted it, and then remained alone with Rio Santo, still insensible,

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CHAPTER IV.

Doctor Moore returned, and seated himself by

the sofa upon which Rio Santo was lying. He raised one of his hands, which, on being let go, fell back lifeless, and rebounded twice from the elastic cushion.

He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully, and then walked up and down the room.

I think that I shall let him die; said he, musingly, stopping before the inanimate body of the marquis, and then he harshly added: Do you hear me, marquis? I condemn you to death!

He placed his hand on Rio Santo's heart, and a deep furrow immediately showed itself upon the before smooth skin of his forehead.

I thought the strangulation had been more complete than it now appears to be, for he had discovered that Rio Santo was still full of life. I shall be obliged to kill him after all, if I decide he must no longer live. In ten minutes he will breathe.

Some one knocked gently at the door of the room,

In the name of Heaven! sir, have some pity, and think of the anguish I am suffering! cried Bembo, from outside the door. I am waiting.

Wait then.

One word—for mercy's sake, only one word!

The doctor, instead of replying, moved stealthily to the side of the room opposite to the door at which Bembo was waiting, and put a small key into the lock of what appeared to be a cupboard.

Moore looked around again toward Rio Santo, who was still motionless, and then entered the laird's room. The first object which struck him

was the portrait hanging between the two windows. At the sight of it a profound astonishment was depicted in his face. He moved from side to side, to examine it in every light, shutting his eyes for a moment and then opening them again, that he might contemplate it more distinctly. The longer he looked at it, the doubts which he had entertained as to the correctness of his first impression, were gradually dispelled.

It is certainly her portrait! exclaimed he, at last; and, upon my word, she was beautiful enough to turn the head of a presumptive heir to an earldom. She was a delightful creature. By Heaven! it is of no more use endeavouring to doubt; it must be her portrait. But what, in the name of fortune, can the portrait of the countess of White Manor be doing here?

He remained some minutes before the graceful portrait, plunged in overpowering astonishment.

I cannot at all comprehend it, said he, musingly; the portrait of the Countess of White Manor in this room! in Rio Santo's house! This really appears fabulous, diabolical! I cannot fathom it in any way! I perfectly remember that pretty mole above her lip, between the lip and that lovely dimple, which our poet laureats would swear had been placed there by the hands of the Graces themselves. Rio Santo had been in the country only a year! It cannot be possible—all this perfectly confounds me.

He turned upon his heel and passing by one of the windows negligently looked out of it.

He looked once more at the portrait, made ano-

ther gesture of astonishment, and then went toward the bed.

This is a secret, said he, and a secret of the most enigmatical description, assuredly: but I could never have expected—And, after all, what does it matter? Oh! oh! exclaimed he, stopping within two paces of the bed, there is a man here.

He had just perceived the attenuated and bony leg of Angus Macfarlane, which was protruding from under the bedclothes. The doctor had entered the room with so strong a conviction that he was about to discover something of a most extraordinary and inconceivable nature, that he paused for a moment, and seemed struck with an alarm which was almost puerile. Strange ideas crossed his over excited mind. He who was ordinarily so firm and cool in all his actions, felt himself transported all at once into some ideal world.

Who could the man be, who was thus stretched out upon the bed? Angus was lying with his back to the window. He was stretched almost across the bed, with his head touching the wall. Doubtless his burning head had endeavoured to find some relief from the coolness of the wainscoting.

Moore could not, therefore, see his face. For a moment he ceased his investigations: the instinct of the physician for a time allayed the curiosity of the man. He took hold of Angus's arm, and felt his pulse.

A brain fever, exclaimed he; a fearful state of

congestion. Why did they not send for me before.

He placed one knee upon the bed, and leaned over in such a manner as to bring his own head against the partition. In this attitude he could see the features of Angus. His examination lasted two or three seconds.

' I do not know this man, said he afterward, in a tone of disappointment ; and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he added: But yes, I do think that I remember him—he is much changed. It is that honest Scotch laird whom Rio Santo once brought with him to the council. The laird —but I have forgotten his name ; the laird who in short, holds our castle of Crewe: and why the devil does Rio Santo allow him to die here like a dog? However, this is no concern of mine.

The doctor raised himself up again, and shook his head as if in a bad humour.

At this moment was heard the voice of Bembo calling aloud in the passage. Moore did not even turn round.

The little signor is in a dreadful hurry, said he, laughing. Well! I have nothing better to do than to satisfy him. Let us put the Marquis de Rio Santo on his legs.

As he was about to move from the bed, for the purpose of returning into the study, the laird moved. It required but little to re-excite the disappointed curiosity of the doctor—he remained looking at him.

Angus, with some difficulty, turned himself over in his bed.

The water burns me ! said he, whispering. How this river Thames boils—its source must be in Hell ! The moon of London is red—there is fire all around me !

This man will save himself, muttered Moore, with a sort of medical disappointment. Fevers are a strange and lunatic disease. When we combat them, they resist our endeavours ; when we leave them to themselves, they naturally extinguish themselves. Evidently, this savage has got beyond the mortal crisis. To morrow he will recover from it.

Oh ! if I were only on the beautiful waters of the Solway, the marauder should not escape, replied Angus ; but the Thames is as hot and as heavy as molten lead. Ah ! ah ! there they both disappear—both of them.

He then buried his head in his pillow.

Moore again felt his pulse, and continued doing so for nearly a minute.

Angus raised himself on the bed, and looked at the doctor with his hollow and glaring eyes, in a manner frightful to behold. But Moore was a physician ; and this savage look did not disturb him.

My horse ! my horse ! imperiously ejaculated the laird, who placed both his feet upon the carpet. Moore let him do as he would. Angus rolled his eyes, as if he were searching in his brain for some idea that had escaped him.

The voice of my dream cannot speak falsely, said he, slowly ; and the law of God is blood for blood, whatever priests may say to the

contrary. It seems to me that I saw Fergus O'Brian this night—why did I not kill him? It would pain me to kill him, on account of my poor sister Mary! but I will kill him.

He placed both his hands very familiarly on the doctor's shoulders, who did not appear to be at all delighted with this mark of his confidence; and was turning round to hasten back into the study, when he felt the pressure of a hand upon his arm, and hastily looked behind him, thinking that it was the Chevalier Bembo, who had come there to surprise him. But he had scarcely caught a glimpse of the person who had thus seized him, than he uttered a cry of terror, and staggered as though he were about to faint. His knees bent under him, and he fell prostrate upon the carpet, in the attitude of a conquered combatant who prays for mercy.

CHAPTER V.

The man who had surprised Doctor Moore committing the flagrant crime of spying—the man who had surprised him at the very moment when, deserting the side of a sick person confided to his care, and who was apparently dying, to pry into secrets which would be inexcusable in all countries, but more particularly abhorrent to English ideas of propriety—for every man's house is considered so sacred, that the law itself has not the right to violate it—this man was neither the Che-

valier Angelo Bembo, nor any of the household of the marquis.

It was the last man in the world whom Dr. Moore could have feared would have been watching him. It was the sick, the dying man who had been confided to his charge. It was Rio Santo himself.

The doctor, at one glance, perceived the desperate situation to which he was reduced, and he humbled himself before Rio Santo. He was completely in his power, not only on account of the flagrant breach of confidence which he had committed--not only on account of the treacherous abandonment of a dying man, but because every word which had escaped from his lips, had been heard by the marquis.

Moore knew this but too well; and he did not attempt to deceive himself, by thinking that it might not be so, This species of lethargy, in its different varieties, leaves the patient in the full possession of his senses and his judgement.

Rio Santo deprived of speech, and weakened by the fearful attack he had suffered, was just as much in the power of the doctor as when he was stretched out upon the sofa. Moore determined to despatch him. Rio Santo was standing before him, his eyes fixed, his neck completely stiff, and having more the aspect of a phantom then a living man. Any resistance which he could offer would necessarily be very weak, and easily surmounted. As to obstacles from without, there was nothing to be apprehended. Rio Santo could not call for help. The latter, as if he had wished to confirm

the prognostics of the doctor, pulled up the sleeve of his dressing-gown, and by a significant gesture, showed him the distended veins of his arm.

You wish that I should bleed you, my lord? asked Moore.

Rio Santo energetically made an affirmative sign. The doctor hesitated. Doubtless his features must have given some indication of his intentions, for Rio Santo instinctively threw a glance toward the bed, as if to ascertain if any assistance were to be expected from that quarter.

While Moore was continuing still to hesitate, he felt his arm again pressed by the hand of Rio Santo. The pressure was slow, but continuous. It was a species of order, given as it were in a firm voice, but without danger. Moore took out his case of instruments and opened it.

At the moment that he approached the lancet to Rio Santo's arm, the latter stayed his hand, took the instrument from him, and then closely examined it. But his eyes were too much suffused with blood, to allow him clearly to distinguish the point of it. But the doctor perfectly comprehended him, although the petrified features of the marquis afforded no commentary to his action; he understood him and trembled: for his gesture clearly informed him, that the marquis had not lost an iota of all that he had been doing when he had before wiped the lancet. He immediately turned back the sleeve of his own coat and slightly pricked his arm.

Rio Santo gave an approving nod. An instant afterward, a vigourous flow of blood proceeded from the vein opened in Rio Santo's arm.

Enough! cried the latter, after the interval of a few seconds.

The doctor started violently, on hearing the sound of that dreaded voice. He raised his eyes, which had been fixed on the bleeding vein, in absolute terror. Rio Santo had spoken! Rio Santo was once more that powerful being, before whom all bowed their heads.

Moore stopped the bleeding and crossed his arms upon his chest. He was awaiting his sentence.

Reach me an arm chair, said Rio Santo.

Moore hastened to obey him. The marquis fell heavily into it, and placed his hands before his eyes, which, weakened by long watching; the crisis he had undergone and the blood he had lost, were dazzled by the broad daylight. He remained in this position three or four minutes. After that he raised his head. His pale face had decidedly recovered all its proud serenity.

Doctor Moore, said he, in his natural tone, I thank you for having violated the secret of this retreat—for thanks to you, I am now assured that this poor sick man is now no longer in any danger.

He pointed to Angus who was sleeping on the bed. Moore bowed mechanically.

I believe that I am not mistaken, added Rio Santo; you said that he would recover.

I did say so, my lord.

Doctor, again rejoined Rio Santo, speaking still in that slow and fatigued tone which imparts coldness even to praise, but which infinitely adds

to any expression of contempt—I feel obliged to you, and, above all, for not having assassinated me!

Moore drew back two paces. This word pierced him to the very heart. He thought himself irrecoverably lost. But Rio Santo continued:

Death would have been cruel just at this moment—very cruel! I tell you again that I have no ill will toward you. Put the cushion under my feet, doctor.

Moore took the cushion and put it under the feet of the marquis.

Excuse me, sir, pursued the latter, if I so far abuse your complaisance: go and open the outer door of my study, and tell Angelo—you spoke very harshly to that poor lad just now, sir,—tell him that you have saved my life.

Moore opened the study door.

Well, sir, well! exclaimed Bembo.

The life of the marquis is out of danger, signor, said Moore, who seized Lovely by the collar to prevent his rushing into the apartment.

Out of danger! repeated Bembo, beside himself with joy.

But cannot I see Don Jose? then inquired Bembo.

Not just now: his lordship requests that you will order the carriage to be ready at four o'clock and expects that you will accompany him.

Bembo danced with joy.

He can go out—go out already! exclaimed he, it is a perfect resurrection. Oh, doctor, you are a skilful man.

He bowed to Bembo, and then shut the door again.

Moore had returned into the lairds room. The noise of his footsteps awakened Rio 'Santo, who had begun to doze in his arm-chair.

For six whole days have I done nothing—seen nothing—heard nothing! said Rio Santo. Has anything occurred among you all, doctor?

We have been astonished at your long absence, my lord; but your faithful friends have not had much difficulty in quieting the discontented.

Rio Santo turned upon him his quiet and penetrating glance.

And you are a man of infinite wisdom, doctor, said he, with much frankness.

Every man, in his life, has his hours of madness, my lord; and as we are speaking of myself, I will say that I was doubly mad just now; mad for wishing to kill you—

And mad, because you did not effect your purpose, said Rio Santo, interrupting him.

Yes, my lord, replied the doctor, mad because I did not do it.

Rio Santo turned himself in his chair.

Had you killed me this morning, said Rio Santo you would to night have slept upon the straw in Newgate. Do not interrupt me—you know that I never speak lightly. I have long known you, doctor, and between you and the scaffold, the only safeguard which has interposed for the last two months has been my will.

Between me and the scaffold, my lord, exclaimed Moore, endeavouring vainly to throw a degree of

haughtiness into his look—there is a gulf which all your power would not be able to fill up.

Listen, sir. The high sheriff has in his hands a sealed packet which contains your condemnation. Do not be surprised at this. I have the same hold on all your brethren, the lords of the night. But for that I ought to possess a thousand lives.

But what can that packet contain?

Choose among all your crimes, doctor. That packet contains the proof of one of them—and proof that is uncontrovertible.

But why has not the high sheriff already opened it?

I will excuse you asking so many questions, for the affair must interest you very much, doctor. But my condescension will not go so far as to answer you. That packet is mine, sir; the train of powder is already laid—of this, doctor, you may be sure—and my death would at once explode it.

But—

Enough, sir: let us leave that subject. What news have you of Miss Mary Trevor?

CHAPTER VI.

Doctor Moore took a long time to reply to Rio Santo's question. What the latter had just said to him appeared so extraordinary romantic, that it raised doubts in the doctor's mind.

My lord, at length said he, I have no certain information to give your lordship.

Poor Mary! groaned Rio Santo. I must see her.

No, my lord. Miss Trevor has great need of repose—of absolute quiet. Yesterday was too much for her weakened system.

What has happened, then? inquired the marquis, eagerly.

A great many things, my lord. And whatever your lordship may think upon the subject, I still assert that is was a great pity my lint did not touch the wound of Percival.

Ah, said Rio Santo, then Percival is the cause of it.

Yes, Frank Percival, my lord, who is now in better health than you, and as well as I am. Good Heaven! but one sixteenth of an inch more, and Frank Percival would have now been quietly reclining in the chapel of Fife Castle.

Moore took hold of the marquis's arm, and felt his pulse.

Upon my honour, my lord, said he, you are not in a state to bear such emotions; let me entreat you to become more calm. Nature imperiously demands that you should have repose. To morrow, this evening, whenever your lordship may desire it I will tell you all regarding Frank Percival. It is now my duty to leave you, that you may obtain some rest.

Moore, after saying these words, thus covering his retreat with an appearance of great zeal, precipitately left the room. Rio Santo faintly called him back again, but he was quite overcome

with fatigue. The doctor had scarcely passed the threshold, before he fell back sound asleep in his armchair.

We will await his awakening, to give our readers the sequel of Doctor Moore's report. But in the first place, we will conduct them, retrograding in our history some days, to the bedside of Frank Percival.

After having written his letter, Frank laid his head upon the pillow. He was still very sorrowful, but he had hope. Lord Trevor loved him from his infancy, and could not surely refuse the interview he had required. Frank had, in fact, affirmed upon his honour, that the scene which had been played at his bedside was altogether incomprehensible to him; that the woman in question, was altogether unknown to him; and he added, that he had revelations to make to his lordship, of a most important nature. How could he imagine, that Lord Trevor would tear his letter without reading it?

Jack must have nearly reached Trevor House by this time, said he, after some minutes silence; he will return in less than an hour.

And all these dark machinations will disappear like smoke, added Stephen.

Frank held out his hand to him.

God grant it may be so, my friend, cried he, for the happiness of my whole life depends upon it.

Have good heart, said Stephen, pressing the hand which Percival had held to him.

At this moment they head the tottering and

irregular steps of old Jack upon the staircase. Percival endeavoured to raise himself in his bed.

All this is sheer madness, Stephen, cried he, excited at once by his fever and impatience. You are creating phantoms. I would lay a wager that Clara loves you. Listen! Is not Jack nearly at the top of the stairs? Go and open the door for him, my friend—go quickly! This excellent old man returns to us with good news; but how slowly he creeps up stairs! I have a joyful presentiment, Stephen—I see happiness all around me. Ah, poor old Jack! he will never get to the top of the staircase, I fear. How much do I long to have Lord Trevor's answer.

Stephen, in order to comply with the request of Frank, whose impatience had reached its climax, had gone to open the door of the room, It was, in fact, old Jack who was slowly coming up stairs. He at last entered the room, and with some difficulty approached his master's bed.

What news, Jack? cried the latter—speak, then, what news?

Jack leaned against the head of the bed, and placed his hand upon his heart. He was pale, and his honest face expressed profound despair.

Have you not delivered my letter? added Frank angrily.

I delivered your letter, your honour, said Jack, in a low voice.

Well!

Jack slowly shook his bald head.

Have you brought me an answer.

Percival is a more ancient name than Trevor,

said the old man, proudly raising his tearful face; the father of your honour would have had that man chastised by his footman. Trevor! what is a Trevor, then? A north-country baron ;—

Percival's head fell back upon his pillow.

Deliver your message then, whatever it may be, said Stephen; this suspense is killing him.

My messake cried old Jack, whose anger made him taller by an inch. By the arms of the Percivals! that man tore his honour's letter without reading it.

Frank closed his eyes, uttering a feeble cry. Stephen could not return to his mother's house until the next day, for during the whole of that night, Frank was in a high state of fever, and completely delirious! he stood in need of all the young doctor's care. This night was passed by Stephen in painful meditations and discouraging apprehensions. Frank's state of health was far from affording any consolatory symptoms. His fever was most intense; and Stephen feared that all these painful emotions, so rapidly succeeding each other, might, together with his wound, render useless all the assistance which art could bestow. But there was still some chances for his recovery, and this was not the most heart-rending of Stephen's thoughts.

Stephen had devoted all his energies to the consideration of his friend's case, and had, with earnest attention, followed the several phases of his fever. Then, his thoughts had involuntarily turned from the objects before him to distant ones. The recollection of Clara Macfarlane had taken full possession of his heart, from whom Frank's

dangerous state had, for a time, banished all thoughts of love.

Stephen's eyes were open—he was watching: but in the half obscurity by which he was surrounded, the images which he invoked passed before his eyes, as though he had been dreaming.

Clara was there before him, and appearing more beautiful, through the medium, of the passionate love which caused his torment. By the side of Clara stood the handsome dreamer of Temple Church, of whose name Stephen was ignorant, by whom we know under that of Edward. And the scene which took place in Temple Church was reproduced in Stephen's mind with most minute exactness; and at this moment, as before, the first impulse of Stephen was to exclaim:

I have seen that face before.

Percival, at this time, was throwing himself shapelessly about; but Stephen did not for the moment notice him.

He kept on pursuing this resemblance, with persevering minuteness. Hatred is, in its recollections, as precise as love; and Stephen could have drawn from memory, the handsome dreamer of Temple Church. Whether it was that he had, during that Sunday evening, too lightly dismissed the idea of this resemblance, which had struck him on that instant; or whether these forms had mingled, and confounded themselves afterward in his brain; it was certain that he now saw Edward with far different eyes.

Frank became more and more agitated. A feverish nightmare was oppressing him. Stephen

could not allow himself to attend to him. His eyes were closed, under the efforts which he made in following up this persevering investigation. He turned over, one by one, the inmost recesses of his memory, and he every moment thought he was about to grasp the forgotten peculiarity.

Frank was muttering some confused words. His tongue being chained by the nightmare, was desperately endeavouring to break its bonds.

It is he! said Stephen, and, perhaps for the hundredth time—it is he, certainly. What I am searching for on that face, is——

The scar! cried Percival, suddenly; did I not see the scar upon his forehead?

Stephen had started up.

The scar! exclaimed he; oh! I remember.

Upon his red forehead! rejoined Frank; it appeared white and clearly defined.

From his left eyebrow to the upper part of his forehead? said Stephen, involuntarily.

From his left eyebrow to the upper part of the forehead! repeated Percival.

Frank! cried Stephen; you too know him then. In the name of Heaven, who is it you are speaking of?

Frank did not reply; sleep had again overpowered him. Macnab fell back into his arm-chair.

This is, indeed, most wonderful, murmured he. His mind, usually so calm and prudent, was completely unhinged. He appeared to be breathing the atmosphere of romance.

The word pronounced by Frank might, after all,

have been dictated by a chance dream; but Frank had uttered more than one word.

To have described the scar he spoke of, he must have seen it. Stephen glanced impatiently at the sleeping Percival. Could he but have interrogated him—have made him speak—have known—— But how could he think of depriving his poor wounded friend of his few short moments of repose?

He reasoned thus with himself, but his conviction still remained the same, and a voice within him cried unceasingly; it is he.

He rose up, shook his head, as if to dissipate all traces of his ridiculous fears, and walked up and down the room several times.

When I shall knock at my mother's door tomorrow morning, said he, as if wishing to change the subject of the conversation with himself, I will lay a wager that it will be the sweet voice of poor Anna that will bid me welcome. The first face I shall see will be the pretty face of Anna. Clara has other things to think of than to come to meet me. Why is it not Anna that I love?

These last words were pronounced with a heavy sigh. The day was breaking behind the frosted panes of the windows. Despairing to find a vein of thoughts which should remove his gloominess, Stephen, dissatisfied with himself, returned to Percival's bedside and threw himself into a chair. He impatiently awaited his awakening, to ask an explanation of the strange words which had escaped him while sleeping.

The explanation, as may be easily conceived, deeply interested him, and the time seemed long

to him—so eager was he to ascertain by what strange coincidence the same man should have been present to the thoughts of Frank and of himself, at the same moment. And then that scar, which had employed so large a portion of his meditations during the night, he wished to know where Percival could have seen it.

CHAPTER VII.

Frank Percival, still slept; and Stephen Macnab continued anxiously watching him, to ascertain the meaning of these words. But the explanation was not so soon to be obtained.

About seven o'clock in the morning, some one knocked violently at the door of Dudley-House. Old Jack opened it, and immediately went up stairs to inform Macnab that a woman was inquiring after him, who had been sent there by his mother. Stephen then went down to the parlour, where he found his mother's servant.

What is the matter, Betsey? asked he.

What is the matter, Mr. Macnab exclaimed the poor girl, whose agitation and affliction Stephen only then observed. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! do not ask me what is the matter. Come home—come home immediately, for the poor lady will go mad. It is enough to break one's heart to see her.

Are you speaking of my mother? cried Stephen. In the name of Heaven! what has happened?

Oh, dear—oh, dear! repeated Betsey, crying,

it is enough to break one's heart—the two poor dear girls—their like was not to be found in all the city, Master Stephen. Oh, Lord!

The young doctor, whose uneasiness had become extreme, seized Betsey's arm, and summarily ordered her to explain her meaning. But it is a difficult matter to make a Scotchwoman speak, who has a mind to groan and weep. Betsey put her handkerchief to her eyes, wringing her hands and crying out:

It is enough to break one's heart—the poor lady will go mad—she must be taken care of, or she will do herself some mischief.

Stephen then did what he ought to have done at the first. He rushed into the street, jumped into a cab, and ordered the driver to gallop as fast as his horse would go, to Cornhill.

There was something heartrending in the entrance of Stephen to his mother's house. Betsey was quite right. Poor Mrs. Macnab was almost frantic. During the whole of the night she had remained at the door of the house, always hoping for and expecting the return of her nieces.

Upon seeing Stephen she mustered up her little remaining strength, and sobbed out the names of Anna and Clara. Stephen imagined what had happened. The ill omened words which had fallen from Betsey had prepared him to hear of some great misfortune.

They had disappeared. This Stephen clearly understood, and Mrs. Macnab knew no more than that. Stephen was overwhelmed. It was too rude a blow, after a long night spent in watching, and anxious thought. He covered his face with both

hands, and restrained the sobs which were about to break from him. His mother approached him, and pressing him in her arms, she exclaimed, while weeping bitterly :—

After God, my son, my only hope is in you !

Stephen aroused himself at this appeal. The first moment of weakness being passed, he recovered that energetic coolness with which he was so abundantly gifted—and which, in the hour of intense affliction, is the most precious quality with which the heart of a man can be endowed. He threw off, at once, the apathetic langour, which had been produced by the visions he had indulged through the night, and rose up with all his native vigour.

Stephen immediately proceeded to the office of the police magistrate in Bishopsgate.

The Bishopsgate magistrate received Stephen in all the majesty of his grandeur. Stephen had kicked his heels for an hour and a half in the antechamber, before he gained admittance.

He stated his case, and, as was natural, requested that the greatest diligence should be employed in the investigation he requested.

Assuredly, assuredly, sir, replied the magistrate. It is a case that is very urgent. Write down the complaint, Robin Cross—it is an urgent case. But the devil take me ! if we are not overwhelmed with urgent cases. You will please to call here, sir, in a fortnight from this time.

In a fortnight, cried Stephen, stupified ; but, sir—

Ah ! is there something farther, Mr. Macnab ?

I told you in a fortnight. I am your servant, sir.

Could you not—

No, sir, I tell you.

I am ready to submit to any sacrifice.

Oh! are you? in that case yon must talk over the matter with Robin Cross. My head aches dreadfully. Your servant, sir.

Robin Cross had risen from his chair. He was a sort of living spectre, long and thin, whose hatchet face was framed in a pair of huge grisly whiskers, like the glass wheel of an electrical machine between its two cushions. He made a respectful bow to Stephen, and begged him to accompany him to a neighbouring room.

These investigations said he, cost us an enormous sum of money.

I will give you fifty pounds—a hundred more, if necessary—anything you please, said Stephen.

That is what I call talking to the purpose, my young gentleman. Be assured we will move all London; we will even do impossible things! Would it be agreeable to you to advance us something on account—whatever you may think proper—for the first expenses?

Stephen placed upon the table four or five bank-notes of five pounds each.

This is as it should be!—this is as it should be! repeated Robin Cross. You shall be well satisfied with us, young gentleman.

Stephen ran down the steps of the police office full of hope; but when he had reached the open street, the fresh air dissipated the species of intoxication, which he had allowed unthinkingly to

overwhelm him. He then coolly reasoned; he weighed the value of the promises of these greedy and mercenary men: his hopes vanished; and yet it was necessary that he should act with promptitude. The poor girls were, doubtless, calling upon his name, and imploring his assistance. But how could he act alone? What could he do?

Stephen kept walking onward, without regarding the way he took.

He was soon in Worship street, standing before a large house, whose exterior exactly resembled that of the neighbouring houses. Upon the door, and close to the bell-pull, was a small copper-plate, upon which these words were engraved:

MR. BISHOP'S OFFICE.

Stephen placed his hand on the bell-pull, and then took it away, and placed it there again. His heart beat as if he were about to faint.

CHAPTER VIII.

While Stephen was hesitating with his hand upon the bell-pull of Mr. Bishop's office, there was a man on the other side of the street who was eagerly observing him. This man, who was leaning against an iron railing, was evidently, by his dress, a beggar. He might be, perhaps about forty years of age, but he appeared to be ten years older.

This poor man continued looking at Stephen, with a singular expression of anxiety. He had

manifestly a great desire to accost the young doctor, but some motive still restrained him—distress becomes so timid! for it is so often repulsed with harshness.

At last, however, and while Stephen was still himself hesitating, the beggar softly withdrew from the rails against which he was leaning, and, with wolf like step, he crossed the street. He approached Stephen just as the latter had, at last made up his mind to pull the bell.

Your honour, said he, timidly pulling Stephen by the skirts of his coat. Oh, your honour!

Stephen turned quickly round, ashamed at being surprised in such a place, and at first sight of the beggar he felt inclined to be angry with him; but the miserable man was staggering upon his feeble legs—the few steps he had just made had exhausted him.

What do you want? asked Stephen, who restrained an impatient gesture which was about escaping him.

Oh, your honour, replied the mendicant, with a strong Irish accent, de not be angry with me. I only want to tell you that Mr. Bishop asks too much money, and you could make a bargain with me for half what he would charge.

Stephen involuntarily shrunk back from the beggar. Poverty, among the thousand evils that it entails, brings also that of being readily suspected. Stephen's ideas were, besides, of a most melancholy nature, and the words of the poor Irishman instantly appeared to him of dreadful import.

Do you make a trade of selling dead bodies? exclaimed he.

Do you wish to buy one? said the Irishman, in a half whisper, instead of answering the question.

Stephen thought immediately of the two dear sisters.

A young girl? muttered he, between his teeth, which were convulsively set.

The Irishman mournfully shook his bushy head.

Oh, your honour, exclaimed he, I am not an assassin, like Mr. Bishop—and when I say that Mr. Bishop is an assassin, I may perhaps be mistaken. I know that we ought never to speak ill of rich people; but as to myself, your honour, you have only to look at me to see at once that I have not the strength to burke a child.

Stephen more closely examined the poor fellow, and felt compassion for his evident distress

What, then, is it that you propose to me?

A body which, in its time, was not a badly formed one, your honour—rather lean, but very healthy; forty years old; five feet eight inches high. In an hour it can be yours—if you would wait a week for it, 'twould be more convenient to me, but do not inconvenience yourself.

But where will you get it, then? said Stephen, much amazed.

Oh, don't trouble yourself about that—that's my business.

He is not dead, then?

Not quite, said the Irishman, smiling sorrowfully.

Do you think of killing him, then?

It will be necessary to do so.

But, miserable man, what corpse is it you are speaking of?

An' please your honour, replied the Irishman, with cool and determined resolution, it is indeed my own.

As he he uttered the last word, the poor fellow staggered, and sat down upon the steps before Bishop's door.

Stephen observed him attentively; he could not discover any symptom of mental alienation, or even of fever, in that famine-stricken face. This climax of human misery made him forget for a moment his own sufferings.

What is your name? said Stephen, putting his hand into his pocket for his purse.

Oh, your honour, joyously exclaimed the Irishman, I see that you will consent to buy me. My name is Donnor, of Ardagh.

Go, get yourself wherewith to eat and drink, said Stephen, handing him a sovereign and his card at the same time,—and then come back to me.

It was not to be expected that a man, in Stephen's position, could long occupy his thoughts with the misfortunes of others.

If you can serve me, I will pay you well for it, replied he, dismissing the Irishman with a waive of the hand; if you cannot be useful, I will still do what I can to assist you. Go, then, Donnor, and come to me again to day in Cornhill.

Donnor went away perfectly confounded. The idea of making money in his weak state, otherwise

than by selling his poor body, had never entered his mind, accustomed to the thought of death. I will go and do the best I can for my poor little girl, thought he; but he did not thank Stephen.

The latter pulled Mr. Bishop's bell, and the door was opened. A servant in red livery showed Macnab into a tolerably handsome parlour.

Stephen asked for Mr. Bishop.

My master is in the study, sir, said the servant; if you will be pleased to give me your name, I will announce you.

Stephen gave his name, the servant went out, and returned immediately, saying:

My master will receive you.

Stephen went up stairs preceded by the servant, and entered the study of Mr. Bishop.

We have described this personage in the first part of our history, upon the occasion of the memorable fight between Tom Turnbull and Mike, the brother in law of little Snail.

Bishop, the burker, was arrayed in a dressing-gown of shot satin, which presented some magnificent and varying shades of red. Upon his head was negligently thrown a cap of Scotch tartan, the principal colour in which was scarlet.

Near him, a large Scotch dog, with reddish hair, was stretched upon the carpet.

Stephen, upon entering this room, was, in the first instance, dazzled by the unusual glare of colour which tinged every object in it. The first thing he perceived in this apparently flaming chaos, was the glaring eye of the Scotch dog, who growled in an under tone, and darted flashes of fire from his eyes. Afterwards, he distinguished

what appeared to him the outlines of a bull-dog's face, surmounted by a velvet cap. This was the burker. Stephen advanced towards him.

Oh, oh, said Bishop, without at all discomposing himself; it is you whom they call Macnab? I do not know you—what do you want?

I know you, replied Stephen, who had regained his self-possession; and I wish to see your subjects.

My subjects, by Heaven! exclaimed Bishop, with a loud laugh; I am myself a faithful subject to the king. Where do you think you are, my friend, that you talk to me of subjects? You are so pale, that all my velvet is not sufficient to give even a tinge to your white face. I suppose you are not come here for the purpose of making game of me?

I tell you again, said Stephen, I am come here to buy a subject?

The devil. growled Bishop, springing with one bound toward Stephen, and seizing him by the collar. Do you belong to the police, my friend?

The Scotch dog drew up his fore legs, and rose upon his hind ones, as if he were about to spring at Stephen's throat.

CHAPTER IX.

The movement of Bishop, the burker, had been so sudden, so impossible to be foreseen, that Stephen was not able to place himself on the defensive; and besides, of what use would it have been

to have defended himself? The burker was a man of athletic vigour, and Stephen was out of reach of any assistance.

Self-possession was, therefore, the only arm by which he could be the conqueror in this unforeseen struggle; and in this particular, Stephen was amply provided.

I do not belong to the police, said he, calmly. There are other dealers besides yourself in London, Mr. Bishop, and your manners are not such as to draw customers.

Bishop loosed his grasp.

Stephen, whose arms were now at liberty, took out his pocket-book and gave his card to the burker.

Ah, ah, cried he, you are very imprudent for one of the faculty, my young gentleman. The devil take me, but you have risked your skin in this affair; you have finished where you ought to have begun.

Mr. Bishop opened a door. The eager look of the young doctor hastily ran over a large vaulted cavern, of an oblong form, lit up with lamps. All around this place—which occupied the space generally employed as kitchens and coal-cellars in ordinary houses—were ranges of marble tables sloping forward.

It was a frightful spectacle, to see dead bodies lying there, stripped of their sere-clothes, symmetrically arranged with a view to their being made an article of traffic.

The door of the cavern had scarcely opened, before Bishop appeared as if tongue tied. He was no longer the same man. Whether it was from

the sudden change of light; whether it was that he was really affected by what he saw, notwithstanding the frightful levity of his previous conversation, his features appeared to be covered instantly with a mortal paleness. He seized Stephen by the arm. His hand was cold.

Everything is white here, muttered he; everything is red above stairs—it is that I might forget——. When I have not red around me, Mr. Macnab, all men appear to me like corpses.

Stephen did not make any reply; he was so full of happiness, at not having found there what he so much dreaded he might discover.

Bishop stopped a moment to take breath, and then continued.

Tell me, Mr. Macnab, what do you think of all this?

Stephen answered briefly, that nothing which he had seen could be of use in the studies he was just then pursuing.

Oh, oh, cried Bishop, but without showing any ill humour, so much the worse, sir, so much the worse. I hope that you were well satisfied with my exhibition?

Stephen gave an affirmative nod.

That's quite enough, Mr. Macnab, we shall deal together some other time, for I think I may calculate on having your custom.

Stephen bowed to him, and then went toward the door. Mr. Bishop conducted him to the threshold, and having reached it, he said with a singular admixture of embarrassment and boldness:

An idea has struck me, that you must have

taken me for a fool, down yonder, from the way in which I conducted myself. The fact is, that I never feel comfortable without my gin bottle—but when I have my gin, I care as little for those pale rascals down yonder, as I do for the great Mogul I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you again, Mr. Macnab. Good morning, sir.

When Stephen returned to his mother's house, Betsey told him that a person who was a stranger to her, was waiting for him in the parlour, and that the man had said something of two young girls being carried off. Betsey knew nothing further. Stephen hastily pushed her aside, and went into the parlour.

CHAPTER X.

Stephen had completely forgotten Donnor of Ardagh, the poor Irishman, and the singular bargain which he had proposed to him at the door of Bishop the burker. But even if he had thought of Donnor, the commencement of Betsey's explanation, stating that the man who was waiting in the parlour had spoken of two young girls, would have thrown Stephen a hundred miles off from imagining that it could be the poor Irishman.

Upon entering the parlour, he recognised Donnor, more from his ragged dress than from his features; for the poor Irishman had fallen into a doze while waiting for him, and his face, leaning upon his hand, was concealed beneath the matted locks of his hair.

Stephen, who had rushed into the room with all the ardour of eager curiosity, stopped disappointedly.

Is there no one but you? exclaimed he.

Donnor did not catch the meaning of these words, but he awoke with a start; his hand was instantly laid upon his stomach.

Oh, cried he, I was dreaming that I was eating bread; that does one good, even merely to dream of it, for I do not feel hungry.

But, oh, your honour, when I found that you lived in this house, from which those young ladies have so often thrown out alms to me—

It was then you, who spoke of them?

It was I, your honour.

Would you know them again?

Among a thousand, as I hope to be saved! I spoke of them because, in Worship street, you said you were seeking for two young ladies who had been carried off, and I was afraid——

It is they I am searching for, Donnor.

They, reiterated the Irishman, clasping his meagre hands, and raising them above his head, they, the two poor angels. And have you found them, your honour?

Stephen sorrowfully shook his head.

Oh, but I will find them though, exclaimed Donnor, seizing Macnab's arm, were they even in the claws of that demon with a thousand heads—the Family. I know all that, your honour! Snail and Loo, my two children, have fallen into the snare, and form a part of that shameful army which every night prowls about the city of London. When I was dying with hunger, your ho-

nour, I refused the money that they wanted to give me, because the hand of my father's son is pure, thanks be to God! But for you, who have taken compassion on me—for the two poor angels who have so often relieved my misery—oh! oh, I do not know what I would not do!

Thank you, Donnor, thank you, said Stephen; but what hope have you?

Little Loo has a good heart, replied the Irishman, and Snail is a sharp lad. If the Family has anything to do with carrying off the two young ladies, I shall discover it. I will find out where they are, and then I will return to you to follow your orders, and to assist you in trying to get them back again.

Donnor went up to Cornhill, toward St. Paul's churchyard, with all the celerity that his legs permitted. He was still very weak, and his miserable limbs, rendered feeble by a chronic fast, bent under the weight of his attenuated body.

He stopped, out of breath, at the end of Fleet-street, close to Temple bar.

But where shall I find that wicked child, Snail, just now? thought he. Heaven knows where he lodges, or if he lodges at all! Let us see; there is the public house of Mrs. Peg, near Drury lane—but he only goes there in the evening when the theatres are open. Then, there is the house in the Temple—but I have not the pass-word, and they would not let me in; and then, Snail is fonder of drinking and amusing himself than sleeping in a cellar. Ah! there is the Shakespeare gin shop, only a few steps off; and my poor legs are much in want of rest.

Donnor again walked on, passing to the right of St. Clement's church, and went into Wych-street, in which the Shakspeare gin shop is situated known throughout London as the rendezvous of all sorts of thieves.

Donnor abruptly entered the bar room, and passed as quickly as possible before the obese proprietor of the public house. The latter had a great mind to refuse him permission to enter the parlour door; but thieves of London are in the habit of wearing all sorts of strange disguises, and our host changed his intention, thinking it might be some robber of importance, concealed under those miserable rags.

It was then about four o'clock in the afternoon; the parlour of the rookery was almost empty. There were, however, three or four of its boxes occupied, and in one of them Master Snail dressed in the costume of a gentleman—the same which he had purchased the day before in Hart street by the orders of Captain Patrick O'Chrane—was gravely playing whist with Tom Turnbull and two others of the family.

Tom Turnbull's head was bandaged up with a handkerchief; but otherwise, he retained no trace of the frightful battle at the Pipe and Pot. Big Mike, however, less fortunate or more sensitive, was still under the doctor's hands.

At the sight of Donnor of Ardagh, and of his ragged old black coat, the first impulse of the thieves assembled in the rookery parlour, was to laugh at him; but the honest face of the poor Irishman had something in it that at once inspired

an interest, and which, joined to the words of Snail, instantly quitted their boisterous gaiety.

I have something to talk to you about, said Donor, remembering the motive of his visit which he immediately explained.

Poor Donnor of Ardagh, however found that in his enthusiastic zeal, he had energetically promised more than he could perform. Snail knew nothing, and had no means of acquiring information, not withstanding his quickness of intellect, which was wonderfully precocious. The Great Family took good care not to confide its secrets to its subaltern agents.

Stephen combated with calm energy, and with all the coolness of his moral courage, against the overwhelming anguish which oppressed him. His mother, cast down by the frightful blow which had so unexpectedly fallen upon her, kept her bed; and Macnab divided the time which he could tear from the active researches that he was making, between the bedside of his mother, and that of Frank Percival. The latter was gradually getting better, and old Jack felt delighted at being every morning able to give Stephen assurances of his continued improvement.

Since that night of watching which preceded the fatal intelligence—that night when the soliloquy of Stephen, tormented at the same time by his recent jealousy and his old remembrances, had been so singularly combined with the dream of Percival, the young man had not had time to converse leisurely with his friend. He had not, however, forgot his intention to interrogate Percival. Far from that, his desire had increased,

amid the fatal circumstances by which he had been surrounded; because the carrying off of the two sisters, was connected, in his mind, by a vague tie—which, however, he could in no way define—with the subject of his mournful meditations during the night's watch.

On the evening of the third day, he left his mother at dusk, and directed his steps towards Dudley House, resolved to endeavour to discover, if he could, what relation there was between the dream of Percival, and the object of his own troubled thoughts.

Well, my friend! cried Percival, as soon as Stephen had entered the room, what news have you to day?

None whatever, replied Stephen, sorrowfully.

Do you think I shall be able to get up to-morrow, Stephen?

Stephen felt his pulse, and examined him attentively.

Perhaps, said he. You are better, Percival; there is now no danger in allowing you to talk, and I have important questions to ask you.

Questions? repeated Frank, with astonishment. I am ready to answer you.

Stephen then related, in a few words, the gloomy meditations which occupied him whilst watching by his friend's bedside.

Indeed! cried Percival, but with much more interest. And tell me, Stephen, did I pronounce the name of the marquis de Rio Santo?

No! replied Stephen. You know then what I mean?

Rio Santo, exclaimed Macnab. I had almost anticipated this. But I have never seen that man, and I cannot hope—Oh, could I but find him, for you do not know, Percival, how far our destiny has carried the party of our misfortunes. You only know the similarity of our past sorrows. Well, the present unites us still more closely. This man who throws himself between you and Miss Trevor—it is he who shuts the heart of Clara to me.

Can it be possible? ejaculated Frank.

It is he whom Clara loves with such unspeakable tenderness—the origin of which is a mystery, like everything that concerns this man. It was he, perhaps, who had carried her off.

Stephen then related all the details of what had happened, and gave a minute description of the handsome dreamer. Frank could not but recognize in him the marquis de Rio Santo.

CHAPTER XI.

There was on the same evening a small party at Trevor House. Lord Trevor was playing whist with doctor Muller, whose German phlegm had captivated him, Mr. Stewart, and Sir Arcadius Bombastic, the poet laureate.

Lady Campbell was surrounded by her court, the only personages of which who were absent, were the Marquis de Rio Santo, and the handsome Chevalier Angelo Bembo.

For five days Mary Trevor had been confined to

her room; this day she had come down into the drawing-room, to enjoy the company of Diana Stewart, her dearest friend. Poor Mary was very weak, and much changed.

During the eminently frivolous conversation, Miss Mary Trevor and Miss Diana Stewart had separated themselves from the company, and were quietly conversing together.

Mary said Diana, who became serious on perceiving the altered state of her friend; my good Mary, will you not open your heart to me? You cannot forget that we made a mutual promise, long ago, never to have a secret from each other. I have no secret to impart to you, if I had, you should know instantly. Do you no longer love me, Mary?

Oh, yes, Diana! I love you dearly—as much as ever—better indeed, since those who did love me, have forgotten me; but I have no secret.

Why, then are you so pale, Mary? Why do you never smile now?

Did I ever know how to smile, sighed Miss Trevor. Diana, you cannot mean it; I smile.

Oh, you could smile, and were happy, Mary.

Miss Trevor bowed her head.

I, ever happy! said she, as if the word belonged to some unknown language.

You were so, formerly, Mary.

I have no recollection of such a time, Diana.

Mary pronounced these words in a whisper.

There was a short pause in the conversation of the two friends.

The entrance of the Countess of Derby occa-

sioned some surprise to the frequenters of the drawing-room of Trevor House.

As to Lady Campbell, she certainly was not the least surprised. But yet she arose, smiling and ran to receive her former friend with a transport of satisfaction. The whist players had risen from the table—the reception had been gone through in due form.

In proportion as Lady Campbell appeared attentive and overjoyed to see her, the Countess of Derby was ill at ease and confused. And this was a strange occurrence, for the Countess of Derby was renowned throughout London for her incomparable knowledge of the world, and self possession. Her rivals imitated her manners, despairing to do as well if they did otherwise.

She was very pale. Her lovely eyes bore traces of fatigue, if not of tears. Her look was absent, almost to wildness.

I do not see Miss Trevor, said the Countess, before seating herself. I hope she is not ill.

Mary was sitting before her.

Oh! rejoined the countess, on perceiving her how much you are changed, dear Mary!

She kissed her, and by an involuntary gesture she put her hand into her own bosom; but instantly withdrew it, and blushed as if she had been on the point of committing some mistake. And then she hurriedly left her, and seated herself among the guests.

Madam, said de Lantures Luces, I do not think I ever saw you wear a more exquisite brooch.

It is only right to add, that the countess did

not wear a fan which the little Frenchman could have admired in preference.

Are you not going to give us some news of our dear Frank Percival? added he.

Lady Derby changed colour.

How you blush, my lady said the Honourable Cicely Kemp, and how pale you are looking now!

Be quiet, my dear—be quiet, said Lady Margaret.

Frank Percival, stammered the countess. I really do not know.

Lord John must have been mistaken, then, said the little Frenchman, who after all was kind-hearted.

The countess being thus put upon her guard, made some effort to regain her composure.

I have seen the honourable Frank Percival, sir, said she; he is still suffering from his wound; and, besides—he suffers much, sir.

Mary pressed Miss Stewart's arm, and went to another part of the room. The countess looked anxiously toward her. The remainder of her visit, which was a short one, was irksome, in spite of the efforts of Lady Campbell, who employed all her admirable resources of conversation to render it less awkward. The countess was evidently embarrassed, and, strange to say, it appeared that her confusion arose from some feeling of shame or remorse.

She at length rose to leave the room. Every one hastened to imitate her; for contrary to the effect she usually produced, her presence seemed to be a weight upon every one.

After having taken leave of Lady Campbell, and bowed to Lord James, instead of going toward the door, she hurriedly approached Mary, who uttered a faint cry.

It was one of surprise, no doubt.

Notwithstanding, Miss Cicely Kemp pretended, in spite of the hush, frequently reiterated, of Lady Margaret, that the countess had taken a paper from her bosom, which she had thrown on Mary's lap while she was kissing her.

Lady Campbell threw a suspicious glance toward them, but saw nothing. 'Tis true, that the white hand of Diana Stewart had hastily been put forward, and then withdrawn again. Fortunately, the honourable Cicely Kemp had not perceived the movement. The Countess of Derby had left the drawing room. It was evidently nothing. The circle was again formed, and they began to talk over the unexpected visit.

During this time, Mary, who was trembling and almost breathless, received in secret from Miss Stewart's hands a letter, the address of which she had instantly recognized as the writing of Frank.

Miss Cicely Kemp was not, therefore, so very wrong in her conjecture.

CHAPTER XII.

On leaving Trevor House, the countess threw herself with terror into the corner of her carriage. An enormous weight was lying at her

heart. It seemed to her that all London, would, the next morning, read upon her features the crime she had just committed against the decorum of society.

The carriage had stopped at the entrance of Barnwood House, before her emotion had subsided.

I would not have done it, said she to herself—oh! no! I should not dared—oh! Heaven! but the poor girl was so pale, and appeared to suffer so much!

Frank's letter contained only a few lines. It was appointing a meeting with Mary, in respectful, but earnest and pressing terms, at her friend, Miss Diana Stewart's, house.

Mary read the letter, and remained for some moments completely absorbed in meditation.

Do you think that a man can love two women, Diana? asked she suddenly.

Do you not know, Mary, replied Miss Stewart, giddily, that the Marquis de Rio Santo never loves less than four at a time!

A tear trickled down Miss Trevor's cheek.

Frank is just the same, no doubt murmured she; he loves me, and he loves that woman. As for me, I no longer love him

She handed the letter to Miss Stewart.

Hear me, Diana, she continued, to-morrow, when he comes to your house to meet me, tell him that I am very happy. Tell him that it is quite a pleasure to hear me sing, to see me smile. Tell him that my gaiety more than equals yours, so madly happy am I.

The next day at the appointed hour, Frank

Percival hastened to the rendezvous, Diana was alone in her mother's drawing-room. She was compelled to impart to her cousin the sorrowful intelligence of Mary's positive refusal.

But Frank had not the time to express his disappointment; for Diana had scarcely ended her communication when Miss Trevor entered the room, without having been announced.

She was dressed in white, although it was in the morning and in the depth of winter.

She walked across the room with the same light and agile step which formerly distinguished her, and gave her hand to Diana and then to Frank. She sat down between them as she was wont in happier times, before Percival began his travels.

I have been dreaming of you both, all night, she said; dreaming wide awake, for it is long since I have slept. I thought my dear Diana would believe I had a hard heart, and I wished to see Frank—I will say, my dear Frank, too—she added, with a smile, to assure him that Mary Trevor is still anxious for his happiness.

She looked by turns at Percival and Diana Stewart, who both remained mute with astonishment.

You appear sorrowful, my dear Diana, she rejoined, and you, Frank, are much changed. As to myself, I know not whether I am dying or whether I am going mad.

These strange words were pronounced, as all that she had said, in that light and easy tone which is used when talking of everyday occurrences, or of unimportant matters. But they fell like

icy lead upon the heart of Frank, and made Diana tremble.

Diana, resumed she, suddenly, do you no longer remember the part you used to play? When we were thus all three assembled, you used, after a few minutes had elapsed, to take a fancy to try some air on your piano—do you not remember, dear Diana? then Frank and I remained alone.

Miss Stewart remained motionless. Mary stamped with her little foot upon the carpet.

Well, Diana, exclaimed she, impatiently, as long as you sit there, Frank will not tell me that he loves me.

Diana rose, and by a mechanical impulsion, slowly moved towards the piano, which she opened.

Mary gave her hand to Percival, who was sorrowfully observing her. The slight colour which her recent impatience had called up to her cheek had vanished. She bent her head upon her chest and remained silent.

Diana mechanically ran her fingers over the keys of the piano. The sudden noise had the effect of an electric shock on Mary. She started violently, abruptly raised her head, and withdrew her hand from between those of Percival; and looking at him as if she had only then perceived him, she hurried from him, saying:

What are you doing here, sir?

Mary! my dear Mary, cried Frank, who preferred this sudden rigour to the irrational tenderness which Miss Trevor had just evinced toward him; in the name of Heaven! Mary, I conjure you to hear me! Be not as cruel to me as your

father has been ; do not reject me before you have heard my justification. I love you still, Mary—I have never loved but you !

Miss Trevor made a visible effort to retain the semblance of coldness which she had assumed.

Sir, she replied, your words astonish me. Why should you justify yourself? I do not accuse you, It is also giving too much importance to the past, which is already so far removed from us, and which we are, both of us, about to renounce.

Both of us, Mary? Oh, no ! at all events, not I ! That past will always be my dearest recollection. Oh, God ! it is true, then, that you no longer love me?

It is true sir?

And you can tell me so, without emotion, without regret, Mary ?

I can and I ought to do so, for I am now the affianced wife of the Marquis de Rio Santo.

CHAPTER XIII.

The name of the Marquis de Rio Santo, pronounced by the lips of his beloved Mary Trevor, pierced the heart of Frank as witha poniard ; his features, haggard from the fever he had laboured under, and pallied from the effects of his wound, eloquently expressed the heart-rending grief which oppressed his soul, and he remained for a moment incapable of uttering a reply.

Madam, said he, in that serious and firm voice, which compels attention, I did not know that

you were the affianced bride of the Marquis de Rio Santo; but had I been informed of it, I should only have been more eager to take the step which has this day brought me here. I am no longer, madam, speaking of myself; let what may happen, my tongue shall not again utter either entreaties or complaints. I will endeavour to forget, as you have done, those cherished remembrances of a love, which were my greatest treasure. There are no longer any ties between us but the vows which you pronounced, and from which I now absolve you.

Although I no longer hope, I still love; and I have done nothing, madam, which can deprive me of the right of watching over your welfare, and of preventing, so far as I am able, the frightful misfortune—with which you are threatened—

I do not understand you, sir, stammered Mary.

I will explain myself, madam, replied Frank, and was proceeding to inform Mary of the marquis's treacherous conduct.

Are you listening to me, Mary, asked Frank, abruptly; for, during several seconds, Miss Trevor's person had assumed a strangely fearful aspect.

She made no reply to Frank's question.

Mary! Mary! cried Frank, what is the matter? answer me!

The same silence—the same immobility.

Oh, Diana, said Frank, come here, I conjure you! Mary is dead!

Miss stewart flew from the piano to her friend, and remained mute with astonishment at her aspect.

Dead! exclaimed she, at length; it is impossible? Look, Frank, her back is not even leaning against the chair! Mary, in the name of Heaven! Frank, what have you done to her?

I was telling her what Rio Santo, her affianced husband is, replied Percival. Oh, Diana, they were not my words that killed her—the blow is of a more ancient date.

Hush, cried Diana, interrupting him. Listen. I hear some noise on the staircase.

She ran to secure the door, but it was too late; she only reached it in time to meet Lady Campbell face to face.

Mary and Frank, exclaimed the latter, who became pale with anger. What, Miss Stewart, added she, giving to her voice an expression of disdain, is your mother's house a fitting place for such a meeting?

Madam, replied Diana, blushing, the moment is ill chosen—

She pointed to Miss Trevor, who remained motionless, stiff, and as if petrified.

Every moment is a fitting one to feel and express indignation against a base and inexcusable action, Miss Stewart, drily replied Lady Campbell, who had no idea of the dreadful state of her niece.

Oh, madam! madam! incapable any longer of restraining the strong feeling of dislike she entertained towards Lady Campbell, Frank Percival was just asking me who was the executioner—the pitiless executioner—who had been inhuman enough to torture, even unto death this sweet dear girl.

It was she, then! cried Frank, who looked at Lady Campbell from head to foot, with unconcealed hatred.

The latter assumed a look of haughty dignity, and passed, with head erect, between Frank and Diana, to approach Mary.

Come, my child, said Lady Campbell, let us leave a house, into which you ought not to have come.

As Mary made no reply, she took her by the hand: but the moment she touched her marble fingers. Lady Campbell uttered a loud cry, and fell terrified into an arm chair. Frank advanced toward her.

I left her with you, madam, young, beautiful, and happy, said he, in a voice in which indignation and heart felt sorrow were combined; do you understand me?—happy! And now, there she is, in a dying state! Ah, madam, mankind will not be called upon to judge you, but—may God pardon you! And he immediately left the house.

A servant was immediately dispatched to Wimpole street, to summon Doctor Moore, who inhabited the house next door to the one which had been occupied by Susannah, under the title of the Princess de Longueville.

While waiting the arrival of the doctor, Lady Campbell and Miss Stewart fruitlessly endeavoured to recover the seemingly petrified Mary. Her frightful malady filled them with terror and amazement. They thought that Miss Trevor still lived; but they could not be assured of it, for

she had neither respiration, no pulse, no warmth about her.

At the first glance Doctor Moore fully comprehended the malady of Miss Trevor. His impassive features expressed neither surprise nor anxiety; but to a close observer, the sudden acceleration of his step—usually so measured—would have been a certain indication of the seriousness of the case.

Sir—oh, sir! cried Lady Campbell, tell us quickly what we have to fear, and what we have to hope.

The doctor recommended her to be silent, by a gesture.

He drew forward an arm chair, and seated himself immediately opposite to Mary. Having done this, he threw himself back in it, and examined her attentively for about a minute.

Lady Campbell, I request you will have the goodness immediately to order some mustard poultices to be prepared, said he, without taking his eyes off the invalid; but let them first bring a basin and some water.

It was at that moment only that any expression could be discerned in the doctor's features, which suddenly lighted up with intelligence and curiosity.

The doctor rubbed his hands and sat down. A basin full of water was then brought. The doctor drew a case from his pocket, and took out a lancet.

Let us see, said he.

The stiffened arm of Mary was uncovered,

From the opened vein issued a few dops of blood which fell slowly, one by one.

He had hardly released the arm of Miss Trevor when a maid-servant brought in the mustard poultices. Moore applied them boiling hot to the delicate small feet of Miss Trevor.

After a few minutes, the doctor rose, and bowed silently, as taking leave.

Oh: do not leave us thus, sir, cried Lady Campbell; tell us, at least, that there is yet some hope.

Miss Trevor is not dead, madam, coldly replied the doctor; and putting on his gloves with great care, he added: I will call again this evening.

CHAPTER. XIV.

Five days had now elapsed since the one on which Clara Macfarlane had fallen into the hands of Bob Lantern, who had *ceded* her to Bishop, the burker. The latter had taken her to Doctor Moore, and he had kept her shut up in his house Wimpole street.

It was there that she awoke from the fictitous sleep induced by Mr. Bishop's potion, of which the amiable and lively Mrs. Grubb had mixed a tolerable doze in the famous Scotch ale, at the King's head.

One only object stood prominently forward in the confused and gloomy recesses, of her memory

—this was the pale face of Angus Macfarlane, clearly discerned from the rays of the moon that shone brightly upon it. The recollection of the events which had preceded the dreadful scene on the river, was more vivid and more perfect. She remembered the spacious room at the King's Head, her sister lying there asleep, and the anguish caused by the struggle she had made against her own drowsiness.

In three days, Clara had attained the state desired for trying new experiments. Her healthy and robust nature, completely disorganized, had lost all its strength. But, on the other hand, her nervous sensibilities had increased almost to becoming epileptic, and were still farther irritated and incessantly, by the cruel and periodical alarms of her awakening.

But the malady of Miss Trevor had, as we have seen, all at once changed its aspect. Before this unknown disease, Doctor Moore paused, undecided. He could no more produce it in another, than he could stop its progress with Miss Trevor. For a time, the doctor ceased his experiments on Clara, who had become useless to him, and left her under the charge of Rowley, who divided his leisure moments between her and his Toxicological Amusements.

We now know what Doctor Moore meant when speaking to the Marquis de Rio Santo of the new symptoms, and the terrible crisis which had occurred to Miss Trevor. Their conversation and the events which had preceded it, had taken place the day following that on which Frank Percival and Mary had met at Lady Stewart's house. Miss

Trevor had remained, during four-and-twenty hours in a state of catalepsy. During these twenty-four hours, Moore had exhausted every means furnished by his profound knowledge and his great experience.

He had endeavoured to act upon her senses by other than medical experiments He had ordered a concert to be given in the room occupied by the invalid, because certain authors had asserted that music is a soverign remedy for that description of nervous affection.

Miss Trevor's malady obstinately resisted all Moore's efforts. As we have seen her in the drawing-room of Lady Stewart, so she remained, with her pale and motionless features, her eyes fixed and glassy as chrystal, her stiffened limbs, and statue-like position.

On leaving the marquis, Doctor Moore hastened to Miss Trevor. No change had taken place since his last visit. Diana Stewart and Lady Campbell who would not leave her for a moment, were in utter despair.

The doctor, according to his invariable habit, did not reply to the questions they addressed to him, and left them after ordering some trifling remedies, and from which he did not expect any effect. When he returned to his house in Wimpole street, he summoned Rowley, as he had done before, and asked for the news of Clara.

I'faith! said Rowley, we must strike the iron while 'tis hot, and observe living nature as long as life lasts. Life is flitting, sir, and if you wish to strike the iron you must be quick about it, for it is cooling.

Are there any new symptoms, then?

Yes, yes, sir; that's quite certain: there is a new symptom, and to morrow there will be another—she will be dead.

Leave her alone, said the doctor, in a low voice, and prepare the voltaic battery—the large one

Rowley looked at him with astonishment, and then went away, muttering to himself:—

Pshaw! what a fuss he makes about her! It must be admitted that she has been treated with all due ceremony.

The hour at which the Marquis de Rio Santo had ordered that he should be awakened, had arrived. The Chevalier Angelo Bembo had taken upon himself to do this, and for that purpose had entered the laird's room, in which the marquis had fallen asleep. The latter was still in the arm-chair, in which we left him.

At the first touch from Bembo, he opened his eyes, but closed them again, instantly.

So soon! said he, wearily. Oh, this sleep has quite overpowered it.

Give me some drink, said he, leaning upon the sculptured ornaments of his writing table.

Bembo took a small key, which hung suspended by a silken cord round his neck, and opened a small and magnificently inlaid casket, which stood upon a shelf. From this casket he took a glass, and a half-empty decanter. He poured some water into the glass, and mixed with it wo drops

of the contents of the decanter. The water was immediately covered with sparkling bubbles and became of a bright golden colour.

Rio Santo drank a mouthful of it.

'Tis well, said he; tell my valet to prepare my clothes.

He seated himself and emptied the glass. When he again rose, in about a minute afterward, there was a fire in his look, before so dim, and his cheeks were flushed. His manly form became proudly erect. He walked with a firm step toward his dressing-room.

And, when a few minutes afterward, he issued from it, dressed with that simple elegance with which his name had become synonymous, no one could have recognized the man who, only a few minutes before, was a poor feeble invalid, bent down with the fatigue and fever occasioned by seven long nights of watching.

He was now indeed the superb Rio Santo, the king of that brilliant army who perform their evolutions in the drawing rooms of the West end.

The Chevalier Angelo Bembo offered him his hand, to assist him to mount the low steps of his carriage, before which the magnificent horses were impatiently pawing the ground.

Rio Santo looked at him with a smile. Bembo, who had not before observed his features, drew back, struck with fearful admiration—he saw such an exuberance of strength and indomitable power in the person who, but a few minutes previous, he had seen weak and attenuated.

Oh, Don Jose, exclaimed he, that which would cast down the strongest men seems to pass by you

without even leaving any trace. I saw you dying, and now I find you vigorous and alert, and able to encounter fatigue which would exhaust me, and render me weak as a child. Does, then, your soul keep in reserve for your enfeebled body these treasures of superabundant vigour?

Rio Santo smiled, and, with one bound, leaped into his carriage.

CHAPTER XV.

The equipage of the Marquis de Rio Santo went along the Green Park, whence the cold and fog had already chased the promenaders, then bowled down Piccadilly, and turning into Regent-street, stopped before Barnwood House.

I will be with you in a quarter of an hour, Ange, said the marquis, before alighting; let the coachman drive up and down the street, that the people may not observe the carriage waiting at Lady Derby's door.

The Countess of Derby was alone and overwhelmed by sorrowful reflections. She was ignorant of the fatal result of the interview between Frank and Miss Trevor, and the painful impressions which the proceedings of the day before had left upon her mind, would not have been sufficient, in themselves, to have left such bitter traces on her features of unhappiness and disappointment.

When Joan, her waiting-maid, announced the Marquis de Rio Santo, she rose, joyful and consoled, and made a step toward the door. But

then she became motionless: over the head of the man who was about to enter, the man she loved so ardently, she had, alas, suspended dishonour, or perhaps death. She fell back trembling into her arm chair. Rio Santo entered the room, and felt the hand, which he was about raising to his lips, tremble within his grasp.

The emotion of the countess was contagious. Rio Santo, overcome by sudden embarrassment, let fall the hand he had been about to kiss, and fixed on Lady Derby one of those scrutinizing looks which feeble or subjugated hearts cannot withstand.

Poor Ophelia, said he compassionately, what afflictions has my love brought upon you. You are the most noble, and the most lovely of all the women of whom I retain remembrance. I love you as much as I did formerly, even more tenderly than I have ever loved you, and it shall not be said that you have bent the knee to me in vain. Sit down; take a pen, Ophelia, and write to the honourable Frank Percival.

The countess immediately obeyed. Rio Santo leaned over the back of her arm-chair.

I wish you plainly to understand, that Percival has nothing to fear from me, madam; for your slightest wishes will be attended to by me, as the orders of a master. But I am the property of others, and what appears to you to be my will is but my destiny. Was I not constrained to tear myself from you, and forego the happiness I enjoyed with you? Write, I beg of you.

Lady Derby dipped her pen in the inkstand, and the marquis continued:

Write to the noble Frank Percival that you will wait for him in your carriage, at the corner of Duke-street, opposite the St. James's Theatre —to-morrow evening, at nine o'clock.

Ophelia wrote as she was directed.

And shall I go to the theatre as you say? asked she.

Your equipage must be there, but not yourself. I will receive Frank Percival.

Ophelia turned quickly round, and gazed with much anxiety at Rio Santo.

I pledge you the word of a gentleman, exclaimed the marquis, in reply to her inquiring look, that Percival's life shall be respected, Write the address, for our hours are counted.

The countess still hesitated. She remembered the Chevalier de Weber. While she was hesitating, Rio Santo looked at the timepiece, and took up his hat.

Madam, said he, bowing, a most imperative duty could alone compel me to leave you so abruptly. You appear to wish for time to reflect; do reflect maturely. To morrow you will inform me of your decision.

He then withdrew, and the countess remained in gloomy meditation. She had certainly good cause for it. The hours passed by unheeded; and the clock had twice struck, without its vibrations having attracted her attention, or aroused her from her reverie. Was she then thinking of the danger to which Frank Percival might be exposed? Alas, the countess was a generous woman. Everything that was feeling, or worthy, or good,

her heart contained. But suffering love has not thought but for itself. Ophelia had quite forgotten the letter, and was passing in review, all the fond recollections of a love which has cost her so dear.

Long before this, Rio Santo had regained his carriage. Bembo might have remarked a cloud upon his brow at the moment when he seated himself upon its silken cushions, and when the coachman asked where he was to drive, the marquis absently replied:

I know not.

We are doubtless to return to Irish House? said Angelo.

No, no, hastily returned the marquis, whose faculties seemed to be absorbed by some momentous consideration; the night will be far advanced, Ange, before we can return to Irish House.

And then addressing the coachman, he added, resolutely.

To Cornhill—Falkston's shop.

The carriage was soon in motion.

Ange, rejoined Rio Santo, whose voice evinced some emotion, you were talking of danger—the hour of danger is now near.

So much the better, my lord, exclaimed Bembo; by the holy angels, my patrons, so much the better.

The carriage stopped at the corner of Finch-lane in Cornhill. Rio Santo then continued in a succint and easy tone:

Thus, *caro*, you have become my aid-de-camp.

I have not told you anything, but I have permitted you to guess; that is also a mark of confidence

I so feel it, my lord, and I expect that you will make me useful to you.

You have not long to wait for that, Bembo. I now charge you to have all the lords of the night assembled this very evening at Whitechapel. I shall be there in two hours, and they must be there to meet me.

You shall find them there, my lord.

Adieu, then, till this evening, said Rio Santo, springing out of the carriage and turning the corner of Finch lane, to get into the narrow alley, in which was situated the entrance to the warehouse of Edward and Co.

The carriage remained standing before the shop of Falkstone, the jeweller. Bembo got out of it and took a cab

There was no light in the warehouse of Edward and Co., the shutters of which were hermetically closed; but Ereb, a little black boy, who had descended from the seat behind the carriage at the same time Rio Santo had alighted, drew a key from his bosom and opened the door.

Go and strike upon the gong in the centre room, said Rio Santo, as he was entering the house.

How many strokes?

Only one.

The gong had hardly ceased vibrating, when one of the six doors was opened, and Fanny Bertram entered the room.

Fanny held in her hand a casket inlaid with

grotesque ornaments, in which her cipher was fancifully interwoven with that of Rio Santo.

Give it to me, Fanny, give it to me, exclaimed the latter, eagerly seizing the casket. Are there many letters?

There are a great many, said Fanny, seating herself by the marquis.

And the key?

Let me open it, Edward; your hand trembles very much.

Rio Santo's hand did in fact tremble. As soon as Fanny had turned the key in the lock, he raised the lid, and anxiously looked at its contents.—There were about twenty letters, With a single glance he discovered among them a rough packet bearing an Irish post mark. He uttered a cry of joy, and tore open the envelope.

CHAPTER XVI.

Fanny Bertram remained seated by the side of Rio Santo. Although the letter from Ireland, so ardently desired, was open before her, and at a distance at which she might have read its contents, Rio Santo did not appear to think of removing farther from her; he was reading it eagerly and without mistrust. He, who deprived himself of all assistance that he might not have a confidant, now left a portion af his secret unveiled before a woman.

Rio Santo, however, eagerly devoured the contents of his letter from Ireland. By degrees, as

he perused it, the brilliancy of his eyes increased, and his features were lighted up with joy.

Ten thousand! he at length exclaimed enthusiastically—ten thousand truly brave and honest hearts!

Fanny, who was looking at him with admiration, as we would contemplate a beloved portrait or favourite composition, started upon hearing this sudden exclamation.

Are you then going to make war on any one, my lord? asked she, smiling at her own terror. She thought herself far from the truth.

Rio Santo did not reply. A new thought appeared to cross his mind. His brow was suddenly clouded.

But this letter is already ten days old, muttered he. These men must have arrived already—and I—I am not prepared.

There must be another, said he.

Rio Santo emptied the contents of the casket on the floor. The letter instantly struck his view. The one dated London that very day, the address of which was written in the same hand as the letter he had first opened.

This letter was a species of corollary to the first, which announced the departure of ten thousand Irishmen, all directed towards London, in small bodies, and by various routes: it advised the marquis of the arrival of this sort of army.

Rio Santo had then in London ten thousand Irish soldiers; that is to say, ten thousand intrepid and starving men, full of energy, and ready for anything.

He threw himself back in his arm-chair, and Fanny Bertram heard him murmur,—

Oh! these six days lost!

How happy ought I to have been, when I believed he loved me! thought the beautiful Fanny, whose looks were rivetted to the face of Rio Santo.

The latter rose, and rapidly glanced over the remaining letters. These were of all descriptions, and many were written on idioms, which the learned men of the Royal Society would have been puzzled to decipher. But Rio Santo was not a member of any academy.

He hurriedly perused all these missives, and in each of them he found news favourable to his designs. Everything on that day succeeded to desire. From every part of the globe was sent an army against his powerful enemy.

And then, when he arranged upon the table all these letters, which, in mute concert, appeared to promise him success and victory, a feeling of intense pride pervaded his heart. His noble features were illuminated by a look of omnipotent power. He felt himself like the rebellious archangel, capable of storming heaven itself.

A few minutes afterward, the Marquis de Rio Santo was announced in the drawing-room of the Prince Demetrius Tolstoy, embassador from Russia.

The Russian had just completed his toilet, and was going to an eveniug party at the palace.

On seeing Rio Santo, he assumed an affable air, and ordered the servants to send his equipage back to the stables.

Marquis, said he, the honour of your visit makes me singularly happy. I hope that we are going to have a long conversation.

We are about to have a very long conversation, prince, replied Rio Santo.

The prince bowed very graciously, and conducted his guest to the magnificent arm chair which was standing at the corner of the fire-place.

Rio Santo seated himself, and the prince did the same.

My lord, said the latter, our affair is proceeding well. I have in every respect followed the instructions of your lordship, and it would not at all astonish me, if, in the course of two or three months' time—

Prince! said Rio Santo, gently interrupting him, with or without the assistance of your excellency, everything will be concluded in two or three days.

Prince Demetrius Tolstoy gazed at Rio Santo with amazement, and with that air which seems to imply, surely the man is mad.

Assuredly, my lord, said he, after a short pause, I am henceforth completely at your lordship's service; but it is not possible that you can be ignorant of the delays which always attend diplomatic negociations. Within the last six days I have commenced a series of measures—

Your excellency must continue them, said Rio Santo, interrupting him; but as to me, I have not the time to await the result. You must make an advance upon these results. Does not your excellency think that a diplomatic promise can be discounted like a bill of exchange?

If your lordship would begin to explain this matter more clearly?

You would not understand me better than you do now, prince, because you even now perfectly comprehend my meaning. But your excellency will have time to reflect.

Tolstoy's heart was oppressed by a vague feeling of uneasiness. He felt that Rio Santo had discovered a vulnerable point in him, and he could not imagine any mode of defending it. He remained standing, with his arms folded, before the marquis, who was still negligently reclining in the arm-chair.

Rio Santo continued, in a dry tone,—

I do not wish to keep you longer in suspense, prince. After having read your letter, a sudden fancy seized me to inspect the proofs confided by you to the Signora Palianti.

Imprudent!—imprudent and mad! exclaimed the prince, enraged at his own folly.

I should not have dared to have applied that last epithet to your excellency, rejoined Rio Santo. The signora at first refused to satisfy my curiosity. I ought, in justice to her, add, that she for a long time resisted my entreaties—for at least five minutes, prince. But, however valiant it may be, all resistance must have its term. The signora at length ceded. I had within my hands those famous documents, which informed me that you were associated with the secret societies of Germany. Odsbud, prince, in Russia you follow strictly all the rules of the terrible game of conspiracy. Nothing was wanting in your bundle of

documents; speeches, oaths written with blood, and even a classified list of the conspirators.

Rio Santo laughed heartily. Tolstoy chewed the cud in silence.

The list was there, sure enough, continued the marquis, and were filled with noble names, among which figured that of your excellency.

And what did your lordship do with all those old rags? timidly asked Tolstoy, who breathed with difficulty.

I returned them to the signora, prince.

I only retained two or three of them, prince, rejoined Rio Santo, with his immoveable courteousness; but one in particular, the smallest of all—three lines, written and signed with blood.

The oath! stammered Tolstoy, thunderstruck.

Precisely, prince.

The oath by which I swore——Oh, God! Oh, God!

By which you swore to plunge your dagger into his majesty's breast! Young Germany does not stick at trifles.

Tolstoy cast upon Rio Santo a look of envenomed hatred.

My lord marquis, cried he, convulsively grasping Rio Santo's hand, may God preserve you from ever falling into my power, as I am now in yours. Command me—I will obey.

Prince, said Rio Santo, rising, and bowing to take his leave—to morrow I shall have the honor of letting you hear from me.

My lord marquis, I shall wait your orders.

Tolstoy conducted his visitor to the very last step before the door. He followed the elegant

and whirling equipage, into which Rio Santo sprang, with his eyes, and there was no longer any symptom of hatred in his look.

It is useless to offer any opposition to this man, muttered he to himself, as he slowly ascended to his drawing-room; it is far better to follow his triumphal car. Well, I must be off to court. By Saint Nicholas! this may, perhaps be my last attendance.

After turning the corner of a street, Rio Santo's carriage stopped. The coachman got down from the box, and went on foot toward Irish House. Ereb took the reins in his stead, and without waiting for further orders, drove rapidly on.

During this time, Angelo Bembo fulfilled a part of his commission, by convoking the lords of the night. That being done, he directed his steps toward Prince's-street, near the Bank of England. At the angle formed by that street and the Poultry, opposite to the opening of Cornhill, there was a small ground floor room, neat and newly whitewashed, occupying half the space which is now used as a pine-apple and orange shop, with doorways, both upon the Poultry and Prince's-street.

It was before this house that Bembo stopped.

Bembo was in haste. He precipitately entered the little back parlour, in which Jedediah Smith was reading aloud, and in a snuffling tone of voice, a chapter of the Bible.

What do you wish? cried the latter, discontinuing his reading.

Major, replied Bembo, Mr. Edward has sent me—

Hush, signor, hush! said he; call me Jedediah Smith. This house is public, you see.

Well, then, Mr. Jedediah Smith, rejoined Bembo, I am sent to ascertain positively how far the works have advanced.

My lord shall be satisfied, signor. Be pleased to sit down a moment.

Bembo seated himself, observing that he was pressed for time.

Here, waiter, here! cried Mr. Jedediah Smith.

The devil fetch me, Mr. Smith! replied Captain O'Chrane, who at this moment made his entrance.

I called you, rejoined Mr. Smith, to answer this gentleman.

And what does this honourable gentleman want? inquired he.

Bembo repeated to him in a few words, the question he had addressed to Mr. Smith.

Is that it, in the devil's name, exclaimed O'Chrane. Let me inform the gentleman, upon my faith, that he is not speaking to the waiter of a public house, but to Captain Paddy O'Chrane, commander of the sloop Herring, which belonged to the house of Green and Green, of Carlisle.

That is not the question, said Mr. Smith; answer the question.

I am to answer him, am I? death to my bones, I am to answer him, cried the captain.

Bembo stamped his foot impatiently. I am in haste, said he,

The devil you are, sir! why did you not say

that before? Well sir, the thing goes on slowly Dublin was not built in a day.

But how does the mine get on?

The mine, sir, did you say the mine? I suppose you are speaking of the hole. Faith, here it is, under your feet and mine.

Cannot I go down into it with you?

Is it if you can go down? Faith I suppose you can; yet nobody ever put a nose into it but myself in general. What say you, Mr, Smith?

This gentleman comes from his Honour, replied Mr. Smith.

Ah! may Satan's imps sleep with me! cried Paddy, respectfully taking off his hat. I am the gentleman's humble servant. I suppose, as you come from his Honour, the order for not admitting any one cannot apply to you: and if you have a fancy to see the hole, I will shew it.

Bembo could not restrain the impulse of his excited curiosity.

I shall be able to give my lord a more positive answer, said he; I accept your offer, sir.

Paddy O'Chrane drew himself up to his full height, uttering a tremendous oath, which made Mr. Jedediah start violently, and then with slow steps moved toward the hole, in which his long body disappeared, inch by inch. Bembo followed him. At the bottom of the staircase was a cellar, in every respect like one in which a real trade was carried on. Captain Paddy walked across it without stopping, and at the farther end of it removed a large vat, which served to conceal a door. It was here that the hole excavated by Saunders, the elephant began.

Allow me, sir, said the captain, and pray excuse me if I go in first; I am at home here.

CHAPTER XVII.

The day on which Captain Paddy O'Chrane introduced Angelo Bembo into the mine, it was almost completed; the compass had indicated the precise direction to be followed, and O'Chrane had ascertained that, to come out at the exact centre of the bank, it would be necessary that the gallery should re-ascend a little. He conjectured that they were separated from the bank cellars only by a foot or two.

Bembo went along the gallery, which was very well lighted by oil lamps, with extreme surprise. He could not have believed that one man was capable of doing so much.

After proceeding a few steps farther, they began a rather rapid ascent, and soon afterwards the captain stopped suddenly, and stood close up against the wall.

If your lordship will take the trouble to look forward, you will see Saunders the elephant, the biggest rascal in the three kingdoms, and the tallest, too, or may the devil fetch me!

Bembo raised his eyes, and saw, in fact, a collossal mass, which, groaning and puffing, rose and let fall his arms alternately. He had not heard the steps of the visitors, and continued his work without imagining they were near him.

Bembo for some time contemplated, with mute

surprise, the human machine before him, of whose extraordinary strength everything around him bore evidence. The giant was half naked—the light of the last lamp fell upon his shoulders, which were covered with perspiration. His muscles alternately appeared in full relief, and fell back again, and the athletic dimensions of his brawny trunk so far exceeded all human proportions, that Bembo thought he was dreaming.

Well, my lord, said he, after allowing Bembo to indulge his curiosity for a short time, and with the mock-modesty of a sportsman who displays his favourite horse to the admiration of a stranger, tell me, in the name of St. Patrick, what do you think of my little Sawney?

Just as Paddy had finished this sentence, the small timepiece struck eleven. The elephant let fall the implement with which he had been working, and drew a long sigh of satisfaction.

Well done, Saunders, cried O'Chrane, in a paternal tone—you know how to count, lazy bones, that you are! Drink this glass of gin to the health of his lordship.

At the sight of Bembo he raised his hand to his uncovered head, as if he were about to take off a cap or hat. At the same time he smiled innocently, and cast down his eyes like a timid child.

He has been broken in, cried the captain;—broken in and taught manners by me, by the holy poker!

Saunders swallowed, at one gulp, the enormous glass of gin which Paddy presented to him. Hi

pallid and bloated face was not at all animated by it; he merely licked his lips and growled—

Good, Mr. Paddy, Good!

I believe you, you drunken vagabond, replied the captain. Have you seen enough of him, my lord?

Bembo gave a sigh of compassion, which he received as an affirmation.

Go to bed, you spongy gin sack! Go to bed, my worthy comrade; sleep well, and may the devil fetch you! take care not to have very bad dreams.

Saunders squeezed himself, as best he could, between Bembo and the wall. In a minute afterwards he was snoring like a Cyclop's bellows.—Paddy led Bembo to the table, and poured out two glasses of gin.

My lord, said he, you have seen everything. I drink to your lordship's health.

But all I have seen does not inform me as to the precise state of forwardness of the works, said Bembo.

Paddy assumed his most dignified air, and sententious mode of speech.

Thunder of Heaven! exclaimed he, producing a small piece of greasy paper covered with figures, the lines of which were not particularly straight. As to affairs of calculation, we sailors are not left handed. On board the sloop Herring, I have solved problems more difficult than this. We are under the cellars, my lord, and within ten feet of the treasure.

As Bembo had no means of verifying this assertion, and as time was precious, he turned his steps

to the soda water shop, followed by the captain, who courteously attended him to the street door, and there took leave of him. Mr. Smith was already gone.

Bembo again got into the cab, and made the driver gallop as fast as he could to Whitechapel-road. When he reached the corner of Osborne street, he paid the fare, and went on foot to Baker's row. On getting there, he knocked at the door of a large house, which was immediately opened. Inside the door were two men, whose aspect, although apparently unarmed, indicated that, notwithstanding the door being open, there might, to an unwelcome visitor, be an impediment to overcome.

What do you want, sir? said one of these men.

The Council of the Family.

Who are you?

Lord of the night.

Your lordship is late, said the other porter, or sentinel, making way for Bembo to pass: the lords have been assembled above an hour.

Bembo rapidly ran up a large and well-lit staircase, and was immediately ushered into the large saloon, in which Lady B—, after having passed through the pestiferous atmosphere of the 'Purgatory, had given the twenty thousand pounds, furnished by her royal protector, for the crown diamond.

There were about twenty men seated around a table, which was covered with green cloth. At the head, in an arm chair, more elevated than the rest, and which resembled the throne upon

which the monk in the silken robe, was seated in the ruins of St. Mary of Crewe, reclined the Marquis de Rio Santo.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was not only the throne which resembled the seat of the pretended monk of St. Mary's; there was between this grave meeting, and the banditti met to perform their orgies, other points of comparison. Had Frank Percival been suddenly introduced into this brilliantly illuminated saloon, he would undoubtedly have recognized the features of more than one of the party, and among the voices, more than one which would have made him shudder.

When Bembo was ushered into the room, Sir William Marlow, the under cashier of the bank was in possession of the floor.

I affirm, he declaimed with affectation and pedantic gravity, and I am bold to say it; I pretend that the moment is well chosen for the substraction in question. I think that from the position I hold, I have the means of speaking upon this subject with well founded authority; I may even say with perfect consistency—

Hear, hear! cried Lord Rupert, who gaped, thinking himself in the Upper House.

I thank the noble lord for his kind interruption rejoined the great official. I maintain—moreover, I advance, that the vaults of our administration never before contained so large a quantity

of the precious metals, whether in coin or bars, as they do at this moment.

A murmur of approbation ran through the assembly, which induced Lord Rupert to repeat: Hear, hear.

I sincerely thank his lordship for his very obliging encouragement, and I say—remember, gentlemen, I am speaking from the actual figures —I say that the Bank of England has now in its cellars not less than twenty five millions sterling.

As if the announcement of this monstrous sum could have pierced the walls of the building, and reach the ears of the filthy crew who were collected in the Purgatory, the speaking pipe resounded with a hollow and tremulous murmur, to which was soon added the eager plaudits of the meeting.

Twenty five millions! exclaimed blind Tyrrel, whose eyes seemed to sparkle with eagerness.

It is a handsome sum, cried Mr. Boyne, rubbing his hands.

If well employed, added the banker Fontleroy, it would double itself in six months.

And how much would the share of each of us amount to? asked Bottlesy, the future dean of Westminster, his countenance beaming with satisfaction.

That is an arithmetical question, sir, replied the cashier—a matter of simple division.

Sir William, said Rio Santo, interrupting the sub cashier, be so good as to inform us the amount of bank notes which the chests of the Bank of England now contain.

That does not appear to me of the slightest importance, my lord, seeing that those notes will

soon become merely representatives of a no longer existing value. Nevertheless, in order to satisfy your lordship, I will reply. Permit me to reflect a little.

Marlow counted upon his fingers, and then rejoined:

The chests and iron safes contain, in notes for which I would not give sixpence, double the amount of bullion in the cellars.

That is what I wished to ascertain, sir, said Rio Santo.

Bembo had just drawn near to him, to make his report.

My lords, almost immediately added Rio Santo, your just impatience will soon be satisfied; in forty eight hours from this time we shall have possession of the bank.

The gravity of the assembly could not withstand this most joyful announcement, and a loud hurrah made the very ceiling of the room vibrate with gladness.

The lords of the night then separated, and doubtless all enjoyed most splendid dreams.

Moore returned to his house in Wimple-street. During the whole of that day he had not once thought of Clara Macfarlane, and during the entire night he thought not of her either; for he was racking his brains in attempting to see through the projects of Rio Santo. During these twenty-four hours poor Clara, whose regimen had been changed, had only to suffer from solitude, from her fears, and her regrets. Rowley had been ordered to supply her with good food, that she might the better be able to sustain the galvanic shock

to which the doctor wished to expose her. This was a respite— a reprieve between her tortures and the last act of martyrdom.

The Marquis de Rio Santo got into his carriage, with the Chevalier Angelo Bembo. He was so deeply absorbed in thought, that he had not remembered to ask Doctor Moore of the state of Mary Trevor's health. During the ride he remained silent, only, from time to time, muttering to himself some unconnected sentences, from which the bent of his thoughts could not be gathered. At the moment the carriage stopped in Belgrave-square, he took Bembo's hand, which he firmly clasped:

Angelo, said he, the hour draws near. I shall soon require your continued services. If there be any one in the world whom you love, think of them to night and to morrow; for after that time you must be wholly mine, Angelo; will you not?

I am yours, Don Jose, replied Bembo; wholly yours.

And then, when Rio Santo had left him to retire into his own apartment, Bembo, being alone, repeated slowly and in a melancholy tone:

If there be any one in the world whom you love—Poor girl!

Instead of going to his chamber, he glided softly along the passage into which the door of Angus Macfarlane's room opened, and went to the window which looked toward the Lord's corner, and leaned out of it.

Anna was still in the room in which we have already seen her. She was still seated in the arm-chair, which served her as a bed. But she was

much changed, and Bembo looked at her silently for some time.

If there be any one in the world whom I love! murmured he at length. Oh, yes! although it is an affection but of yesterday, which must be forgotten to morrow. An affection without a past, as it will be without a future. But I love her. I love her as I have never loved before, and as I shall never love again.

I have only this one night, rejoined Bembo, and it has already far advanced.

Half an hour afterward, the small door through which the Prince Demetrius Tolstoy had been introduced into Irish House, was noiselessly opened, and the Chevalier Angelo Bembo softly traversed the street. Bembo measured with eager looks the distance which separated him from the window in which Anna's wax light was burning, and tried to throw up to the balcony a silken ladder, the relic of an adventurous and thoughtless youth —which he had brought with him. He could not, however, succeed in making it catch upon the balcony. Fortunately, he was active, and happy at expedients. His poniard, thrust in between two bricks, served him as a stepping stone, and by its assistance, and that of some salient point, he at last succeeded in placing one hand upon the balcony.

Once on the balcony, he firmly attached his ladder to the balustrade; for, having got up, the most serious consideration was, how he could retreat from it, particularly, as there would be two to descend.

Anna Macfarlane awoke with a start. Bembo's

hand, round which he had wrapped his handkerchief, had just been thrust through one of the panes of glass. The moment afterward, the French window opened, creaking upon its hinges, and Bembo jumped into the room. The fresh air rushed in with Bembo, and the flames of the wax candle, feeling its influence, flickered, and but dimly illuminated the room. Anna, who had at first made a movement to run away, uttered a cry of joy, rushed forward, and fell into Bembo's arms.

Stephen! oh, my dear Stephen! exclaimed she, God has sent you to aid me.

A painful shudder ran through Bembo's nerves. He felt himself almost fainting upon hearing these words, which, by a single blow, destroyed his dearest hopes.

The flame of the candle, relieved from the sudden pressure of the air, again burnt brightly. Anna discovered her error, which had been occasioned, not so much by any resemblance between the two young men, as in the preoccupation of her own mind, to which Stephen was always present. She withdrew herself from Bembo's arms, alarmed, and ran to conceal herself, to the other end of the room.

Bembo did not attempt to follow her. The more beautiful, and innocent, and charming she appeared, the more was his heart afflicted.

Oh, my God! how much I should have loved her, said he.

Anna, however, poor child, became more and more terrified, on seeing this stranger standing motionless before her, looking at her unceasingly; and

whose features bore an expression which she could not define.

Do not alarm yourself, said Bembo, in so tender a tone, that Anna felt relieved; you need not fear me, madam; my presence ought not to occasion you any alarm.

He took her hand and raised her up, adding, sorrowfully:

Of us two, it is not you, madam, who has reason to be alarmed, or to supplicate.

How came you here, sir? she asked, with some slight remains of disgust.

Madam, said Bembo, I came here to save you. And then surmounting his instinctive repugnance to the words he was about to utter, he added, endeavouring to force a smile, do you not guess that I am sent by him?

By him! cried Anna, whose features then expressed unbounded confidence.

By Stephen, said Bembo, whispering.

Anna sprang up with joy; she laughed and wept at the same moment. Bembo turned his head away, but she did not perceive it.

You have come to fetch me away? I shall again see him, see Clara—all that I love. Thanks, thanks! Oh, I shall love you, too.

Bembo suffered cruelly; but he had fortitude enough to carry out his generous stratagem to its completion.

Come, said Bembo, Stephen is expecting you.

He took the young girl, who offered no farther resistance, in his arms, and began descending the silk ladder with great precaution. Bembo's back was turned on Irish House, while on the contrary,

Clara was looking toward it. The descent was performed very slowly, for the ladder oscillated at every movement. When half way down, between the window and the ground, Bembo thought he heard the noise of one of the windows in Irish House opening. He continued his descent; a few steps lower he felt Anna trembling violently.

Look! look! said she, in great terror; there is a phantom, which is gliding among the branches of those trees.

Bembo endeavoured, but in vain, to turn round. Anna kept looking at the phantom which was descending the trunk of one of the trees behind Irish House. When it got to a level with the wall of the court yard, it clung to it, and seemed for a moment undecided. It was a half naked man, whose meagre limbs could be perceived in the moonlight. Anna was dying with fear. At length Bembo placed his foot on the last round of the ladder—at the same instant was heard the fall of a body on the pavement. It was the phantom who had just jumped into the street: so that the two fugitives and this man reached the ground at the same instant, and found themselves in the presence of each other.

It is my father! cried Anna, tearing herself from Bembo's arms, and rushing toward him.

Angus, for it was really him, advanced one step toward his daughter, whose voice he had recognised; but as if immediately seized with a mysterious horror, he drew back staggering.

Always the shadows of the dead before me, muttered he, with agonised feeling.

My father—my dear father! cried Anna.

Leave me, leave me! cried Angus. I saw them— and as Anna attempted to throw her arms around his neck, he threw her violently upon the pavement, and fled, crying—both of them! both of them!

Bembo lost sight of him, for he turned down Belgrave Lane. He then again took Anna who had fainted, in his arms, and carried her away.

The next morning the Marquis de Rio Santo found the laird's bed vacant. There was no one near him to whom he could confide his uneasiness; for, during the whole of the day, the Chevalier Angelo Bembo did not return to Irish House.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the evening before the day on which the Marquis de Rio Santo was placed in such imminent danger, by the fierce attack of Angus Macfarlane; it was on that same evening, toward three o'clock, that the Chevalier Angelo rescued the youngest of the laird's daughters from her prison in Lord's corner. It was, consequently, the same evening, that Frank Percival was to have kept the appointment given him by the Countess of Derby.

But many things had occurred between the time that letter was received, and the hope of appointment, at which the Marquis de Rio Santo

was destined in vain to await his intended victim.

There was a secret tie—a tie of the closest nature—between Doctor Moore and the blind man Tyrrel. The latter had received from the doctor one of those services which never can be repaid, and he felt a kind of gratitude toward him. Their interests, moreover, bound them closely together. They wished to divide the successorship of the Marquis de Rio Santo. Both of them lived in Wimpole street—Tyrrel at No. 9, and Moore at No. 10: their houses joined each other.

Besides this, there was a secret communication between their houses, very ingeniously contrived; a passage, the existence of which no one could suspect; and it was through this passage that Moore and Tyrrel entered each other's houses when they had anything to communicate, so that the world could not suspect they had any intercourse with each other.

It was by this passage that the house No. 9 was so speedily evacuated, while Brian de Lancaster went to procure the assistance of the police.

Moore was absent, and had not been at home during the whole of the day. The house had remained under the charge of Rowley, the assistant poisoner, who had wrapped himself up in the exercise of his *toxological amusements*, and had left poor Clara Macfarlane to her repose. She had been removed from her dark cell, because the doctor wished her to acquire a little additional strength, before he made her undergo the terrible experiment of the galvanic shock. She was

placed in a bed, feeble, and still suffering greatly, in a room adjoining the doctor's study.

Rowley had received express orders to put a term to her fast; but as we have before said, he was completely absorbed in the soul-stirring perusal of his toxological amusements.

The passage which united the two houses opened into a short corridor, which had been taken off the width of the room that served as Clara's prison, and led straight to the doctor's study. It was therefore into this study that the fugitives from No. 9 first entered. Susannah had not even thought of offering any resistance, because she was altogether unaware that she was passing from one house into another.

It was hardly half an hour since Lancaster had left her. From that time, events had succeeded one another with such rapidity, that her confusion was so great she could scarcely comprehend what was passing before her. She was still under the influence of the dreadful alarm she had experienced at the sudden apparition of Tyrrel, at the very moment when she already conceived herself free and happy. She had hardly attained sufficient composure to ask herself what would be the result of what had happened—what Lancaster would do—what she had to hope or what to fear.

A slight moaning as if an echo of her own agony was heard close behind her. Susannah did not observe it, but endeavoured to pray. While she was praying the moans redoubled. Susannah heard them, and instantly rose up; for in her noble and generous soul, even dispair could not stifle the feelings of compassion. She listened attentively.

The complainings became weaker, and then again were uttered more loudly. Susannah took a candle from the table, and eagerly pushed open a door, which was behind the chair in which she had been sitting. The bed in which the fainting Clara was lying, was within a few paces of her.

Susannah advanced close to Clara's bedside, and was looking upon the poor patient with eyes full of commiseration. But her gaze had scarcely fallen upon the features of Clara, when her own expressed extraordinary emotion.

Clara opened her burning eyelids, for she had felt a kiss upon her hand. Her dream appeared to continue—that was her first thought, but how truly sweet and celestial was it then! The angels of her former dreams were not so beautiful as this woman, with her friendly smile, who appeared to her to be the good genius of hope and mercy. Clara gazed upon her with charming eyes, and her moanings ceased.

It is then really you! at length murmured Susannah in a low tone, which struck the ears of Clara like the notes of distant and sweet music; it is you—you whom I have so long sought—

A mute astonishment was depicted on the face of Clara Macfarlane.

You no longer recollect me, rejoined Susannah.

Who then are you, madam? asked Clara.

You do not know my name, and you did not ask me who I was, Clara, that day when you supported my fainting form upon the pavement of Cheapside; that day when you relieved a poor unknown girl, who was dying with hunger.

Hunger, cried Clara, pressing her hand to her chest. Oh, I am also dying with hunger.

Susannah rushed out of the room, and returned instantly with the collation which had been prepared for herself.

Clara's eyes were filled with tears.

Thanks, thanks, she softly said, and then struck, by an involuntary and sudden fear, she added, shuddering: But you cannot always remain with me; and when you are gone, they will again make me die with hunger.

Miserable wretches! to attack you, Clara! an angel of goodness and mercy. But I will defend you. I am as strong as a man. Let them come.

She paused, having observed that Clara suddenly became pale, and had closed her eyes with terror.

It was Mr. Rowley, with his toxicological amusements. He had entered the room with stealthy, wolf-like steps, as was his custom, and was not a little scandalized upon observing the remains of Clara's abundant repast.

Tut, tut, tut! repeated he, with increasing ill-humour; what is this lady doing here, I pray? The little girl has been eating like an ogre. Things have come to a pretty pass, i'faith! And what will the doctor say, if you please? I ask you what you think he will say?

Mr. Rowley had addressed these questions to himself, and reflecting on what he had heard Susannah say, had withdrawn to a respectful distance and was not over anxious to excite or confront her anger. The lovely girl had placed herself

between Mr. Rowley and the bed, with her arms crossed upon her chest.

Well, well, grumbled the assistant poisoner, retreating another step, I surely am not afraid of this Amazon? oh, no! And besides, with my new preparation, it would not require more than three seconds, three fifths, and a fraction, to pepper her properly. But be that as it may, I should like to get her out of this before the doctor comes home.

This wish of the worthy Rowley was not to be realized; for almost immediately afterward, the door was abruptly opened, and Doctor Moore, with a gloomy air, and a frowning brow, entered the room.

What is the meaning of all this, sir? said he, sharply addressing Rowley.

Sir Edmund passed through the secret door, replied the assistant-surgeon, whispering to Moore, and he brought that—that lady—with him.

This is no place for that lady, sir. Withdraw, and beg of her to follow you.

Sir, said Susannah, in a low, but firm tone of voice: I shall not leave this room.

Susannah turned her head toward Clara.

Oh, do not abandon me! cried the poor girl, who thought there was some degree of indecision in Susannah's movement.

Abandon you! cried Susannah, throwing her arms around her. Oh no, Clara! I know no power that can separate me from you.

The door was again opened. This time it was Tyrrel who entered the room. No one paid any attention to his entrance. Instead of advancing into the centre of the room, he remained, cold

and motionless, upon the threshold of the door, turning upon the scene, apparently with complete indifference, the inexpressive and glassy pupils of his eyes.

But Tyrrel, the blind man had, at last, determined to play a part in this scene. At the moment when Moore, rendered insane by one of those paroxysms of fury, by which men, who hypocritically endeavour to conceal their passions under the studied mask of coldness, are sometimes assailed—at the instant, we say, when he was rushing towards Susannah, who remained motionless, the robust arm of Tyrrel forcibly arrested his progress.

The doctor endeavoured to break from him, but it was in vain.

What! cried he, at length exhausted by the momentary struggle; do you dare to offer violence to me? You!

It is my idea that you must not kill that woman, doctor, calmly replied Tyrrel.

Why? miserable wretch: roared the doctor.

For several reasons, doctor; first of all, that woman is my daughter.

Susannah experienced a slight shock, and turned pale, but did not evince any surprise. Moore, on the contrary, started back, amazed.

Ah! ah! Miss Susannah, continued Tyrrel, gazing at her with that continued, penetrating, and withering look, of which the lovely girl had so often spoken to Brian de Lancaster, do you not know me again?

I do remember you, sir, said Susannah, in a low tone of voice, and yet—

And yet—signifies nothing, Miss Susannah, with a man of science, like the doctor. You saw me hanged, did you not? Who knows but you may see me hanged once more, doctor! added Tyrrel, turning towards Moore, whose anger this revelation had somewhat appeased, but who still eyed the two young girls with a hesitating look, which was of bad augury. When I say she is my daughter, you know what I mean. In the days when I was called Ishmael Spencer, she was called Susannah Spencer; that's all—and that is not precisely the reason for my throwing myself between you.

What was it, then? asked Moore.

The one I have mentioned is the least forcible of my reasons. The other is simply this—the Marquis de Rio Santo has commanded me to watch over her.

Ah! said the doctor, bending down his head.

Formally commanded me, added Tyrrel.

And yet, rejoined Moore, she knows—her living may prove my condemnation.

Tyrrel bowed very gravely.

Who will take the charge of compelling her to remain silent? Will you do so, Ishmael?

Yes, I will, replied he, resuming the apparent good nature of his pretended character of Sir Edmund.

PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

It was about the time when the Honourable Brian de Lancaster, having returned to No. 9, Wimpole-street, with a small posse of policemen, discovered that his short absence had been sufficient to allow its inmates to vacate the house.

It was a magnificent fine evening. The dampness which had pervaded the atmosphere during the whole of the day, had been congealed upon the pavement by a biting north wind; and the surface of each street resembled that of a mirror, upon which the passers by tripped, stumbled, and fell down, to the ineffable delight of all the Snails of the capital of the British empire.

In the neighbourhood of Portland-place, about the middle of Devonshire-street, had assembled, notwithstanding the immense cold, a very considerable crowd, who were standing before an open door. This crowd was entirely composed of men, who all bore a certain degree of resemblance to each other, although some of them wore the livery of wretchedness, while others among them were more decently attired. They were evidently people of the same class: for they pressed against

each other, and crowded and pushed each other about, in the most amiable manner imaginable, and without any respect to their diversity of costume.

At this moment a cab issued from Wimpole-street into Devonshire-street, and with difficulty made its way through the throng.

The cab turned into Portland place, and stopped before the house of the Earl of White Manor. Brian alighted from it, and ran up the front steps, from which the canes of the servants had once driven him, by order of his brother. He raised the knocker, and rapped loudly.

The servant who opened the door to him drew back in great affright, as if he had seen the devil in person.

Please to inform the Earl of White Manor, said Brian, with imperious calmness, that Mr. Brian de Lancaster requests a minute's audience.

The valet whom Lancaster had addressed remained undecided, so extraordinary and impossible did an interview between the earl and his younger brother appear to him. Upon Brian's peremptorily repeating his request, the man, however, obeyed.

In a few seconds he returned, and Brian was immediately conducted into the receiving room.

He threw himself into an arm-chair. His ideas were much confused.

A side door opened, and the Earl of White Manor entered the room, supported by the arm of Gilbert Paterson.

Brian's heart was touched with compassion—a sincere and increasing pity. The Earl of White

Manor was suffering more than usual; so still bore upon his features the traces of the attack which, two nights before, had precipitated him to the ground in Anna Macfarlane's room. His eyes, which endeavoured to smile, retained a fixed and stupefied gaze. One half the body refusing to obey the action of the muscles, dragged along, almost lifeless, as if seized with a commencement of paralysis. Brian could not, without grief, witness the fatal change which had taken place in his brother, since the last time he had seen him so closely; and a long time had elapsed since then. The ravages of disease were so manifest, the falling off was so apparent and so decided, that Brian could not restrain a gesture of commiseration

White Manor was the first to break silence.

What do you want of me, my brother? said he in a honeyed tone, which belied completely the expression of his countenance.

I have come for the purpose of talking with your lordship, said Brian, taking a chair, and without witnesses; and I expect that we shall be left alone.

White Manor visibly hesitated. Alone, you and I, alone, he said, Gilbert Paterson is a worthy man, brother, and he never leaves me.

The earl reflected for a minute, and then rose without assistance, and went to the door, saying, Follow me, Gilbert—Brian, I will be with you on the instant, and we shall then be alone.

In fact, after the lapse of only a few seconds, the earl returned, but instead of again seating himself opposite to Brian, he took a chair near

a table which was in the centre of the room, and on the rich cloth which covered it, he ostentatiously placed two pistols.

This will prove to you, Brian, said he, in that decided tone which men assume when they have made up their minds—this will prove to you that we are about to converse seriously; and without disguise—I hate you, that you well know. I am afraid of you, and of that you are perhaps not ignorant. I think you capable of everything; and here are two witnesses, which although mute, may still supply the place of Gilbert Paterson. I will now listen to you.

Brian smiled with pity.

Ah, my lord! said he, Don Quixote attacked the windmills with his lance—that was less insane than your attacking me with pistols. Do you not comprehend what a windfall it would be to me, were I to be assassinated by your lordship?

No, sir, I do not comprehend that, replied the earl, gloomily. The dead rail no more.

Upon my honour, it would be much better for me than to be hanged under your windows. No, no, my lord; your pistols will not save you from my attacks. You will require other weapons in the struggle which will ensue, should you reject the peace which I have come to offer you.

What! cried the earl, in the first burst of hope; you will put an end to your implacable persecutions, Brian?

I will forgive you, replied he, my lord and brother, letting fall upon Lord White Manor a cold, yet haughty look. Suppose, for a moment, if you will, that I have taken compassion upon you;

suppose that the voice of nature has spoken; that I am at length tired of thus striking against a brother; tired of overwhelming an enemy, who knows not how to defend himself! tired, finally, of bringing down the contempt of the world upon the man who bears the venerated name of my own father!

The anger of White Manor foamed up against, and rebounded, as it were, harmless from this all-conquering phlegm. It appeared to him impossible to attack a man, who did not seem to consider it possible that he could be attacked; and who, disdaining even to watch the movements of an armed enemy, was bestowing his attention upon the frivolous illustrations of a book.

The pistols remained upon the table, and the earl endeavoured to recover his self-possession.

Brian did not immediately reply, but seemed to give the earl time to prolong his oration, if he should desire to do so.

My lord, said he, at length, do you not, as I do, think we have had words enough, and that we should now proceed to facts? For some reason or other, I have come hear to offer peace. Do you accept it?

That is according to the price which you pretend to put upon it.

The price? reiterated Brian—the price!

He hesitated; evidently this question had taken him by surprise.

My lord, at length replied Brian, in a slow and serious tone of voice, I do not precisely know how much I want; but I want much. I must have

the power of drawing upon your lordship's treasury, to the amount of—as much as it may please me to draw from my lord.

CHAPTER II.

The earl remained perfectly stupefied for some seconds, on hearing this exorbitant demand. He looked fixedly in his brother's face, as though he would have discovered in his features some explanation of his extravagant words. This examination could not have been satisfactory to him; for the expression on the features of Brian was one of calm resolution, and gave a very serious bearing to his proposal.

White Manor was subdued. His torpid mind had been slow to comprehend, but at last fully understood the really terrific import of Lancaster's threats.

White Manor was compelled to capitulate. He promised to sign anything, even were it to entail his entire ruin; they both advanced toward the table, where White Manor sat down, and convulsively affixed his signature to a sheet of blank paper.

Take this, sir, said he in a faint voice. I am henceforward at your discretion. Will that satisfy you?

My lord, said Brian, I would prefer that your lordship should inscribe above this signature a formal obligation.

White Manor again took the paper, and trem-

blingly began to fill up the blank. While he was rapidly writing, one of the doors of the drawing-room was noiselessly opened, and Paterson, gliding along the carpet with stealthy caution, crossed the room, taking care to describe a considerable circle round the spot where Brian stood. He had got close to his master before the latter perceived him, and placed upon the table before him a small square piece of paper, on which a name was written in pencil.

The earl had no sooner deciphered the name, than he violently pushed back his chair, and looked wildly around him.

Do the dead come back, then? muttered he, with affright depicted in his countenance; or is my mind wandering?

The gentleman who wrote his name upon that paper, desires to speak instantly with your lordship, said Gilbert Paterson.

Is he alive? stammered White Manor, scarcely knowing what he said.

He turned towards Gilbert Paterson, who was listening to him with astonished curiosity, and added abruptly,—

Where is this man?

In the parlour, my lord, replied the steward.

The earl went toward the door with more hurried steps than his legs had been capable of for a long time. Brian remained alone.

He waited a quarter of an hour, then half an hour—the earl returned not. Patience was not the only prevailing quality in Brian's character. In order to kill time, he approached the table to read the deed which his lordship had commenced.

His eyes fell by chance upon the square piece of paper which Gilbert Paterson had brought in, and he read, written at full length in pencil, the name of Ishmael Spencer. His stupefaction and confusion was almost as great as that of his brother. All the vague suspicions which had been created by the history Susannah had related to him, again rose to his mind. He saw the earl associated in the gloomy drama which had been enacted in Goodman's Fields; he wished to rush out of the room, in order to become a party to the interview which was taking place so near him; but it was already too late. The earl returned almost at that very moment, and with an air which was almost joyful.

Excuse me for having made you wait, brother, said he; but I am now completely at your service.

The following scene had taken place in the parlour:

The earl, on leaving Brian, was three parts beside himself.

He went into the parlour, his eyes fixed and dim, his mouth half open, and having in his features no other expression but that of ghastly fear. Gilbert Paterson followed close behind him.

But the man, who was waiting in the parlour, had undoubtedly not a more ardent desire than Brian had to enjoy the company of Paterson, for the first word he uttered was to order him to retire. Gilbert hesitated, and looked at his master, but his master was not precisely in a state to ex-

press his will on that occasion. The sight of the person standing in the parlour appeared to have stupified him. The earl had fallen into a chair, and fixed upon this spectre his lifeless eyes.

Tyrrel, the blind man, reiterated his order with threatening frowns. Gilbert did not dare to disobey him, but went out at the door, muttering.

Well, White Manor, said the blind man, I can well imagine that you hardly expected to see me again.

White Manor looked at him from head to foot, with a glance that was at once anxious and fearful.

Oh! you may look at me as much as you like, my lord, said Tyrrel, throwing his arms back, and showing the full breadth of his brawny chest, it is really Ishmael Spencer, your most devoted servant, who, thanks to the God of Jacob, is in as good and sturdy health as any living soul.

But— began the earl.

That is what everybody says to me, added Tyrrel, pushing an arm chair towards the earl, but— but—but; I have become something like a rare wild beast, since I was hanged. There is, however, nothing so very wonderful in my affair. Doctor Moore came to see me in prison, and at the lower part of my throat made an incision, which he supported by means of a quill. They gave this operation a very extraordinary name—pharyngotomy, I believe. When the cord was drawn tight around my neck, I breathed below the rope, through the incision I have mentioned.

Well, continued he, with hardened raillery, by

dint of searching we discovered—Moore and I—a way to cheat the gallows, and to make me happy, even while the fatal rope was round my neck. There was a miserable rascal, whom I, for years, had treated as a slave, and who at last betrayed me. Rehoboam, that was his name, my lord, bitterly repented the injury done me. I was certain that, upon the slightest gesture made by me, he would overcome every obstacle to get near me. The doctor had given me a small dagger, and at the last awful moment I called Rehoboam, who sprang upon the scaffold—and I killed him.

The earl started with horror.

This energetically established the circulation of my blood, pursued Tyrrel; the scaffold was withdrawn from my feet, and I was hanged in the very nick of time.

I had nearly forgotten to tell you that, my lord—I am blind.

The eyes of Tyrrel, which, during the first part, of this conversation, had appeared to enjoy the usual mobility, all at once became glassy and dead; and retained the heavy fixedness of eyes which are struck with blindness.

I pity you, Spencer, I pity you.

Sir Edmund, if you please, my lord, replied the Jew, slowly, who then made his eyes roll from side to side, with surprising quickness. As to your commiseration, I feel greatly indebted for it. My blindness does not prevent me from seeing the sorrowful change which has taken place in your lordship.

You are not blind then?

It was necessary that I should put on some mask; and besides that, I know nothing so useful as blindness in distinguishing things, which escape the eyes of the most clear sighted. But let us return to you. In truth, White Manor, you are but the shadow of your former self.

I am suffering greatly, said the earl with a gloomy air.

That is very perceptible, my lord; and I would lay a wager, that that devil, Brian—

Brian! repeated the earl, whose features were immediately contracted; he is there—he is waiting for me. Ah! Ishmael, you have pronounced the name of my executioner!

By Abraham! my lord, would you not bless your stars, were he to die to night of some sudden death?

White Manor hid his face with both hands.

No, no, no, said he, three times distinctly, his teeth clenched by anger, which was about to explode. He is a demon of cunningness, Ishmael; my hands are bound, and I fear his death, which would throw upon my head the accusation of having assassinated him.

Bah! again exclaimed Tyrrel. In London, the dead are soon forgotten; but you would, perhaps, prefer that he should still live, although the victim of insanity.

Mad, Brian, mad! cried the earl, raising both hands eagerly. Oh, I would give one half the days I have yet to live.

Mere common-place promises, White Manor, said the Jew. You must speak more pointedly

than that, and say, I would give so many thousand pounds.

One half my fortune, Spencer?

Sheer balderdash, my lord; come to downright figures at once.

I ask of you only four thousand pounds, in good bank notes, payable at sight.

For what purpose do you require that sum?

To pay me for the insanity of the honourable Brian de Lancaster.

The earl impatiently shrugged his shoulders.

My lord, said the Jew, that is no child's play; send for the bank notes, and I will explain myself: I am speaking very seriously.

White Manor, from consulting his reason, endeavoured, notwithstanding the strange proposal of the Jew, to persuade himself that some chance was offered to him. He banished reflection, and, too happy to venture upon this last hazard, however uncertain it might be, he rang the bell.

Paterson came in, and received an order to bring his master's pocket-book, which he immediately did.

My lord, rejoined the Jew, when he was once more alone with the earl, and placing his hand upon the bank notes, which were spread out before him, a man in the perfect enjoyment of his senses may be confined as a madman.

The features of White Manor had brightened up.

That is true, said he, but it will require time.

Time is more or less requisite for everything; for this, we shall want about an hour.

You cannot think that.

I have thought upon it since sun-set, this evening, my lord ; and I have done better than merely to think upon it—I have acted. Even at this moment, while I am speaking, the honourable Brian de Lancaster is on his way to bedlam.

Why, he is there, in my own drawing-room, said the earl, who took the Jew's meaning literally, and not metaphorically.

A smile of sarcastic pity rose to Tyrrel's lips.

Pray sit down, my lord ; your lordship has already done all that can be necessary, at at your requisition, twelve policemen are now in attendance at the doer of your own mansion.

Upon my requisition, stammered the astonished earl.

These are merely details, my lord. Time pressed, and I was not aware that your lordship was so well disposed. Doubting this, I took the necessary steps. You know, White Manor, that I can imitate with tolerable success all sorts of handwriting. I wrote, in your name, to the superintendent of the Metropolitan police. I announced to him, with every necessary expression of great sorrow, that my well-beloved brother, the honourable Brian De Lancaster, had become insane, and that in his madness he had endangered the life of a member of the royal family. Consequently, in order to avoid incalculable disasters, I required him to furnish immediate aid.

Admirable, admirable! cried the earl, seizing the hand of Tyrrel, which he pressed with unfeigned transport. Spencer, my friend, my sa-

viour, I will double the sum I gave you; I will give it you threefold.

I offer your lordship my most hearty thanks, and will begin by pocketing this first sum, said Tyrrel.

CHAPTER III.

Tyrrel took leave of the earl after these last words, and went down into the street, where the policemen had mingled with the crowd. Near the foot-pavement, and before the house door, an inspector of police and a physician were waiting, in a close carriage, behind which two constables were stationed.

Tyrrel threw a look of satisfaction upon these precautionary measures. Brian could not escape him, and the earl being thus forewarned, would take care not to refuse his signature.

During this time, White Manor had returned to the drawing-room, in which Brian was waiting for him. As we have before said, Brian had, at that very moment, perceived the name inscribed upon the piece of square paper which Paterson had brought in, and was much agitated at the sight of it.

To the first words which his brother addressed to him, he replied abruptly:

You have just had an interview with Ishmael Spencer, my lord?

The earl was taken completely off his guard.

I! stammered he, I—why, the man whose name you have just pronounced, has been dead more than a year.

Lancaster took the paper from the table and held it out to White Manor.

It is true, muttered the latter, much embarrassed, I have just seen the jew, Ishmael Spencer.

May I be permitted to ask your lordship, continued Brian, the nature of your connection with that man.

That is not permitted to any one, sir! you have, perhaps, abused the advantage you have obtained over me; but God will judge between us.

So be it, said Lancaster.

I trust that, in future, you will be more merciful towards me, and that the noble ladies of the West-end, will talk less of your triumphant eccentricities. This day's feat puts an end to the war between us, and should be the last, said the earl.

That will depend on you, my lord.

Good-by, then, till we meet again.

Brian bowed, and left the room.

At that moment the house door opened, and Brian walked up the front steps, at the foot of which Tyrrel was standing. Brain immediately recognized him. He also perceived that the men, who were standing about his brother's house, were policemen.

This happens very fortunately! cried he; policemen, I desire that you immediately arrest this man.

And saying this, he seized Tyrrel by the collar. The superintendant of police, and the doctor, put their heads out of the coach window.

You see him, said Brian; it is impossible to be mistaken. Do your duty.

One moment, replied the superintendent! and then addressing Brian, said; What is your reason for demanding the arrest of Sir Edmund Mackenzie.

Let us hear what he will answer, said the examining physician.

I suppose, sir, said Brian, that you have the right to address that question to me?

The devil! growled the physician; he does not seem very mad.

I am a magistrate, sir, said the superintendent.

In that case, sir, I will inform you that this man, to whom you give the name of Sir Edmund Mackenzie, is neither more nor less than a villain of the lowest stamp, and leagued with a band of robbers—

You see, cried Tyrrel, interrupting him.

He is decidedly mad; said the physician.

Do your duty, said the superintendent of police, throwing himself back in the coach.

The policemen all rushed forward at once; but the voice of White-Manor had revealed the plot to Brian—who, letting go Tyrrel's collar, with one bound, vaulted to the top of the steps. Brian de Lancaster was a terrible champion; the first policemen who approached him were dashed to the foot of the steps by his powerful fists which hammered there chests like a leaden frail. Others mounted to the assult, but were floored in their turns: their noses bleeding, and their ribs much damaged. Every time that Brian's fist was put in motion, every time that his muscular arm was

jerked forth, with a velocity more resembling that of a metal spring, than mere nerves and sinews, a man was felled to the ground—and from which he could not speedily rise again. The ranks of the assailants became more thinner, and their ardour was greatly diminished.

At this moment, the door of White Manor's house was gently opened; a man crept stealthily down the steps, and at the instant when Lancaster had got opposite to Tyrrel, and had thrown himself back to strike him with greater force, the man seized him by the legs, and made him stumble. The policemen instantly threw themselves upon him, and Brian was pinioned in a twinkling.

The man who had crawled down the steps then stood up and showed, by the light of the gas-lamps the ignoble and insolent features of the earl's steward, Gilbert Paterson.

Tyrrel withdrew his hand from his breast. But for this unexpected assistance, Brian would have made intimate acquaintance with the short blade of the dagger which the Jew always carried about him.

The captive being safely bound, was lifted into the coach, and placed between the superintendent of police and the doctor; who, having, maturely reflected, came to the resolution, that the patient was clearly and decidedly mad!

To Bedlam! said the superintendent.

A stranger voice decended from the window, at which White Manor had shown himself, and repeated, amid the convulsions of a fiendish laugh: To Bedlam, to Bedlam.

The carriage was driven off at full gallop. Tyrrel and Paterson returned together into the earl's house and went into the drawing room.

White Manor was in the centre of the room: his eyes were haggard, and his face red as crimson: he appeared to suffer from frantic agitation, and turned round and round in a sort of dance, frightful to behold. While dancing he laughed immoderately, and incessantly repeated the words: To Bedlam, to Bedlam.

CHAPTER IV.

In 181, twenty years previous to the period in which the events described in the preceding history had taken place, there lived in a part of London, called St. Gile's, a poor family consisting of four persons, namely; the father and mother, and two children.

The father's name was Christian O'Brian. He was a Irish gentleman, whose family had formerly been opulent and respectable in the county of Connaugh—their property, like that of many other families, had little by little passed into a Protestant lord, of whom Christian O'Brian had in later years become the tenant.

The lord's steward one day took a fancy--his master, be it well understood, expended his rents of his Irish property in London—to the little piece of ground which was his only patrimony. A law suit was the consequence. It would be perfectly wrong to assert that justice in Ireland

has two weights and two measures, for in that country she has neither weight nor measure ; or rather, her balance, always leaning toward England, leaves empty the scale in which the Irish interests are concerned. The causes are decided by a single question : Are you a Protestant ? No, Then you are in the wrong.

The lord's steward gained his cause, and Mr. O'Brian was violently expelled from the property by which he maintained his family. As he had had the atrocious insolence of defending a lawsuit brought by his landlord, his lease was not renewed: and one fine day, the door of his house was locked against him, never again to open.

Mrs. O'Brian, a worthy hard working woman, whose life had been spent in the lowly cares of her rustic household, saw only by her husband's eyes. In the whole world she loved but her husband, and her children—she had no will but his. His daughter Elizabeth, a gay, sprightly, laughing girl, light of head, and perhaps of heart too, was O'Brian's darling, whose care worn countenance brightened up whenever his pretty Betsey smiled upon him. Betsey was sixteen years old.

The other member of the family of whom we have not yet spoken, was a lad of eighteen, the idol of his mother ; but the head of the house had not so high an opinion of him. We do not mean to say, however, that Christian did not love his son ; for, as far as he was able, he very assiduously occupied himself with his education ; but the boy possessed a singular temperament, the sudden bursts of which alarmed the honest Irishman, who frequently regretted, that so fine a youth

should be so different in character to most young men of his age.

The name of Christian's son was Fergus. It would have been impossible to find in all London, a more finely formed head upon a better proportioned body. At the age of eighteen, he possessed that juvenile and exquisite beauty, which is expressed by the latin word *formosus*, and of which no translation can render the precise meaning.

Fergus had assisted his father in the lighter kind of work about his farm.

The air of London, which weighed so heavily upon Mr. and Mrs. O'Brian, appeared, on the contrary to have given fresh vigour to their two children. Betsey worked as long as daylight lasted at her window, singing gaily, and when evening came she carried her work home to the milliners' shops for whom she worked, in High Holborn. Never had she been more happy.

As to Fergus, he also worked with energy; read during his leisure hours, and a month after he arrived in England was already earning a good salary. He was in truth the chief support of the family; for his father's knowledge was of no use in London.

The money, however came in but slowly. Mr. O'Brian was at last seized by home sickness, so fatal to Irishmen, and Mrs. O'Brian by a mysterious sympathy, felt herself pining away in the same manner. For upward of twenty years, the joys or the sufferings of her husband had been her joys and her sufferings.

Betsey alone remained gay in the midst of all

his sorrow. Day after day she retarded for some minutes the time for carrying home her work. For some weeks it had appeared that she had begun to entertain feelings of vanity.

Every evening before going out, she more than once consulted the little looking glass which hung on the wall of their general sitting room.

One night Fergus returned home, after having completed his daily labours, and found that his sister was still absent. Fergus passionately loved Betsey. Mrs. O'Brian was uneasy. Christian was suffering more than usual. They waited, but Betsey did not come home. She was never to come home again.

This was a night of tears and despair for all the inmates of that humble house, Mrs. O'Brian restrained her grief: Christian, whose fever redoubled his anger, vented it in insane invectives, and accused England of robbing him of his daughter; for morning was drawing near, and Betsey was lost for ever.

Fergus spoke not a word, He remained in a corner of the room, at a distance from his father and mother, pale, his brows knit together, and hardly able to breathe.

When daylight appeared, he embraced his mother, and pressing his father's hand, said: I am going in search of Betsey.

He was absent during the whole of the day. In the evening he returned alone, so overcome with fatigue that he could scarcely drag himself along.

Our child! our poor, dear child! groaned the agonized mother.

Fergus had seated himself in the same place as on the previous evening, and, as then, remained gloomily silent.

The Saxons! the Saxons! rejoined Christian, whose voice became thick, and who was gesticulating furiously. Despoilers! ravishers! assassins.

His head fell back heavily upon his pillow. The bed trembled under a strong convulsion: then a voice, which from the solemnity of its tone, seemed to issue from the tomb, caused Fergus a painful shuddering:

My son, said the voice, thy father is dying: thy sister is dishonoured. Arise! and war to England!

Fergus rose instinctively at this strange command. A profound silence pervaded the room. Then heart rending sobs burst forth. Mrs. O'Brian, half mad with grief, chafed her husband's hands, to restore some warmth to them—but he was dead!

Fergus knelt down and prayed. Mrs. O'Brian soon left off weeping. A singular calmness had overspread her features She raised the bed clothes and laid down beside the dead body of Christian.

My own beloved child, said Mrs. O'Brian, in a voice so feeble that it reached the ear of Fergus as an almost indistinct murmur, your father is dead, your sister is dishonoured! As to me, I am going to pray for your sister and to rejoin your father. Adieu!

Fergus uttered a heart rending cry, and fell forward, crushed by his triple grief. Then silence

once more reigned in the room; a gloomy mortal silence, which no sound interrupted.

CHAPTER V.

Day had already dawned, when Fergus O'Brian recovered from his long fainting fit.

He again threw himself upon his knees, and endeavoured to pray. But a mysterious voice resounded in his ears, and repeated to him his father's dying words:

"Arise! and war to England!"

He sprang to his feet; his brows were knit, a purple tinge chased the paleness from his fine features, and flashed fire.

This was not—and no one could have been deceived by it—the transient anger of a child; it was the deadly hatred of a man. And in that poor room, of the poorest district of all London, arose a cloud, the precursor of a tempest, which might shake the three kingdoms to their foundations.

Fergus advanced with firm steps towards the bed, and then slowly drew from his forehead to his chest, and then from one shoulder to the other, the sacred sign of the Catholic religion.

My father! exclaimed he, with head erect and outstretched hand, I here swear to obey you.

He dipped his fingers in the holy water, which was suspended at the bed head of his father, and closed his still open eyes. Mrs. O'Brian appeared to be in a happy and peaceful slumber. Fergus

bent down and kissed her forehead, and then left the house to seek a priest.

Such days as this, count as long as weeks in the life of man. When Fergus was once more alone, after having accompanied the remains of his parents to their last resting place, he found that the impetuous feelings of youth had died within him. Their place was now occupied by a grave serious ardor, which had but one sole aim—obedience to the last will of a father.

From that moment commenced a life of incessant toil; in short, he endeavoured to grapple with the gigantic, if not the impossible. He studied, sustained by an energy which was at once patient and enthusiastic, the complicated intricacies of the British constitution.

Once, however, he was suddenly startled from his preoccupation. It was at the corner of the Green Park—a piercing shriek struck upon his ear. It was a voice well known, and dear to him in former days, that uttered it. He turned round quickly. A brilliant equipage, with armorial bearings, was moving noiselessly along. A lovely face was leaning from the window, which smiled with emotion. Fergus turned pale, and was nearly fainting, and then a violent transport of anger brought the blood back into his cheeks. He rushed forward to follow the carriage, for he had recognized his sister, in that splendidly attired person, and her seducer was probably seated by her side. But he soon restrained himself, and then proceeded in an opposite direction.

In the midst of such serious preoccupations, there was no place for love. Misfortune and re-

venge had stifled the growth of every other feeling in his breast.

One evening during spring, when coming out of Bolton Chapel, as he turned the corner of Short's Gardens, an old fashioned cabriolet, drawn by a sort of cart horse, ran violently against a post and one of its wheels were knocked off—the frightened horse stood still for a moment, and then attempted to dash onward. The shriek of a woman issued from the cab, which was nearly lying on its side. Fergus had not heard the shriek; his first impulse had led him to seize the horse's head, whose course was suddenly checked under the effort of his robust arm—for the youth, who knew as little his own bodily strength as he knew his own intensity of thought, possessed together with his graceful elegance, the vigour of a gladiator. In an instant the horse was thrown upon its haunches and reddened its bit with bleeding foam; a man jumped out of the cab upon the pavement, and held out both arms toward the vehicle.

Do not be frightened, Mary, said he anxiously; jump out, quickly, my dear sister, for this lad will not be able to hold the horse much longer.

She, whom he called Mary, did not reply. The horse, however, as if he had comprehended the contemptuous opinion his master entertained of the lad who restrained him, straightened his legs, endeavoured once more to bound forward, but the hand of Fergus appeared to be of iron, and the vanquished animal held down his head, and remained motionless. At the same instant the door of the house forming the corner of

Short's Gardens, was opened, and a servant hastened to take Fergus's place.

The latter quietly arranged his dress, and went on his way.

Upon my faith, my young gentleman, cried the owner of the cabriolet, calling after him, this is not right. You must see that I am embarrassed by the condition of my poor Mary, who I am afraid has fainted, and that I cannot run after you to thank you. You have, after all, perhaps saved her life, and I should like to——

I relieve you from the trouble of thanking me, sir, said Fergus from a distance.

Ah, ah, well be it so. You Englishmen act always in this way, and I have nothing more to say—only, I should have liked to shake hands with the man who has saved my dear Mary's life.

The Scotchman had raised up the apron of the cabriolet, and had drawn toward him the young girl, who was lying against its side. Fergus could not, in conscience, refuse to assist him a little. He did this, by supporting on one side the trembling form of Mary, who had recovered her senses, but was not yet strong enough to walk unassisted; and he thus entered, for the first time since the death of his father, under a strangers roof.

They laid the young girl upon a sofa in the parlour; the Scotchman gently kissed her on the forehead, and then turned round to Fergus, whose hand he warmly pressed.

Sir, said he, we good fellows of Teviotdale, are not in the habit of making long speeches. I am the son of a Scotch farmer, living between Lochmaber and Annan. My name is Angus Macfar-

lane. Take my hand, and if to day, to-morrow, or at any future time you stand in need of a friend—

Sir, said Fergus, whose natural reserve could not be shaken off so quickly, what I have done does not appear to me to deserve——

Oh, oh, exclaimed Macfarlane, compliments signify nothing sir; and besides, you do not know Toby. Toby is my horse sir. I do not know a soul, sir, who has been able to stop that devil, Toby, as you did, at full gallop. Duncan, bring some wine and glasses, and ask Macnab to come down stairs. No, no! sir, you must not imagine that what you have done was an easy matter. I, myself, who have nothing very effeminate about me, would not swear that I could throw Toby upon his haunches as you did.

Angus Macfarlane resembled very little the portrait we have given of him, in the course of this history. He was a fine young man about thirty years of age, with a bold, open, and joyous countenance.

As to Mary Macfarlane, the reader will, perhaps, remember something of a certain portrait suspended in that apartment, in Irish House, which is known to us by the name of the laird's room; we need not, therefore, describe her.

Fergus had been in the room a quarter of an hour, and had not yet observed her. Mr. Macnab had just come in, and after hearing Angus's account of the accident, had addressed to the stranger some courteous expressions of thanks. All appeared to be over. The cold politeness of Macnab counterbalanced the warm cordiality of Macfarlane; and Fergus, becoming once more

occupied with his fixed idea, was anxious to bring this useless digression, as it appeared to him, to a close.

He was about to take leave, after having complaisantly drank to Angus's toast, who would not let him escape without; when Mary rose from the sofa, upon which her brother had placed her, and advanced toward the middle of the room. Fergus stopped as though an irresistible hand had nailed him to the floor. Mary took a glass from the tray and poured into it a few drops of wine.

You must drink to my toast, also, said she, gently addressing Fergus; I drank to the health of those you love.

Fergus became pale, and would have fallen, had not Macfarlane caught him, and supported him from behind.

Madam, madam, exclaimed he, in a voice which his grief, so suddenly awakened, rendered tremulous; all those I loved are dead, and I shall love no more. That is to say—I don't know—perhaps—I drink to you, madam.

He had seized upon a glass full of wine, standing upon the tray, which he emptied at one draught, and with a confused precipitation. The colour had returned to his cheeks: his eyes were cast down, as if a leaden weight had dragged down their lids—his breathing was embarrassed.

Mr. Macnab frowned. Mary blushed deeply, and remained with downcast eyes standing before Fergus. Macfarlane burst into a hearty laugh.

Good, good, said he. I never saw so handsome a lad as you are, Mr. O'Brian. By St. Andrew, Macnab, how I wish you could have

see him holding down Toby's head, as easily as if the horse had been a highland pony. I hope, Mr. O'Brian, we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again.

Fergus raised his eyes to Mary, uttered an almost unintelligible 'Yes,' and withdrew precipitately.

For a year past, nights had often occurred, during which the workings of his mind had prevented sleep from visiting his pillow. That night he also passed sleeplessly, but they were not his usual thoughts which agitated him. Fergus loved.

The next day, early in the morning, Angus Macfarlane called upon him Such sympathies are not uncommon. Macfarlane would have become the friend of Fergus, even in despite of Fergus himself; but the latter had little inclination to reject the friendship of Mary's brother; between them, thanks to this powerful sympathy, their intimacy made rapid strides. Love advanced at an equal pace. Mary, an innocent and simple child, could not long abstain from loving the handsome Fergus. She loved as she was loved, without reserve. The only difference was, that she was destined to love more constantly.

The house of Macfarlane became that of Fergus. Fergus wat soon told all the secrets of the honest Scotchman, and the motives which brought him to London. As to his own secrets, Fergus only confided to Angus that of his love.

Several weeks rolled on in this way. Macnab still retained towards Fergus his ceremonious and

cold politeness; but Macnab after all was not the master of the house.

There was but one stranger, besides Fergus, who was admitted to Miss Macfarlane. This was a young nobleman, named Godfrey de Lancaster, who was waiting the death of his aged father, to become the Earl of White Manor,

Godfrey de Lancaster being thus presented under the auspices of Mr. Macnab, often came to the house. Angus could not regard him with a very favourable eye, and Mary looked upon him with a sort of instinctive aversion. Angus thought that he was in love with his sister Mary; Macnab asserted this was not the case.

Fergus had on his side the sympathy of Angus, and the love of Mary. Things could not remain long in this state without their talking of marriage. Macnab, as soon as he became acquainted with the pretensions of the young Irishman, opposed them with all his power; but Mary, weeping, threw her arms about her brother's neck, who swore that the marriage should take place.

Mary and Fergus were betrothed.

Between Fergus and the Hon. Godfrey de Lancaster there existed a natural antipathy, which was evinced in the former by a disdainful silence, and on the part of the nobleman, by irritating looks and other signs of dislike, which he hardly took the trouble to dissemble. A quarrel at last arose, followed by a duel, in which the Honourable Godfrey de Lancaster was nearly slain. Fergus was tried, and condemned to transportation.

Immediately after his trial, he was seized by a

violent fever, which deprived him of all sense of his misfortune. On recovering from the long torpor by which his intelligence had been obscured —several weeks having elapsed since his trial— he found himself on board a convict ship, the Cumberland, in Plymouth roads. This floating prison was the receiving ship for malefactors, destined to be transported to Botany Bay.

During the voyage Fergus got acquainted with a Scotch Highlander, named Graham, who had been sentenced to transportation for fourteen years, and with whom he agreed to attempt an escape, which they at length accomplished, and turned pirates.

CHAPTER VI.

It would require the golden pen of Smollett, or the magic pencil of the great American novelist, Cooper, to trace the series of combats, of dangers, and of victories, which attended the course of our heroes. As we do not possess either the one or the other, we shall therefore limit ourselves to a few facts, which it is important we should relate, in order that our history may be properly understood.

Fergus O'Brian had not become a pirate, merely to be a pirate, He had other views besides that of making booty more or less abundant; and every action of his during the four years in which he had traversed those seas, was a stone added to the gigantic edifice, of which he was the architect.

It is not necessary to state, that his attacks were made on British ships, in preference to all others. They pillaged, sunk, or blew up, more ships belonging to the East India Company, than all the French privateers that ever swam.

This was a mere detail, less than a detail, an accessory; for, if the East India Company, according to the plan of Fergus, was to be attacked, it was by still more efficacious measures, and such as would sap the very basis of the existence of this mercantile power, one of the most solid supports of England.

Fergus, while cruising on the Indian Ocean, took occasion to visit all its shores Leaving to Randal Graham the command of the vessel, he often went on board some of the prizes that they had captured, and made long excursions in the Bay of Bengal, the seas of China, and of Arabia. During these expeditions, he passed either for the captain of a merchant ship, or for a merchant trading on his own account.

In this manner he inspected, one after the other, and very minutely, all the factories of the company, and even penetrated into the interior of the country, whenever an important establishment demanded his attention. His preliminary studies had induced him to suspect the existence of numerous germs of dissolution in the Company, and he ascertained, by personal inspection, the actual existence of these germs; and with this additional knowledge, he planned new systems of attack.

In China he observed—what was at that time scarcely suspected in Europe—innumerable ves-

sels belonging to the company, loaded with opium, pouring out whole cargoes of this poison upon the coast. He ascertained that this odious traffic produced yearly, not less than four millions sterling. This was another weapon to be used against the enemy.

Finally, at the mouth of the Indus, he discovered a growing fermentation among the enslaved population, and calculated the terrific explosion the slightest spark would produce in a country, where hundreds of petty princes were either brutally dispossessed of their territory, or smothered their discontent in the service of their conquerors.

Quitting the Indian seas, he only changed the scene, again to find, at intervals more distant from each other, the same hatred against England, still covered and restrained, but ready to burst forth At the Cape of Good Hope, the Dutch boors—in America, both the Canadas, from one extremity to the other, groaning under the most horrible oppression, and venting their cries of distress, which were soon to find an echo in a French heart.

Fergus had communication with the boors of the Cape, from whom he recruited his ship's company, and spent more than a month in the two Canadas.

In going from the Cape to America, he touched at St. Helena.

It is well known with what suspicious rigour the agents of the British government guarded that barren rock, which was soon to become the tomb of the most glorious sovereign of our age.

Hudson Lowe, whom the French curse so loudly, was but an instrument—and it was not upon a hired valet, paid to do one wrong, that should have fallen the phillippic bravadoes of the poets and orators of the continent—Hudson Lowe was the arm, but the head that ordered was in London.

At St. Helena the French, particularly at that early period, with great difficulty, obtained permission to visit the imperial captive; but it was not the same with regard to the English. Fergus was admitted under the name of the captain of a ship, belonging to the East India Company, whose vessel he had captured. His boat awaited him under the mole; he had set off in the morning for Longood; the sun was setting when he returned. While pulling toward his sloop, which was at anchor in the bay, his features were lighted up with a grave enthusiasm, and his eye still retained the impression of earnest and religious respect.

Fergus had passed four hours with the fallen hero of Waterloo—with that demi god, whose stature already assumes with us the colossal dimensions of the heroes of ancient times; he had seen that giant, who had been overcome by Providence—not by mortal man.

Fergus had imbibed, during four hours, the treasures of the most noble, the most enlightened, and the boldest mind, which has perhaps ever dazzled the world. He returned fully impressed with the beauties of that eloquence, magnificent even from the emphasis of its laconism. He returned inspired with fresh vigour; he returned

ennobled in his own eyes; calm and strengthened in his great designs. What then had passed between this obscure pirate, and the man who had erewhile been seated on one of the first thrones of the universe?

To the importunate questions which his companions put to him, he replied only:

I have seen him!

On a foggy morning in the latter part of November, a fine merchant brig was seen sailing in St. George's Channel. The crew were ranged on the deck, and took off their hats, as two persons ascended from the cabin. One of these men was Fergus, the other Randal Graham. The boat had been lowered, and was waiting for them. They went down the vessel's side, and immediately six seamen pulled lustily for the shore. On reaching it, Fergus and Randal jumped upon the beach, at about half a league's distance from Dumfries.

Our two travellers then directed their steps to the interior. They were plainly dressed, and carried their cloaks upon their arms. For about an hour they walked on in silence, guided by the perfect knowledge that Randal appeared to have of the country. After having followed the thousand sinuosities of a narrow path, which tortuously ascended the steep, bold shore, they reached a barren plain, upon which only a few stinted and miserable shrubs grew here and there, scorched by the sea winds.

The wind had risen, and had driven the fog before it far up the Solway. Fergus and Randal

paused. Looking towards Ireland, and almost as far as the eye could reach, they saw the brig in which they had arrived spreading her sails reddened by the beams of the setting sun.

Fergus pressed his forehead with his hand.

In a short time we shall no longer see her. said he: the curtain has fallen upon the first act of our drama: what will the second be? I think I can divine it, but God alone can know it positively. I have laboured four years, Randal.

And for the last two years you have been rich enough to lead the life of a prince, replied Graham. Were I in your place, I would enjoy the present moment; I would go to London, and would crush, with the splendour of my opulence, that villainous Godfrey de Lancaster.

I had forgotten Godfrey de Lancaster, said Fergus.

The night was completely dark. Our travellers left the town of Annon on their right, the lights from which shone at a distance through the leafless branches; and leaving the narrow paths which they had till then proceeded upon, they took the highway which leads from Carlisle to Glasgow. They came to a cross road—Randal stopped.

This is our way, said he; my father's house is on the farther side of this wood.

In two minutes they had traversed the wood, and perceived the lights of the house. On their approach a dog barked loudly.

Ho, ho! muttered the Scotchman, our old Nep is dead I suppose—that is not the bark of old Nep.

His voice trembled slightly while saying this. A few steps only now separated them from the door; he bounded over this distance and placed his hand upon the door latch.

The door is locked, said he. My father never locked our door.

He knocked. A window was opened.

Old Randal Graham? cried the Scotchman, in a voice of strong emotion.

He has been dead these two years, replied the voice from the window, which was immediately closed again.

Randal cast down his head.

I would have wished to have made him rich in his old days, said he; but he is dead, and a stranger is dwelling in our house. I am now alone in the world, Fergus, and more yours than ever.

But come, Fergus, let us be going, and I will take you to Macfarlane's farm, and then I will return here where my father died, and I shall not need to ask for hospitality of Macnab.

He turned the corner of the house, and traversed with hasty strides a copse studded with ruins. Fergus followed him. In about ten minutes they went along the wall of a park, in the centre of which stood a vast edifice, which Fergus conjectured was Crewe Castle. After which they descended the side of a hill, and arrived at the farm house. Randal pointed with his finger toward it, and then hurriedly left him.

The door of the farm house was open. Fergus entered it. In the centre of the principal room, and around a table, a young woman and two charming little girls were seated, taking their

evening repast. In the ingle nook was seated a man, with his head buried between his hands.—On hearing the noise which Fergus made on entering the door, the man raised his head, and showed a pallid face, with eyes that appeared dim and bewildered.

Fergus advanced toward the young woman, while the two little cherubs blushed and smiled in their childish fear. He then asked for Mr. Angus Macfarlane.

The man who was in the chimney corner got up. Fergus could not remember that he had ever before seen him.

CHAPTER VII.

The young woman to whom Fergus had addressed himself, on entering the house, was beautiful, but bore upon her mild and sorrowful countenance the traces of suffering. She replied to Fergus's question by pointing to her husband, who kept aloof near the chimney.

Are there then, two persons who bear the name of Angus Macfarlane? said he.

The young woman cast down her eyes with a sorrowful smile. Her husband advanced slowly toward Fergus.

There is but one man who bears the name you have just pronounced, said he, in a gloomy voice, and that one is too many; those who knew him in his happier days stand before him face to face, and do not recognise him. It is because he has

suffered much. Macfarlane still recognises the features of his friends, though their names have long passed from his memory. What is your name?

What! murmured Fergus, with irresistable surprise, can you be Angus Macfarlane? But—now that I look again—although you are much changed—

What is your name? reiterated the farmer?

Fergus pronounced his name.

The sorrow stricken features of Angus Macfarlane were now lighted up with a faint gleam of joy.

You are welcome, O'Brian, said he, holding out his hand; wife, embrace your brother and mine; children, welcome the friend of your father. We must be merry!

Mrs. Macfarlane took her two little girls by the hand, and led them to Fergus.

Clara, and you, Anna, said she, in a mild tone, kiss your father's friend.

Clara blushingly held up her face; Anna smiled and ran away.

Let us be merry! cried the farmer. Amy, is there no French wine in our cellars? Let us have some French wine! Let Duncan go and fetch my brother Macnab. We must be merry!

Pour out some wine, again exclaimed the farmer, where is the French wine? Take your glass, my friend, and drink.

He had risen, and placed a bottle of wine in Fergus's hand. The latter touched the wine with his lips; Angus finished his glass at a draught, and rejoined:

I shall soon go to Botany Bay myself.

For what? said Fergus? with astonishment.

Because I will kill the Earl of White Manor. I do not know where he hides himself at this time; I cannot get near him; but he will return Fergus. I was wrong in saying that I had no projects—I have one project.

O'Brian remained silent.

Pour out some wine, again cried Angus; we are here to be merry, by the memory of my father. Ah, Fergus, my father was alive when you and I were in London, and my sister was happy then.

I beg of you, Macfarlane, to tell me all you know regarding our poor Mary. I apprehend some dreadful misfortune.

Apprehend ten misfortunes, O'Brian. The property of the family has been wrested from us by an iniquitous law suit; my father is dead—my sister—How many tears may a woman shed before she dies?

Is not Mary the Countess of White Manor?

I will kill him? vociferated Angus, in a burst of passion, as if that name had the instantaneous effect of giving rise to every feeling of revenge and anger. Yes, Mary is Countess of White Manor; at least she was so.

Angus was pale as death.

You see that my hand trembles too much even to pour out the wine, said he, attempting to smile. Let us drink, my brother—I am thirsty. Ha, ha, you wish to know what took place in Smithfield. Listen then, in my father's name. But before I

tell you, see the knife which is to kill Godfrey de Lancaster.

He forcibly thrust his dirk into the oaken table, the blade of which vibrated for some time, and emitted a mournful, ringing sound.

Listen, rejoined Angus: three years ago—two years and a half I would say—the newspapers gave an account of a bold escape which had been effected at Botany Bay—your name was among those of the fugitives. My sister then became pregnant. Two months afterward, the newspapers announced again that the fugitives from Botany Bay had arrived in London long before. And for the second time your name appeared in their columns. A report was spread abroad, which some persons attributed to Brian de Lancaster, Godfrey's brother, who is quite young, but who already wages against a pitiless war. But they must have been deceived, for I know Brian de Lancaster too well, and he has a generous and noble heart. But be that has it may, these rumours made people talk of your having been betrothed to my sister, your love for her; and it was said——Fergus, cried Angus, with increased violence, tell me my brother, upon your honour, how long is it since you returned to England?

Just twelve hours, replied Fergus.

Do you not perceive in my words, brother, pursued Angus, haughtily, the expression of an unworthy suspicion. Mary Macfarlane may be unhappy, but she cannot be culpable. The rumour was that you had seen her again. That wretch, White-Manor, opened an eager ear to all these calumnies. He no doubt regretted—he, an opu-

lent peer—having bestowed his name upon a poor girl. But I will tell you what happened. Mary gave birth to a child. White Manor had the cradle brought into his room, and contemplated the features of the infant long and silently. And then he paced up and down his room with rapid strides, muttering threatening words. He thought the child resembled you O'Brian.

Resembled me, cried Fergus with amazement.

Madam, said White Manor, to her, while he drew away the veil which covered the cradle. This child, which is yours is not mine. Mary looked at him in stupefied amazement. This child is the fruit of crime, pursued Godfrey, who was seized by one of his insane fits of passion. See—see, madam; and dare to say that it does not resemble him. Resemble who? cried Mary. My assassin, madam—the man you loved, Fergus O'Brian. Fergus, exclaimed Mary, her features beaming with joy. This was her condemnation. Godfrey, on perceiving this involuntary emotion, which he considered an avowal, became white with rage, and in his insane fury, raised his hand as if to crush the child. My lord, Oh, my lord, shrieked Mary, falling upon her knees in terror, do not kill your child. Godfrey restrained himself, and then smiled. My child, said he, bitterly; I think I might have become virtuous, had God granted me a child. He said this, Fergus, the execrable hypocrite.

At last, when he had sufficiently gloated upon the sobs of the distracted Mary, he made a sign, and Gilbert carried away the child.

Mary fell senseless upon the floor. White

Manor roughly ordered her to rise. He pushed her from step to step, until they reached the portico of the mansion. Here again, was Gilbert Paterson, who held in his hand a hempen rope. All the tenants and servants of White Manor were assembled beneath the portico. A carriage was standing at the gate of the court yard.

Godfrey took the cord from Paterson, and—

Angus paused abruptly, and rose up, exclaiming:

Oh, I will kill him! Fergus, by the memory of my sainted mother, I will kill him.

He trembled violently, and gasped for breath. The words he uttered seemed to pass with difficulty through his clenched teeth.

And what did he then? asked Fergus, who was also trembling, and on whose brow stood large drops of prespiration.

Mary was there, pale and strengthless. He pressed upon her hand, and made her kneel down upon the pavement of the portico, and then he passed the rope round her neck, crying, with a loud voice;

Who among you will buy this woman?

When he pronounced these words, who among you will buy this woman, the valets and tenants remained silent. Mary was beloved by all of them. White Manor angrily repeated his question. She is handsome added he, and I will let her go for three shillings. Still no one made a bid.

Two days afterward he dragged his wife to Smithfield. Godfrey made her go into one of the sheep pens, which happened to be empty, and

cried out loudly three times: This woman is to be sold—to be sold for three shillings.

Let me pass, cried a man, I wish to purchase, for three shillings, the Countess of White Manor.

This man was dressed in the coarse costume of a cattle dealer. Upon seeing him, Godfrey's courage forsook him, and he made a movement to escape. Mary has never mentioned, in her letters, the name of this man, but when I went to London, public rumour informed me of it. It was young Brian de Lancaster, the brother of the earl. I believed it then, as I still believe it, although he never replied to my reiterated thanks but by cold and positive denials.

However this might be, whether this pretended cattle dealer was really Brian de Lancaster or not, when he got into the pen in which Godfrey was standing, he snatched from his hand the rope by which he held Mary, who having become completely exhausted, had fainted away. The cattle-dealer seized her, and raised her with one arm; with the other he felt in his pocket, and drawing out a handful of penny pieces, threw them in Godfrey's face, saying, There is your payment my lord. An immense hurrah resounded through Smithfield.

Mary was put into a coach by the pretended cattle dealer. Since then, I have received by letter all the details of this history. I often sent her money, but it is now eight months that I am ignorant of her retreat, and according to her last letter she is obliged to pay the wretch whom they have constituted the jailor of her child. Who supplies her with the means of subsistence I

know not. She has sometimes mentioned some friendly and generous hand—but Brian de Lancaster is not rich.

I must kill White Manor, said Angus, I must kill him.

Fergus instantly let fall the hand of Macfarlane, and went toward the fireplace, near which he had placed his cloak and travelling cap.

Farewell, then, my brother, said he, my hours are limited, and I have not time to remain here any longer.

Angus appeared stunned for a moment, and then he threw himself, with open arms, between Fergus and the door.

O'Brian, said he, sobbing like a child; my brother, take pity on me. I cannot but avenge my poor sister—our sister, Mary, whom you love as I do. Do not leave me thus.

Brother, said O'Brien, in a solemn tone, with me there must be no reservation, however legitimate it might be. Have I not told you that, for four years, I have waited the arrival of the hour when I might freely unbosom my whole soul? And yet for four years, I have been surrounded by men, resolute even to rashness, intelligent and devoted, even to self denial. To none of them have I ever imparted any portion of my secret, excepting as much as was indispensible to the execution of my orders. To all of them, the ends I aimed at have remained a mystery. For you I waited—among all, had chosen only you. But now, I must seek elsewhere—for he who is to share my labours must have a heart unbiassed, and his judgment cool. He must, like me, give

himself up, body and mind, to the struggle I have commenced, that he may be able to cast from him, with disdain, his personal hatreds, and the dagger destined to satiate vulgar vengeance. And I too am seeking for revenge—I too avenge myself—

Angus shuddered at these words, which flattered his excited passions, and eagerly listened to O Brian.

I avenge my dishonoured sister; I avenge my murdered father; I avenge my mother, my sainted mother, who, when she closed her eyes, left me alone in this bad world, to weep for all I have loved and venerated. Mary will count as one of the victims whose cries incessantly awaken my heart, and leave it no repose. Mary shall be avenged, as shall my father, my beloved mother, and my sister; and all avenged by the same blow —for the executioner was the same.

How! Godfrey de Lancaster? exclaimed Macfarlane with astonishment.

Fergus smiled disdainfully.

Godfrey de Lancaster is but a man, cried he; why should I have snatched the dagger from your hand, if what I have said had reference to Godfrey de Lancaster?

And of whom, then, are you speaking? said Angus, whose astonishment had attained the highest pitch.

Listen to me, my brother, replied O'Brian. In the answer to your question consists my secret; and that secret is one which can only be trusted to the keeping of an accomplice.

Accomplice! exclaimed Angus; it is then a crime.

My secret, pursued Fergus, carries with it two much danger to be allied, without motive, to the dangers of a Scottish vengeance. The man to whom I would confide it, must not have, as you have, a poniard destined to assassinate a peer of England. He must live at peace with the laws, and should be, were it possible, an organ of the laws, which also are a weapon—a weapon and a mask.

I do not comprehend you, murmured Angus, who appeared greatly moved.

Macfarlane clung to Fergus.

One word, one word only, cried he. Will Mary be avenged?

Avenged, and perhaps saved, replied Fergus.

Fergus held out his hand to Macfarlane, and immediately withdrew from the threshold of the door, which he had been on the point of passing.

Thanks, my brother, cried he; thanks from the bottom of my heart. You shall know every thing—my history—my crime—which is the murder of an empire, and the salvation of one half of the world. When I shall have spoken, you will then know me as well as I know myself.

They both sat down by the fire, which was almost extinguished. Fergus related to him the downfall of his family, ruined by the shameless exactions of the English. He related the arrival in London of his father, the carrying off of his sister Betsey, and the funeral scene in the miserable house in St. Giles's, where he had remained alone in the presence of the dead bodies of his revered parents.

Macfarlane had too much affection for him not

to be deeply moved by this recital, to which the impassioned eloquence of Fergus added a powerful interest. Macfarlane saw in it his own history, but accompanied by still more mournful incidents.

When Fergus, after having repeated the last words of his dying father, paused to take breath, Angus struck his forehead, as if a sudden light had broken in upon his mind.

You intend to kill the king? said he.

The king is but a man, replied Fergus, and Christian O'Brian said—"War to England?"

To England! exclaimed Angus, I will willingly die with you, Fergus.

But it is not my intention to die, rejoined Fergus, whose brow was raised erect, and proudly beaming with hope, resplendent even amid the shadowy darkness of the apartment, I must conquer. Do you think, then, if I had deemed it necessary to choose a victim, I should have addressed myself to you, Angus? You are too hasty, in comparing my weakness with the strength of my adversary. It is five years since Christian O'Brian died. During the five years I have collected arms, and I am no longer the youth you met one evening near Belton Chapel. I have four ships at sea, and on the other side of the ocean active and indefatigable agents, who already undermine some of the props of English supremacy. All that is but little, you will say, Macfarlane, and you again draw your conclusions too hastily, because the future is still open to me. If you must compare, look at what I have already drawn from nothing, with that which I shall draw from my

present resources, and follow in idea the increase of this gigantic progression, the only motive power to which, has been my own unshaken will. Look at the first round of this ladder—the very lowest one—and you will see a poor, weak child; a few steps higher, a man curbing a host of energetic minds, by the sole power of his will. He has millions in his coffers; he has in his head a perfect knowledge of the resources of him he hates, and which he can strike with certainty. The man has arrived thus far. To-morrow, by his secret labours, his ideas will be promulgated, and he will find a powerful auxiliary in European politics. The man will then transform himself; in order to obtain access to crowned personages, he will become a mighty lord. He will amass into one mountainous heap the bitter and legitimate hatreds; all the crying wrongs committed by the insatiable cupidity, by the perfidious ambition, by the cowardly tyranny of his enemy. His voice, which will be heard, will successfully preach the establishment of an immense crusade. Then this great lord will for a time throw off his golden honours, and his velvet robes, and become the Irishman, Fergus, in order to gain the hearts of his countrymen. He will revisit his poor Ireland; his treasures will be employed in relieving her indescribable distress, and his hand always open to bestow, will one day stretch toward the east, and will point to London in the distance, whence descends upon Erin, the torrent of her sufferings.

And then he will repeat the death-cry of his father: Arise—and war to England,

The evening was passing away. Fergus and Macfarlane had been nearly three hours together. The former had lost that enthusiastic energy which animated his courage whenever he pictured to himself, in thought, the arrival of that moment when he should be opposed, face to face, with England.

It was about midnight when they separated. Angus withdrew into another room, leaving O'Brian in the general sitting-room, where a bed had been prepared for him.

Macfarlane had a heavy weight upon his heart. As soon as he was out of the presence of Fergus, his weak brain, already subject to those gloomy visions which the Scotch call second sight, and which they imagine to be prophectic warnings, was filled with mournful forebodings. The empire which Fergus had exercised over him underwent a mysterious reaction. The future looked dark to him, in which O'Brian, like an evil genius, reigned over a horizon of diasters.

Fergus, during this time, remained alone, and had given himself up to his accustomed meditations. The fatigue he had undergone inclined him to sleep, which at length overcame him.

Hours passed on. He slept so soundly, that he was not awakened by the noise which the outer door made when opened, though it grated upon its rusty hinges; for, according to ancient Scottish custom, it was only fastened by a latch.

A man entered the room. The night had nearly passed away. The new comer, who was shivering with cold, began by emptying at one draught the remains of the bottle of wine which Angus

had begun. That being done, he gathered together the embers of the fire, put fresh wood upon it, and ensconced himself in the chimney corner.

When Fergus awoke it was broad daylight. He found himself seated before a large fire, near which Randal Graham was quietly smoking a cigar which he had brought direct from the Havana.

Did Mr. Macnab then prove inhospitable? asked Fergus, with surprise.

Mr. Macnab is a prudent lawyer, replied Graham. I believe him capable of refusing anything he is not compelled to grant: but I think it will be best to relate all the particulars of my excursion to you. When I left you, I went into the cottage of one of my father's old companions, Evan of the Muir, whose son Duncan was a servant of Macfarlane, as long as he had servants—for it would appear that Angus is now as poor as Job. Duncan gave me a glass of ale without recognising me. I secured, unperceived by him, a lantern and a tinder box. The walls of Crewe Park are in ruins, and the castle is not in a much better state than the park walls. Any one may walk into it as their own house. I even got into the great drawing room without finding a single door shut. It is a castle which must be re-built; it will cost perhaps fifteen thousand pounds to do it—a mere trifle. In the drawing room I had but little trouble to discover the spring which opens the secret door, that leads to the staircase by which you descend into the caverns, but I had some trouble to make the spring play. By St. Dunstan! I have every reason to believe, that no one has had occasion, during the last fifteen years,

to take that road to our house. The spring at last acted. I lighted my lantern, and went down the stairs. As to the subterraneous passages, I have already told you all—they are sufficiently spacious to lodge an army, and we can manufacture there even the paper for our bank notes. But it is very cold there, said Randal, at the same moment involuntarily drawing his chair nearer to the fire. When I got here I was half frozen. In the cavern I was guided by memory, which was refreshed by the noise of Blackwood Torrent, and I at last reached the first step of the staircase which leads into my father's house. On that side our secret door is not quite so safe, O'Brian. I found the side of the wall which masks the entrance, and I had no difficulty in making it turn upon its pivot. I pushed open the door, and went into the room in which I wished to offer up a prayer for my poor father; but the room was occupied—Macnab was sleeping in the very bed my father used to lie in. In a small cot, at some little distance, a child was sleeping—a beautiful child, upon my faith! fresh as a rose, and with a noble countenance—and they will make a lawyer, or a doctor, or a notary, or some such thing of him; but that is of little consequence to us. What is more important is, that in all probability Macnab is acquainted with the subterraneous passage.

One month after this, Angus Macfarlane purchased, to the great astonishment of the whole country, the castle of Crewe and all its dependencies. This purchase, it would appear, did not exhaust his finances, for he made extensive repairs

in the ancient castle, and with his family resided in it, leaving the farm of the Muir to Duncan, his former servant.

CHAPTER VIII.

During the years which ensued after the return of Fergus to Europe, he led a sort of double existence. At one time he would transport himself in one of his ships to some foreign court, where he would patiently follow up the thread of his negotiations, and weave one corner of his web in which England was to be ensnared: at another time, he would suddenly re-appear in Scotland, where public terror attributed to him, under the name of Red Fergus, the most extraordinary predatory exploits. But puplic terror was mistaken. Fergus had something more important to employ his time than fighting on the highways. To him were attributed the valiant deeds of his lieutenants, and Randal Graham, who was formerly a highwayman. did not contribute a little to increase the renown of O'Brian.

The first Voyage which Fergus undertook was to the Brazils. It was about the year 1820, and his majesty the emperor was on the point of leaving that country for Portugal. Fergus had long before contrived, under a name which was commercially respectable, to form high connections in that court, in the first line of which was the Austrian Archduchess Leopoldine, Empress of the Brazils. Fergus possessed intuitively great

nobleness of manner, and English merchants, of the upper class, are on a par with princes. The empress deigned to accord him her august protection, and the slanderous tongues of some of the courtiers took occasion to remark, that Fergus was the handsomest cavalier who had ever appeared in the Brazils.

It was perhaps on account of this—but it was certainly, also, on account of the real services he had rendered to John VI., that he was raised, by that monarch, to the highest rank of the nobility. In 1822, one year after the restoration of the house of Braganza, Fergus O'Brian, the poor orphan from St. Giles's was created a grandee of Portugal, of the first class, Grand Cross of the order of Christ, and Marquis de Rio Santo in Paraiba. Fergus was also, by royal prescription, authorised to bear the name and title of a noble family which had become extinct, the Alarcaons, of Coimbra.

So that when we heard announced in the proud drawing rooms of the Westend, the sounding titles of Don Jose Maria Telles de Alarcaon, Marquis de Rio Santo, it was not the name of a vulgar adventurer, ennobled by the grace of fraud, and strutting about under a false title, but it was really a great nobleman, of legitimate manufacture, a marquis by royal grant, an exalted personage, upon whose breast glitterd the insignia of several of the most distinguished and most rarely bestowed European orders, which he had acquired and merited.

On leaving Portugal, Fergus returned to Scot-

land, and it was during this visit that the murder of Macnab took place.

After the lapse of some years, and just at the time the newly created Marquis de Santo was sojourning in Scotland, Macnab accidentally discovered a portion of the mysteries of the subterraneous passages of St. Mary's. He apprised Angus of it. The latter refused to act, and remained silent upon the subject, merely saying to Macnab: Beware.

Macnab was a man of courage; he wrote to the neighbouring magistrates. The following night Fergus O'Brian, escorted by Bob Lantern, who was one of Randal's *workmen,* introduced himself into Macnab's room. We know by what road they gained the bedside of Stephen's father. Behind them were other men of the Family, who had turned the wall upon its pivot, and had fastened the immense iron bars with which the Titanic door had been secured.

Macnab was so intimately convinced of the wrong he had inflicted, that he felt he was a lost man, the moment he looked upon O'Brian. He accepted the combat as a lost chance. The weapons were in his favour; they were dirks, in the handling of which the Scotch are proverbially skilful.

He fell at the first onset, but O'Brian gave him time to get up again; he was thrown down a second time, and Fergus allowed him to rise, and stand upon his guard once more. It was only at the third assault that he received the mortal blow.

We henceforward know who was the Marquis

de Rio Santo, what he had done, and upon what means he calculated for cambating, and alone, against England.

Before resuming the broken thread of our history, it is necessary that we should state, that Macfarlane and Fergus used every effort to discover the Countess of White Manor, and her child, in London. These efforts were, necessarily, unavailing. Fergus and Macfarlane continued their search, without hope of success, when one day, about two years before the opening of our drama, Mary, of herself, returned to Scotland. Her daughter was dead. There was no longer anything to detain her in London. Angus questioned her; but Mary, much changed both in mind and body, replied to all his inquiries but by one answer—My daughter is dead.

As regards our other personages there is no occasion to follow them through the details of their past lives.

CHAPTER IX.

The house in which lived the Chevalier Angelo Bembo, was situated near Hyde Park corner. It was a small, but elegantly constructed house, built upon an Italian model.

Fronting the windows was a couch, around which fell, in rich abundance, the soft folds of silken curtains. It was on this bed that the Chevalier Angelo Bembo placed the fainting form of Anna Macfarlane, after having released her from

the Lord's cornor. He had not at first intended to bring her there, for he had wished to return her at once to her family; but Anna overcome by fatigue, had fainted after falling on the pavement in Belgrave lane. Bembo was compelled to lift her from the ground, and to carry her in his arms to his own residence. He was in fact totally ignorant of even her name, or where she resided.

Anna recovered her senses in the course of a few minutes, and breathed a heavy sigh. Bembo was seated at the other end of the room. Anna as she laid upon the couch could not perceive him.

She suddenly rose up on the couch, and threw around her an astonished look. It was not the sight of the new objects which surrounded her that occasioned the surprise—it was merely the fact of finding herself lying down—she, who had passed her nights for a whole week in an arm-chair, that she might not be near that bed, with its old fashioned curtains, which had caused her so much alarm.

A vague expression of fear was imprinted on her features, and then her lips, whose pallor gradually yielded to a rosy tinge, expanded into a smile. She began to remember.

It was perhaps my good angel, murmured she: I had prayed to God so fervently last night—and God must have sent him. How beautiful those angels are, and how sweet their voices.

She leaned her lovely, smiling face upon her hand; there was not within her breast even a shadow of apprehension or of mistrust.

I do not dream, she rejoined, fixing her eyes upon the Italian paintings and then upon the win-

dow curtains. I have never seen anything like this before—he has rescued me. I should like to see him to thank him.

Bembo, who was listening with ravished and motionless attention, restraining even his breathing, took care not to answer this appeal. The features of Anna evinced a slight feeling of dejection.

Bembo conducted her to a coach. From Hyde Park to Cornhill, Anna did not utter a word; but more than once, Angelo thought he heard her sighing deeply. When they arrived at Mrs. Macnab's door, Bembo alighted from the coach, and offered his hand to assist her. Anna jumped resolutely on to the pavement, and then stopped as if undecided.

Adieu! madam, said Bembo.

Adieu! murmured the young girl.

Bembo thought he perceived by the light of the gas lamps, that tears were standing in her eyes. She again hesitated for a moment.

Farewell! farewell! she repeated, and then she precipitately knocked at the door, and entered the house, without again turning towards Bembo.

Bembo got into the coach. It was then about ten o'clock. Stephen had just left the house with Angus Macfarlane, to go to Frank Percival's as we have before related.

Mrs. Macnab was alone. We will not attempt to describe the joy of the poor lady, but we will state, that Anna replied with tears to the caresses of her aunt, and yet she did not know the fate of Clara.

Was she thinking of the handsome Chevalier

Angelo Bembo—who loved her, who had rescued her, and whom she never saw again?

Clara Macfarlane was much changed. The traces of the long and cruel martyrdom which she had been made to suffer, were clearly perceptible in her pallid and meagre face. Her form, so beautiful in its youthful proportions, had become debilitated and stooping. She walked with much difficulty, and very slowly. She was still handsome, even thus; but her beauty only distressed, the heart, and excited pity.

In the eyes of Clara, there was some what of a wild expression. The horrible shock that had been given to her nervous system, had left behind it an affection which continually distorted her features by sudden and painful twitchings. Her lips often opened, but pronounced unintelligible words.

Susannah led her into Doctor Moor's study, supporting her with both arms, which she had clasped around her waist. Almost at every step she took, the lovely girl encouraged the poor invalid by kissing her pale cheek.

They traversed the whole length of the room, Susannah, still supporting Clara with one arm, placed her finger upon a brass nob which appeared to be intended to hold up the folds of a curtain, she pushed it with all her strength; a grating sound was heard beneath the drapery, and a secret door which communicated with the next house, which Tyrrel had been obliged to decamp from, flew widly open.

Victory! exclaimed the lovely girl, and raising Clara in her arms, she carried her, without stopping, to the street door of No. 9.

Half an hour afterward, a hackney coach drew up before Mrs Macnab's house in Cornhill. Susannah alighted from it and looked at the front of the house, the tears streaming from her eyes.

Oh! how often have I searched for this house, exclaimed she, but now I shall never forget the way to it.

She knocked at the door; it was Anna who came to open it. The lovely girl threw her arms around Anna and kissed her.

Your sister is in that coach, Anna, said Susannah.

My sister! cried Anna, rushing out of the house.

Susannah saw her bound into the coach and clasp Clara in her arms. She remained observing the two delighted sisters for a few seconds, and with eyes full of joyful tears; and then she rapidly ran across the street, and got into a cab, in which she was driven with all speed to the house of the Countess of Derby.

Tyrrel and Doctor Moore, on leaving Wimpole street, had gone in all haste to Whitechapel road, to attend the council of the lords of the night. The meeting was, as may be readily imagined, fully attended, and very interesting.

The most important personage in this meeting was again, naturally, Sir William Marlow, the sub cashier of the Bank of England.

Gentlemen, said Rio Santo—I must inform you that, using the powers that had been delegated to me, I have called out the whole of the forces of the Family. It would take too long a time to

state to you in detail, all the different parts our men will have to play in different parts of London. I have, upon this subject, consulted the most honourable members of the metropolitan police, who form part of this meeting.

S. Boyne. Esq., and the city police magistrate bowed affirmatively.

It would be necessary, rejoined the marquis, to prevent possibility of failure, that the attention of the Government agents should be directed to some other channel; and it is only necessary for me to inform you, that a formidable insurrection will break out upon a signal given.

But the twenty-five millions sterling, if it pleases your lordship, observed Peter Bottlesy, who did not easily lose sight of solid advantages.

This interruption did not seem to displease any one.

Hear! hear! cried Lord Rupert.

The twenty five millions will be ours, replied Rio Santo;

Rio Santo arose from his presidential chair. The lords of the night then separated, leaving only Jedediah Smith, with orders to open the gates of the Purgatory at nightfall, so that the crowd, inclosed within its walls, might issue forth, and, at the critical moment, increase the general disorder.

Rio Santo got into his carriage, accompanied by Bembo and Randal Graham; in another carriage followed Falkstone and Paulus Waterfield, who arrived at Belgrave Square at the same time with the marquis,

It was then four o'clock. The avenues to Irish

House was perfectly clear. Stephen and Percival were not to station themselves in Belgrave Square until after five o'clock.

When the marquis entered his mansion, with his four companions, they found two persons sitting by the fire in the drawing room. The dog Lovely was crouching at the feet of one of them, playing with and carressing him ; it was the laird Angus Macfarlane.

Angus was sitting with his chin reclining on his chest, apparently deeply absorbed in his reflections, and he did not move when the marquis and his companions entered the room.

The other stranger, on the contrary, rose and gravely bowed to the Marquis de Rio Santo. He was a man far advanced in years, his head was partially bald, his brow ample, and on whose open though penisve countenance meditation appeared to have traced deep furrows.

Rio Santo advanced eagerly to meet him, and took his hand with an expression at once of cordiality and respect.

You are most welcome, reverend lord, he said ; I was expecting you.

CHAPTER X.

The stranger whom the marquis de Rio Santo had greeted with the title of reverend lord, replied to the cordial but respectful reception of the marquis in a manner as cordial and equally respectful.

I saw my poor children quit their native shore, said the aged man, still holding the hand of the marquis, and looking stedfastly at him. I had not the courage to retain them; you have called them my lord—and are you not their father? Is it not to your exhaustless benevolence that they, in a greater measure, owe their own lives and those of their families? But, in the name of Heaven! what are you about to do?

There are ten thousand of them—are there not, my lord? asked Rio Santo.

Ten thousand: and others would have accompanied them, had it not been for the expences of the voyage. I do not know whether to consider it an advantage or not, but our Connaught people are loosing their confidence in the promises of the great agitator. They hope in you, for you have given them bread instead of rising a tithe upon their misery. I also, hope in you, my lord; but I should wish to be assured that your courage will not lead you—you and my poor Irish children—into an unequal war, of which the world would condemn the means, and that God himself—

My lord, wait till to-morrow, cried Rio Santo, interrupting him with some emotion; the letter which announced to me the arrival of our Irish brethern, also told me that you were coming. To morrow I will explain every thing to you—to morrow you shall know all replied Rio Santo.

He conducted his venerable visitor to the outer door of Irish House, and if there had been any one near enough, they might have seen him kiss the hand which he had just before pressed in his. At the moment that he was about to return alone

to the drawing room, he paused pensively, and leaned against the doorway.

To morrow! murmured he, after pausing for a few seconds. Ah! that man says truly! the sword of the Lord ought to be pure and stainless; but the good I have done, when cast into the balance will, perhaps outweigh the faults I have committed. And then, I have laboured twenty years.

He raised his head proudly, and when he re-entered the room no one could have imagined who observed his proud bearing, and the unconquerable resolution which gleamed in his expressive eyes, that a cloud of hesitation and of anguish had for a moment appalled his soul.

My brother Angus said he to the laird, offering, him his hand, I am most happy to find you here. You would have been missed in a meeting, at which are assembled all those to whom I have confided any portion of my secret. To you, my brother, I have communicated the whole of its various details long ago.

It is fifteen years ago—one night—at the farm, said Angus, in a hollow voice, and at the same time he convulsively pressed the hand of the marquis.

Randal Graham shook his head with an air of doubt and apprehension.

Listen to me, my friends, rejoined Rio Santo, whose eyes beamed with enthusiasm and courageous energy; listen to me. The hour has come for revealing all to you. It is now twenty years ago that I declared war to England, in the name of my dead father and of oppressed Ireland. For twenty years I have struck, unceasingly, at her

power. This night I shall attack her in a regular battle, and decide the fate of this great war at one blow. I have chosen you for my lieutenants.

Thanks, cried Bembo eagerly.

Randal and Paulus drew near to him; the former, an energetic and intelligent man, had of his own free will and knowingly, devoted himself to the marquis; the other he had subjugated. The superior mind of the marquis had completely overawed him. He was as much and more devoted, than had his instinctive devotedness arisen from the feelings of his heart, or the calculations of his head.

As to the laird, he negligently folded his arms across his chest, and coldly said—

Ah, it is to-night then. Tis well, brother Fergus. I am glad I came here.

Rio Santo took him by both hands, and pressed them with emotion, saying—

Thanks, my brother; I also am happy that you are near me in this hour of danger.

The laird's hand trembled slightly. His scars reddened so deeply, that they appeared about to bleed again.

Rio Santo continued:

Both houses of parliament are now assembled. The members are silent; they are afraid of being compelled to reveal a state of things mortal to the country. Whigs and Tories, by tacit consent, say nothing of that labyrinth of difficulties and embarrassments, with which, what they are pleased to term fatality, has surrounded England. They do not say that Papineau, that illustrious

agitator of British America, presides in the Chambers of Lower Canada, and victoriously combats their domination in a country as extensive as all Europe. They do not say that the United States threaten war, and that, from all points of the globe a tempest has arisen, which advances, darkening the distant horizon, and obscuring the proud sun of England, whose soil trembles beneath the steps of her own sons.

Oh, although they do not avow it, they know it well. It would require health, youth, and vigour, to resist those attacks from the exterior—and all here is decayed, worn out, and old. Pauperism, environed by vice, extends its withering influence over the whole country. There is no work for the poor; heaps of gold accumulated, but no bread.

Rio Santo looked at the time piece over the fire place, and observing that it was half past eight o'clock, said:

We must now separate, my friends. May God protect you, Angelo, my beloved son, till we meet again.

May your wishes be fulfilled, my lord, stammered Bembo, greatly moved; from the bottom of my heart, I assure you, that the instant I shall again behold you, will be one of the happiest of my life.

He pressed the hand which Rio Santo held to him. Randal and Paulus did the ssme, and they all three left Irish House by the passage which communicates with Belgrave lane, and then departed to gain their several posts.

Angus and the marquis remained alone. The

latter placed in a belt a pair of rich pistols, over which he buttoned his coat, into the breast pocket of which he put a short bladed dagger, of exquisite workmanship. While he was thus occupied, the laird, pale and staggering, walked across the room, to one of the windows, which he opened.

Are you ill, Angus? asked Rio Santo.

Yes, my brother, stammered he; oh, yes—I am very ill, because I still love you. I love you; if you only knew how much I love you.

The laird pressed his head between both hands, and sobbed.

My God, my God, continued he, my strength fails me—I will not go with you—no, I will not—the voice of my dream—

Again, said the marquis, smilingly interrupting him. Is your fever returning, Angus?

My fever, exclaimed Augus, whose eyes looked wildly. Listen! do you know why it is I love you? Only a short time ago I was resolved. But now—ah, my brother, do not go, I entreat you, do not go.

Fie, Macfarlane, he said, these are womanish fears. If I die, you will not die with me!

He advanced toward the window, and wished to take the laird's hand. The latter, a prey to most overwhelming emotion, threw himself, weeping, into his arms.

The ground and the trees in Belgrave-square were covered with snow. Several dark forms were seen, sometimes standing motionless, at others moving without changing place, like soldiers ranged in order of battle, preparatory to receiving the word 'attention.'

CHAPTER XI.

Hardly had Angus Macfarlane touched the cheek of the Marquis de Rio Santo, than he violently drew back, with horror depicted in his countenance, and his eyes, looking upon vacancy, became more and more wild.

Judas, Judas! exclaimed he, I have kissed my brother's cheek.

The marquis had walked towards the fireplace, and had pulled the bell.

Have my tilbury brought out immediately, said he to the servant who answered it, with my swiftest horse.

The servant withdrew, and a few moments afterward Rio Santo descended the steps before Irish House, literally dragging the laird with him. Before the door was standing an elegant tilbury, to which was attached a beautiful mare.

Get in, Macfarlane, said Rio Santo.

The laird remained motionless.

Along the railing of the square, a slow but almost imperceptible movement was made by the men who had been waiting there for nearly three hours. They were gliding quietly along the railing, and did not stop till they came to that part of it which was opposite to the portico of Irish House.

Frank Percival and Stephen, who had stationed themselves at a little distance, crossed the road, and gained the foot pavement. When they had

reached this, they advanced cautiously toward the tilbury.

Rio Santo, who had gone round the tilbury to ascertain that the harness was in order, returned at this moment, and took hold of the laird's arm, saying,

Come, brother, come.

Macfarlane abruptly released himself from the hold of the marquis, and made a retrograde step.

No, no, no! said he, three times, what matters the voice of dreams?

Rio Santo looked steadfastly at him.

Stay or come, as best pleases you, my brother, said he, but decide quickly, for our minutes are counted.

Angus looked furtively around him, and saw several dark forms advancing, and ranging themselves by a slow movement to surround the tilbury. He threw himself upon the step after Rio Santo.

Well, then, cried he, yes; I will go with you, but let us go instantly. Put your horses into a gallop, quicker than a gallop.

Rio Santo took hold of the reins, and raising his head to choose his road, he perceived, for the first time, two or three men standing in the middle of the road. A vague suspicion then entered his mind.

Let us be off, in the name of Heaven; cried Angus, whose agitation increased with every moment.

The marquis had only time to look around him. He saw that to the right and to the left, upon the road and standing on the pavement, men appeared to be watching him.

This is very strange, murmured he.

Drive on, brother, cried Angus, every limb trembling with apprehension.

Rio Santo raised his eyes to Angus, and saw that his agitated features betrayed the most acute anguish.

My lord, my lord, cried a servant, running quickly down the steps of Irish House, the men who are surrounding your lordship are armed. I am sure of it—I saw—

Yes, yes, cried Angus, run over them, my brother; is your horse a good one?

Rio Santo cast a glance upon the road, measuring with a rapid look, the distances which separated the men who had been pointed out to him as enemies.

Clara, my beautiful Clara, said he, softly.

The noble animal impatiently pawed the earth, raised her head, and pricked her attentive ears.

Clara, exclaimed the laird, placing his hand on his fainting heart.

Rio Santo loosened the reins, and added, in a half whisper:

Hep, Clara, hep, my beauty.

The animal bounded off, flying along the snow.

Clara, Clara, the laird repeated. Ah, ah, I had forgotten. What have you done with her, Fergus O'Brian?

He had risen up, snatched the reins out of the hands of the marquis, and pulled at them with such strength, thal he stopped the forward motion of the animal, and made her back with the tilbury across the foot pavement close up to the steps of Irish House. The men who had been stationed

by Stephen and Frank, as well as the two young men themselves, had remained undecided till that moment, waiting the signal that had been agreed upon between them and the laird. They all rushed forward at once, and in an instant the tilbury was completely surrounded.

My brother Fergus, rejoined Macfarlane, in a loud voice, What have you done with Clara? what have you done with Anna?

These furious cries were an enigma to Rio Santa. His first idea was, that he was surrounded by police officers, and that either Smith or some other person had betrayed him. He remained sitting, and apparently tranquil, while Macfarlane, standing beside him, gesticulating furiously, and foaming at the mouth, appeared to be the prey of an attack of frenzy.

Two men had already seized the bridle of the horse. The reflection of the gas-lamps which illuminated the steps of Irish House, and between which the tilbury was then standing, fell full upon the proud though pallid face of the Marquis de Rio Lanto. Stephen instantly recognized the handsome stranger he had noticed in Temple church; but between the stranger of Temple church, the enemy of only a few days, and the assasin of his father, against whom he had for years sworn to be revenged, there was that material difference which had so long confused the suspicions of Stephen. The young doctor had now the evidence of the laird, and all doubt was removed; but he still endeavoured to discover on that noble forehead, which the sudden attack of Angus had uncovered, another physical and indisputable proof

—the scar, which had remained so vividly impressed upon his youthful imagination.

Frank had also doubts. It was the Marquis de Rio Santo; it was the detested, the fortunate rival, the pitiless tyrant of poor Mary Trevor; but was he also the destroyer of Harriet Percival?

The Marquis de Rio Santo, on his part, made no visible effort to liberate himself. He looked with an air of surprise, but calmly, at the persons who surrounded him, and appeared to be waiting an explanation. But the features of the Marquis de Rio Santo, which could so energetically express every feeling, could also, when occasion required, assume a discreet mask. He remained apparently quiet and serene; but beneath this affected calmness, the result of desperate effort, there was concealed a dread of agony.

An hour later, all the united forces of the capital of the three kingdoms would, perhaps, have been insufficient to repress his fearful power; but now, a few men could bar his progress. A chance passenger walking over a train of gunpowder, or a drop of water damping, by accident, the match which is about to be lighted, would they not suffice to hinder those gigantic shocks calculated to hollow immense ravines or level mountains? But if the spark has once touched the mine, what army or what deluge could prevent the explosion?

The events we have just described had succeeded each other rapidly as thought. Ten seconds had scarcely elapsed since the sudden change in the laird's conduct, and the irruption of the followers of Stephen Macnab.

Complete silence reigned around the tilbury

The laird still held the reins with one hand, while with the other he seized the collar of Rio Santo's great coat. He was gasping for breath, and could not speak. Rio Santo gently pushed him from him.

Gentlemen! said he, in a voice that vibrated calmly and sonorously in the deep silence, I am called Don Jose Maria Telles de Alarcaon, Marquis de Rio Santo. I am a grandee of Portugal of the first class, and I am charged with a diplomatic mission to the British government. If you are gentlemen, after the explanation I have given you, and which I was in nowise compelled to give, I request that you will let go my horse's head, and allow me to pass. If you are policemen, I summon you to clear the road, and I shall take no further notice of this brutal insult, which is in defiance of the laws of nations.

The men who had formed a circle round the vehicle did not stir; but Frank and Stephen immediately came and stationed themselves, one to the right, the other to the left of the marquis.

It is not so long ago, said Frank, in a voice boiling with anger, that the Marquis de Rio Santo and myself were near enough to each other, that it should be necessary for me to decline my name and titles.

The marquis bent forward to examine his features, and then bitterly muttered.

The honourable Frank Percival! It is said that people, whose lives you spare, become implacable enemies.

I have come to ask you, my lord, replied Frank, hardly able to restrain his anger, for an explan-

ation of a cowardly and nameless crime. He raised himself on the points of his toes, and whispered in the ear of the marquis, I am the brother of Harriet Percival, my lord.

And the disappointed lover of Mary Trevor! sarcastically added the marquis. I declare to you, sir, that I had not the honor of being acquainted with your sister.

That is true, retorted Frank; you killed her without knowing her.

There was in this laconic accusation an expression of such boundless hatred, and at the same time of such bitter grief, that the marquis was about asking an explanation, when he felt a hand pressing his arm. He turned round and saw Stephen standing by him.

I am the son of Macnab, said the latter.

Rio Santo shuddered from head to foot.

Macnab, my brother Macnab! gloomily murmured the laird. Blood for blood! I am well satisfied to have done what I have done.

There was a short pause. The marquis appeared to be transformed into a statue; he gazed vacantly before him. Who could divine what was passing in that man's mind at so terrible a moment. He had been labouring twenty years; had surmounted obstacles which others would have deemed unconquerable; he had stirred the world; and now, at the moment of accomplishing his great work, a precipice lay before him. Did he acknowledge to himself that his punishment was just, and that his crimes alone impeded his progress? Or did he argue that Heaven had persecuted him for his clemency, in having twice

saved the life of the brother who had betrayed him, and had also spared those of the two men who were now so eager for his blood? He did not, however, long pause for reflection.

Sir, said Stephen coldly, will you be pleased to alight? You will easily understand that all attempt at resistance would be useless; it will be much better for yourself to spare us the disagreeable necessity of having recourse to violent measures.

Be silent, nephew! cried the laird, who had become more and more bewildered; you are talking idly. Ah! when one hates, one should hate bitterly. He killed your father—he has carried off my daughters.

I! exclaimed the marquis, wishing to obtain some explanation.

Clara and Anna!—both of them! Ah! I must use violent measures.

He then threw himself, shrieking on Rio Santo, and caught him by the throat. During a few seconds a confused struggle took place in the tilbury, pending which the movements of the two adversaries were but indistinctly seen. Macnab and Percival rushed forward to interpose. At that moment Rio Santo, who had succeeded in withdrawing himself from the maddening grasp of the laird, raised his head—his brilliant eye flashed fire—a reddening tinge proceeding from the efforts of Angus, or from anger, had suffused the features of the marquis, till then so pallid; his brows were knit, and on the purpled skin of his forehead a livid sear appeared, extending from the

eyebrow to his hair. Frank and Stephen both exclaimed at the same moment—

The scar!

But it was never for trifling circumstances that Rio-Santo knit his brow. They had, during a second, lost sight of his movements, and that second sufficed for him. The laird being violently expelled from the vehicle, fell into the arms of Stephen, and an imperious voice exclaimed,

As you value your lives, let go the bride!

The two men who were holding the horse did not obey his order. Two shots were heard, rapidly succeeding each other.

The noble animal instantly bounded forward, for the men who held her had both fallen lifeless on the snow. The tilbury glided off with the rapidity of lightning.

A hundred guineas to whoever stops him! cried Stephen, with exasperation, and rushing after Rio-Santo. Donnor of Armagh brandished a long knife which he held in his hand.

Oh! your honour, said he, Donnor will stop him for nothing. The lord has a capital horse, to be sure, but they are paving the end of Belgrave-street; he will be obliged to come back this way. If I should be run over, your honor will take care of the little child in St. Giles's.

Donnor instantly ran off. He reached the corner of Belgrave street long before any of the rest, and at the moment the marquis, arrested by the obstacle he had mentioned, had turned round, and was endeavouring to gain the opposite side of the square at full gallop, Donnor threw himself before the tilbury; its progress was uot slacken-

ed, but he clung to the shaft, and allowed himself to be dragged along, despite the efforts of the marquis. After going about a hundred yards, Clara stumbled.

Hey, my beauty, cried Rio Santo.

Clara again bounded forward, and again stumbled. She ran ten paces farther, and then fell dead upon the road.

Donnor threw himself exhausted upon the snow, shouting victory. He had plunged his long knife into the sides of the poor animal.

Oh, your honour, cried he to Stephen, who ran up, I had not before done anything for the bread you gave me, and the clothes for the little child.

The shafts of the tilbury were broken in the fall, and the Marquis de Rio Santo was thrown heavily on the ground. He remained for some moments stunned by the shock, but had however regained his feet, before the greater number of his adversaries had advanced to seize him. He was standing in the road, holding his dagger in his hand. Stephen and Percival were the first to rush upon him.

What! two upon one! said the marquis, jeeringly. He had avoided Frank, and held his poniard raised over Stephen, who had stumbled over a part of the shaft. But he did not strike. A confused and distant murmur was heard in the direction of Chapel street.

Surrender yourself, my lord, said Stephen, who had had time to rise from the ground; you must see that resistance would be in vain.

I see that you are twenty against one, replied

Rio Santo. I surrender to the honourable Frank Percival.

While speaking, he lent an attentive ear to the distant noise, which kept on increasing. It was like an immense murmur, louder at intervals, and then subsiding, to become louder still. Rio Santo had thrown aside his poniard, and remained unarmed between Stephen and Percival.

My lord, said the latter to him, this would be an ill chosen moment to allow a feeling of irritation to break out, or to call you to account for the insulting sneer with which you have addressed me. I must, however, tell your lordship, that twenty huntsmen may attack the wild boar in his den. Have the goodness to follow us.

The whole party instantly set forward towards Chapel street, in order to proceed to the Westminster police office. The features of the marquis had lost their expression of haughty and provoking calmness, and had assumed one of cold indifference. No one could have divined at that moment what was passing in his breast. Perhaps he was overcome by that heavy apathy so often an attendant on defeat. Such must have been the opinion of those who knew only his exterior, and had never had an opportunity of judging of his strength of mind. Perhaps he had some mysterious motive for believing he should still succeed.

It is very certain, that every time the shouts from Grosvenor Place reached his ear, he involuntarily quickened his pace, as if he would have hastened thither before his guards. They reached the corner of Belgrave Square. It was not difficult to conjecture that a very considerable concourse

of people thronged Grosvenor Place. Our small party, nevertheless, continued to advance in that direction.

It might have been observed that the countenance of the marquis brightened up, although he endeavoured to repress his feelings, when he found himself in Chapel street, in which the cries of the mob loudly resounded.

Let us hasten on, said Stephen, or we shall find our road obstructed.

One would say there is an insurrection, observed one of the men who accompanied them.

It was in fact an insurrection. It was the wing of an immense army which, even at that hour, had poured into the streets of London, its innumerable legions. They were the inhabitants of St. Giles's, the thieves of the Great Family, and the newly arrived Irishmen, who were precipitating themselves into the Park, in the neighbourhood of Buckingham Palace.

Could he but once come within reach of this assemblage, of which he was the soul, Rio Santo had but to pronounce one word, and he was saved. It was this, that in spite of himself, animated his features; it was for this reason he hastened on, and would have given a week of his life for every step that then separated him from Grosvenor Place.

But in his path there was a man whom Heaven seemed to have destined to thwart his views, and double the bitterness of his cup. Angus Macfarlane had been present at the secret council held in the drawing room of Irish House, he also knew what the crowd was, whose shouts resounded in

the ear of the marquis as the sure promise of his safety. Although bruised by his fall, he had dragged himself along the snow to the corner of Chapel street, and called to Percival and Stephen bidding them to stop. Rio Santo turned pale on hearing the sound of this voice, formerly so dear to him, but which was now that of his most implacable enemy.

The laird whispered in Stephen's ear, and the direction of their march was instantly changed; and as the marquis refused to move one step in an opposite direction, he was seized and dragged along in spite of all his efforts.

In Belgrave Square they met with some policemen, who had at last made their appearance there, on being informed that two men had been shot. Rio Santo was delivered over to their charge, and conducted to the Westminster police-office, escorted by all those who had aided in his arrest.

During all this, London, the city which, par excellence, holds insurrections most in horror, because insurrections compel its inhabitants to shut their shops, became alarmed; and withdrew into the depths of its dark looking houses, as does a snail in its shell, on the approach of danger.

The insurrection kept on increasing in its numbers. Where was all this to end? For what purpose had the crowd armed themselves? For whose advantage had this revolution been concocted?

Some of the window-curtains of the drawing-rooms were half-drawn back, and gentlemen looked out. On seeing this colossal rising of the

people, which had sent into the streets as many heads as there were pavingstones, they asked themselves what was to become of London, the city of all others the worst guarded, in which there were only just troops enough to parade in St. James's park on high days and holidays. The quiet city, organized for lucre and for peace, unskilful in war, and defended only by a few horse-guards; the most splendid looking cavaliers in the whole world.

The crowd continued incessantly augmenting; sometimes emitting hollow groans, and at others, rending the air with deafening clamors. It moved on, crushing and melting the frozen snow beneath its feet.

And this crowd had no banner. It cried not out in favour of the Whigs, at that time in power, nor for the Tories, nor for the Radicals! It was a terrific anger that impelled it, and so much the more terrific from its being mysterious and inexplicable.

Buckingham Palace was completely surrounded. Whitehall and its neighbourhood, thronged with public officers, was in the possession of the mob, whose numbers were so great, that all idea of resistance was abandoned. The affrightened members of both Houses of Parliament were silent, and listening to the cries of the people assembled around them, whose terrific clamours would have drowned their barren eloquence.

London, as well as England, was attacked at once in every vulnerable part. It was the same gifted mind which had traced the plan of this

double battle. But there was no signal. The lieutenants of Rio Santo, impatient at the general impatience, were anxiously expecting it: the cannons of the Tower were silent.

Who does not know the wild, short-sighted, mad, and brutal excesses of that heartless monster called Insurrection? It passes on, throwing down every obstacle that impedes its progress, gaining strength from every combat, becoming greater with every drop of blood it sheds, capable of performing miracles if it has once scented the sweet smell of death; it moves on full of ardour and delight, provided it is furnished with men to kill and palaces to demolish. Listen! Should you hear it roaring loudly and raising to the skies the howlings of its hideous joy, it is either that it has just dashed to pieces some marble columns, or broken the limbs of some of its human victims. It either dances upon ruins or warms its feet in human blood.

But if you throw not carnage in its path, upon what can it then fatten? Men do not get drunk on empty bottles. Shouting cannot last for ever. To keep in a merry mood, men must drink—an insurrection murder.

And no signal was given.

The monster had its feet in the melted snow. It was compelled to remain in the same spot, and it shivered, and its teeth chattered with the cold, and it grumbled with discontent, but whisperingly.

Oh, if any one had but shown this assembled throng the object against which it wss meant to

be directed, and had given the order "Strike!" it would soon have recovered its hilarity with the pastime; and then, wo! to the object indicated, whether soldier or edifice; but nothing! The lieutenants of Rio Santo were waiting for the signal; the hours ran on; there was a heavy fall of snow, and the insurrection was a-cold.

Now, insurrections dispel themselves as easily as they are formed. Who knows from whence the storm proceeds, or whither it goes? Toward ten o'clock at night the policemen traversed the streets of London, in which the mob had left nothing but a vast increase of mud.

In one only place the insurrection had not given way; it was at the corner of Prince's street and the Poultry. We know that the crowd had there a specific object, and that no signal was necessary for commencing the pillage on the bank. The time for that had been fixed. At eleven o'clock the operations were to commence.

But the laird had had time to make his declaration at the Westminster police office. About ten o'clock, a battalion of Foot Guards came through Threadneedle street, which had been left clear, and quietly stationed themselves in front of the soda water shop.

The members of The Family stared at them. Paddy O'Chrane uttered some of the best selected oaths, and Snail mewed unmercifully.

At midnight, all were sleeping quietly within the city, excepting a dozen masons, who were employed by torch light in bricking up the door and windows of the soda water shop.

Happily, and Mr. Smith thanked heaven for the

same—not a soul remained in the subterraneous passage—absolutely no one, excepting Saunders the elephant, who was thus walked up with the remains of the last night's supper and his crock of gin.

CHAPTER XII.

We pass over six weeks, and arrive at the month of February, 183—

The Middlesex assizes have been held for about a week in the Old Bailey. A trial of extraordinary interest was then before the court. The newspapers had invested it with most gigantic importance, and it undoubtly merited all they had said of it.

The far famed Marquis de Rio Santo had for two days been standing in the dock allotted for criminals, when on their trial for criminal offences.

Great lords and lovely ladies had crowded to be present at this trial, and were obliged to contend for places with tradesmen's wives from the Poultry, and the robust spouses of watermen and carmen. It was a fearful medley, and it was with difficulty that we could distinguish the faces of our own friends. By dint of patient search, however, the mincing features of the Viscount de Lantrues Lucas at last struck our eyes; he was seated near the equestrian profile of Lord John Tantivy. A little farther on, we discovered the well known features of our amiable gossips from Finch Lane, Mrs. Dodd, Mrs. Bull, and the rest,

They had all taken breakfast with Mrs. Bloomsbury, who was very melancholy, because she had not been able to overcome the coldness of the handsome Captain Paddy O'Chrane.

Close to the entrance door was a lady habited in deep mourning, whose face was concealed by a thick black veil.

In a few minutes, the constables, followed by several policemen, entered the court, accompanying the Marquis de Rio Santo, his noble features beamed with the same intelligence, and were as proudly calm and indifferent, as though he had been attending the trial of some indifferent person.

At this moment the lady dressed in black raised her veil, and exposed to view the palied features of the Countess of Derby. The eyes of the marquis were accidentally directed toward her, and immediately on perceiving her, his countenance underwent a complete change. Every feeling of respect and tenderness, affection and thankfulness, were thrown into the look with which he, for a moment gazed upon the drooping forehead of the countess. It was a mute but eloquent expression of his admiration, and a testimony of his ardent gratitude.

The countess, at the moment that Rio Santo was, for the last time, approaching the fatal bar, felt her heart sink within her; her limbs trembled beneath her, and she must have fallen, had not a friendly arm at that moment placed itself around her waist aud supported her.

Ophelia turned round. The supporting arm was that of a person unknown to her—a tall and well formed woman, dressed in mourning like

herself, and veiled as she was. This person gently drew her from the crowd, and supported her trembling steps till they had reached an adjacent street.

May Heaven reward your ladyship, she then exclaimed, at the same time offering a scent bottle to the countess; I wish I could have done what you have done—but, alas, I am but a poor woman and you are a noble lady: may Heaven reward you.

To whom am I thus obliged? demanded the countess.

My name is Fanny Bertram, replied the stranger. I have loved him as you have loved him—you will also find that it is impossible to forget him! And I know that you have supplicated for him—wept for him. Thanks—thanks, madam; and may Heaven bless you.

Fanny Bertram raised the hand of the countess to her lips, kissed it fervently, and then disappeared amid the crowd.

The Marquis de Rio Santo was then before the judges. It was supposed that the trial would conclude that day, and that the jury would give their verdict.

The principal witness, Angus Macfarlane, was not present. Search had been made for him in every direction but in vain; no one knew what had become of him.

Frank Percival and Stephen Macnab were there to replace him. Near them was seated a voluntary witness, the Prince Demetrius Tolstoy, embassador from Russia, whose evidence had weighed fatally against Rio Santo.

Without the court the crowd had much diminished, but numbers were still waiting to learn the result of the trial. Many of those who had withdrawn had retired to the neighbouring public houses, ready to rush forth again as soon as the court broke up.

The whole Family was in movement. None of its members, with the exception of the marquis, had been arrested, because the information laid before the Westminster magistrates by Macfarlane had mentioned Rio Santo; only Angus having promised to make ulterior revelations, and to give a list of the principal lords of the night; but from that very night no tidings had been heard of the laird who it was supposed, had been assassinated.

But the marquis alone sufficed fully to occupy the general attention. The men of the Family now knew who was the mysterious chief who had secretly directed all their movements, and had reigned over them as an absolute sovereign. Every one of them had endeavoured to catch a glimpse of him; they all had seen him, and his truly royal aspect had made a deep impression on every one of them.

While the trial is proceeding, we shall find several of the minor personages of our drama assembled at the gin shop of Jack Gibbet, in Fleet-lane, at no great distance from the Old Bailey. In this house there was a parlour set apart for solicitors' clerks, and the subordinate officers of justice, who were considered the gentlemen of the place.

In this reserved parlour, Paddy O'Chrane was seated at a table, close by the door which opens

into the common tap room, quietly sipping a six-penny glass of gin, *cold without.* There was no other person in the room, but Snail, Madge, Loo, and Mike were not far off: they were sitting in a box close to the door, Mike's face still retaining marks of the tremendous fight with Turnbull. At another table were seated Bob Lanthern and Temperance, who were very conjugally partaking of a pot of porter. In a distant corner sat Donnor of Armagh, eating his breakfast. He had ensconced himself in the farther corner of the box, and none of the others knew that he was present.

They had been talking of the trial, but having worn that subject out, they were discoursing on that all-important event, the failure of the scheme to pillage the Bank, and the incidents which had resulted from it.

What famous fun it would have been! said Snail. Sister Loo and I had posted ourselves at the corner of the Poultry. But only see how hard she is breathing, poor girl. Brother mike, give your wife something to drink.

Mike poured out a glass of gin, which Loo seemed to wish to swallow, but the poor girl could not lift it to her lips. The glass slipped from her trembling fingers, and broke upon the floor.

That is a sign of death! said Mike.

Pshaw! exclaimed Snail, disdainfully. Pour out another glass of gin, Mike—I will pay for all.

Loo had risen up, gasping, with both her hands pressed upon her chest. She went to a

bench, and laid herself down at full length upon it.

Look, Temperance, said Bob Lantern, in a paternal tone to his wife; see what the abuse of strong liquor brings one to!

Oh, my pretty Bob, replied Temperance, patting the frightful head of the mendicant, I am sure I havn't drank the value of a pint of gin today—

And after all, rejoined Snail, it may be a sign of death. His honour is in a bad situation. But to return to me and my Sister Loo. When the soldiers arrived—listen to this, Loo, and you will see whether your husband is a man or not—when the soldiers arrived, there were some fools who wanted to attack them. The soldiers charged, and drove us before them, helter skelter, down to Whitechapel, close to the Purgatory, which was then empty, because all our birds had taken flight. Joey, who was on guard, let down the steps into the lane; the wall opened, as you have seen them do at the Adelphi Theatre; Loo and I ran up the stairs, and the soldiers soon followed us. Ha, ha, you'll see presently. We, who knew the road well, kept to the left, but the poor devils of soldiers stood still as posts, as soon as the door closed itself behind them. They stopped, but did not say a word.

The reader will remember the description given of this entrance to the Purgatory in a former part of this history, when Lady B— paid a visit to it, accompanied by the Countess Cantacouzini.

Snail continued—O'Chrane had opened the door, and was listening to him:

Here, smoke my pipe, my pretty Madge, and give it to me again, when I have finished my story. Well, all was dark as pitch, as dark as in on oven. I walked on, very gently, till I came to the safety pit, which is between the street and the door of the great hall. When I had got to the farther side of it, I called out: Come on my boys, come on. Do you recollect that, sister Loo?

Loo opened her dull eyes, and closed them again, without replying.

Loo is very ill, rejoined Snail. She will be better, if you give her some more drink. Well, the soldiers heard me, and rushed forward. Ha, ha, the pit is a deep one—those fellows will never tell any body where the Purgatory is—

May I be boiled exclaimed the captain, boiled in Satan's cauldron, if that boy has not more brains than all of us.

Hear that, Madge, cried Snail, exultingly, hear what the captain says of your man.

That must have been very unpleasant to the soldiers, observed Bob Lantern; to die in such a hole as that. How many were there of them?

A dozen, friend Bob.

Supposing they had only three shillings a piece in their pockets—and a king's soldier may very well have three shillings—that makes nearly two guineas lost.

Bob sighed while making this exclamation, which he did aside.

Oh, how I am suffering, cried little Loo. Holy mother, pray for me.

Donnor of Armagh shuddered at the singular expression of his daughter's voice, and involun-

tarily rushed toward her. Snail had also got up holding in his hand a full glass of gin.

Open your mouth, sister Loo, said he.

The little girl obeyed, and Snail made her sup it to the last drop. Her eyes rolled for a moment, and she jumped to her feet as if suddenly reanimated by a galvanic shock.

More drink, more drink, cried she in a hoarse voice; and the effect of the spirits mounting with violence to her brain, she began to dance and sing in her usual monotonous manner.

Captain O'Chrane stretched his long neck out of a private parlour door:

Are there any among you, you rascally thieves, cried he, my good companions, who can tell me, if it is true that Mr. and Mrs. Gruff have disappeared from King George's Head?

I, I can, replied Snail. By satan and his horns, I can, tell you all about them, and more besides. Listen, all of you. It is a regular story. It was on that famous night, when I came out of the Purgatory, after leading the soldiers into the pit; I said to myself—Snail, said I, a gentleman like you must have been particularly pointed out to the police. I thought so, upon my honour. I left sister Loo to go home alone, and I went down to the water side, that I might get along safely to the King George's Head, where I intended to hide myself. When I got to Blackfriar's Bridge, a strange thing happened to me, as you shall hear. I saw a tall, mad looking fellow looking down at the water, and singing an old Scotch song, something about a laird who had two daughters. As I passed near him, he heard my steps, and rushed

at me furiously, caught hold of me, and dragged me to the side of the bridge. Look, cried he—look, do you see them? There they are—Gruff and his wife; and there's Clara—Clara and Anna. Yes, there! Yes, yes! and there he is too!—that's my brother, Fergus. He pointed to the Thames, in which I could see nothing. Wasn't that droll, now?

And after that, you unfledged thief, you? impatiently cried the captain.

After that? eh. If I had not been a man, he would have frightened me, rejoined Snail. Thank God, I do not know many gentlemen who are braver than I am. After that? the devil take me, if tears did not run down his face, as if he had been a fountain. Dead, said he, all dead. I killed them all! and in a moment he threw himself from the top of the bridge into the river. I can swim capitally, but the night was very cold, end after all, he was but a madman. I leaned over as far as I could, and I saw him just as he got clear of the shadow of the bridge; he was floating along as if he could not sink, for he was not swimming; but all at once I lost sight of him.

But Gruff, you imp of satan?

Thunder and lightning, captain, have patience. When I could see no more of the mad fellow, I went on to the King George's Head. The door was open--no one in the tap or in the parlour. I went up stairs—not a soul. I searched every corner of the house—i' faith, thought I, perhaps what the madman said was true. He might have seen Gruff and his wife in the Thames, for up

stairs, there was a deal of blood upon the floor of the large room, and that was all.

That Thames is a shocking river grumbled Bob; more than a hundred pounds worth of subjects are lost in it every year.

So that, by the horns of Beelzebub, exclaimed the captain, Gruff and his wife are dead. They were good comrades, although it may be affirmed that the whole universe did not contain two more pernicious wretches—

At that moment something was heard falling heavily on the floor. All present had drawn around Snail while he was relating the above incidents; they had forgotten Loo, for the moment, and on turning round saw her lying, the perspiration streaming down her face, extended on the ground.

I burn, I burn; she muttered, put out the fire that is burning here within me.

Drink, sister Loo, cried the intrepid Snail, it will be nothing.

The little girl shook her head, and pushed the glass aside, to the inexpressible astonishment of Temperance, who made an involuntary movement to take hold of it.

Father, faintly exclaimed Loo, it does me so much good to see you. What shall I say to mother for you? I am going to my good mother. Oh, the fire has gone out. I do not suffer now.

She closed her eyes—her livid and emaciated features assumed the smile of a child when sleeping.

It is all over, exclaimed Snail.

Donner came forward, and spread his great coat over her.

What are you doing that for, daddy? asked Snail.

Because she is dead, child, replied Donnor.

He then raised the body in his arms, and hurried with it out of the house.

The inmates of the public house remained for some time gloomily silent.

Think, Temperance! muttered Bob, aside to her, what a dreadful lesson this must be to you.

Oh, yes, it is, indeed, my own sweet boy, said the afflicted woman. I shall go off in just the same way, if you refuse me sixpence for my gin whenever I want it.

Madge! wife! said Snail! striving hard to restain his feelings, for he thought it would be derogatory to his manhood to be seen crying, I am a gentleman, and must not give way like a baby! But I suppose that it is allowed for a man to feel for a sister—my poor Loo! my poor Loo!—I am not crying. Madge.

Snail suddenly turned his face toward the wall, because the tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he was ashamed of his own weakness.

The silence which had pervaded the public house still continued, when, all at once, a hollow and continued murmur was heard, proceeding from the Old Bailey. All the members of the Family rose simultaneously, and went toward the door.

It is the verdict, cried they; it is the verdict.

Yes, 'tis the verdict, cried Tom Turnbull, who

entered the door at that moment, and giving it a tremendous kick to close it again, almost dashed it to pieces.

And what is the verdict, my good friend Tom? cried O'Chrane, who was in such haste for the information that he dispensed with his usual oaths on the occasion.

They have found him guilty then? stammered the captain who was more moved than he had been for many years.

And he is condemned to death! replied Turnbull.

CHAPTER XIII.

Fergus O'Brian, a British subject, but calling himself Don Jose Maria Telles de Alarcaon, Marquis de Rio Santo, a grandee of Portugal, &c., had been declared guilty of the murder of Macnab, a counsel in the judiciary courts of Glasgow, guilty also of belonging to an illegal association, and an accomplice in an attempt to pillage the Bank of England.

As to the accusation of high treason, the attorney general had withdrawn it from the record, by order of the cabinet council.

He was condemned to be hanged before Newgate, within three days from the day of his sentence, and all London was eager to behold this fashionable execution.

But Fergus O'Brian, among many other speeches which were considered, rash, audacious, and sub-

versive of all order by every man who wore a wig within the three kingdoms, declared in a loud and intelligible voice, and within the precints of the court, before all the judges, aldermen, counsellors, and clerks there present, that he should never be hanged.

This, however, was considered as a mere piece of rhodomontade ; and the fashionable world prepared themselves to give a last proof of their sympathy to their lion the king of fashion, by attending with new kid gloves and full dressed, at his last appearance on the human stage.

It was about ten in the evening, two days after the Marquis de Rio Santo had been condemned to death. Clara and Anna Macfarlane were both in bed, and both lying motionless. But while Anna was sleeping soundly, the eyes of Clara were widely open and sparkling with a feverish brilliancy. She gazed upon her sister's bed, as if anxious to ascertain that she was really asleep.

After the first moment of joy, which the unhoped for return of both the sisters had occasioned all had once more become sorrowful within the house of Mrs. Macnab. It had been soon perceived that although differently affected, both Clara and Anna were suffering from some secret grief. Anna who had been always so mild and so ingenious, was now reserved and timid. Mrs. Macnab often observed that her eyes, which formerly were so smiling, now bore the trace of frequent tears. As to Clara her mind appeared to be oppressed by some unknown sorrow. She suffered silently, and

sat dull and musing; her mental faculties seemed to have lost their spring. Stephen was assiduous in his attentions. Anna endeavoured to smile, that she might assist her sister; but all in vain —the shock had been too voilent; weeks and months of happiness were necessary to remedy this disease, both of the soul and body. And Clara could not be happy, because she ardently aud immeasurably loved an unknown person, one whom perhaps she might never see again.

Upon one occasion, Mrs. Macnab came up stairs, with more alacrity than usual, and in that tone which mothers assume to amuse a suffering child, said to her.

Come Clara, come, my child; I want to show you the portrait of the celebrated Marquis de Rio Santo.

Mrs. Macnab knew nothing of her son's suspicions as to the Marquis de Rio Santo, regarding the carrying off of her two nieces. She had purchased one of those lithographic portraits, which whether resembling the original or not, are sold from door to door, before and after every great criminal trial in London. She had said to herself It will amuse Clara.

Look Clara, said Mrs. Macnab; this is the man who wanted to kill the king, the ministers, and all the members of Parliament. The reverend Joshua Butler, who knows everything, told me all about it yesterday. Does he not look like a great villain?

Clara did not reply.

Where do they try him?

He is tried at the Old Bailey, replied the latter.

I know where the Old Bailey is, she said; but, after trial, where do they put those who are to be executed?

In Newgate, my love.

I know where Newgate is, added Clara; and then, turning to her aunt, whom she formerly always addressed with the title of mother: Madam, will you give me this portrait?

That portrait and all you wish for, my dear child.

Clara seized the lithograph, and precipitately ran up stairs to her room with it. That and the following day she appeared less sorrowful, and she was more than once seen to smile.

We shall save her! said Mrs. Macnab.

May Heaven grant it! added Anna.

On the evening we have mentioned at the beginning of this chapter, Clara, who had passed the greater part of the day at the window, gazing upon the portrait of the marquis, whenever Anna's absence permitted it, was still seated there—each time she looked upon it, her soul seemed renovoted, and her lovely eyes recovered their vivacity.

As evening advanced, Clara became pensive, and retired to rest much earlier than usual. She begged her sister to follow her example; and Anna, always anxious to comply with the wishes of the poor invalid, did as she requested her, and went at about nine o'clock. At ten she was in a sound sleep.

Clara restrained her breathing, and remained

perfectly motionless; but she slept not: she was anxiously watching whether her sister really was asleep.

In a few minutes she raised her bed clothes with a noiseless motion, and got quietly out of bed; she was completely dressed. Anna did not awake. Clara took her shoes in her hand, that she might not be heard, quietly opened the door, and crept down stairs. She forgot even to kiss her sister. Her heart and mind were enveloped in so thick a veil, that love alone could penetrate it.

When she reached the ground floor, Betty was still busy at some work in the kitchen. Clara slipped into the parlour, and concealed herself. She waited patiently till Betty went to bed; and when she thought the old servant was asleep, she took the key of the outer door, which she opened, and found herself alone in the street. It was then about half past eleven o'clock.

I know where Newgate is, murmured Clara to herself. I have often passed by there.

At that time, the honest, minute, and incorruptible turnkey was visiting the cell in which the Marquis de Rio Santo was awaiting, stretched on a straw mattrass, the execution of his sentence. It is needless for us to state that the most rigid precautions had been taken with regard to him, and more particularly as he had announced, before the crowded court, his determination to escape the scaffold. Now, the scaffold cannot be evaded when the criminal has once overstepped the threshold of that fatal room, denominated

the Condemned Cell, unless by suicide, or actual escape.

The officers of justice, who feared the one event as much as the other, had placed within the cell in which Rio Santo was confined and heavily ironed, a sure and powerful man, recommended for that purpose by the superintendent of the metropolitan police, S. Boyne, Esq. This was a case in which it may be truly asserted, that too much care may prove injurious.

This faithful and vigorous guardian, guaranteed by S. Boyne, Esq., was no less a person than our Scotch friend Randal Graham, selected by the lords of the night to assist the marquis in a plan, which they, with Mr. Boyne at their head, had formed for his escape.

But those who are acquainted with the interior of Newgate, know that an escape from the condemned cell presents enormous difficulties.

Are you ready, my lord? cried Randal, when the sound of the heavy step of the old turnkey had gradually died away along the passage.

I am ready, replied Rio Santo, who raised himself from his straw bed.

Randal approached the grated window, which opens upon Newgate-street, and threw from between the massive iron bars a half crown piece, which rang with a sharp sound as it fell upon the pavement.

Immediately was heard from the corner of Giltspur-street the loud mewing of a cat.

They are all ready, said Graham.

Come, O'Brian, the time has arrived when we must part. Hear me one moment. Certain it is,

I would not have done for my own father what I am about to do for you. If we should not meet again—you will think sometimes of poor Randal Graham.

I shall think of him as a cherished and dovoted friend, said the marquis, with much emotion.—But why do you speak thus, Graham? We shall certainly meet again.

Randal shook his head.

I know the Break-neck, he said, a man might as well throw himself from St. Dunstan's tower upon the pavement. But you are right, Fergus, rejoined the Scotchman, affecting sudden gaiety, people do get over it sometimes, for Jack Sheppard managed to get clear off.

I have never yet seen the place you call the Break neck, Randal, said Rio Santo; is there really any chance of your being killed?

Yes and no, O'Brian, yes and no. If a man had wings, there would not be the slightest danger. It is a descent of sixty steps, at the bottom of which rises the wall of a house. In daylight should any one attempt it, his head, would fail him, but it is dark now. Come, Fergus, to work.

But, said the latter, what obliges you to take that dangerous way?

I' faith, my lord, replied the Scotchman, you must needs think that it is not from choice. The sheriffs, do you see, think you as dear as the apple of their own eyes. They have established guards at every issue. They are stationed at the corner of Ludgate hill, Fleet-street, and Newgate-street. Only one road remains open to us, and that is

Skinner-street, besides Green-arbour Court, which are guarded by policemen, chosen by Mr. Boyne. Well, when once one gets into Green-arbour court, one must get out of it.

Rio Santo buried his face in his hands, and reflected for some seconds. After that he rose up, leaving upon the straw mattress his feathers, which had previously been filed through : he took the hand of Randal, and pressed it warmly.

I thank you, said he ; I would not avail myself of your too generous devotion ; but I have commenced the combat, and my total defeat would only deepen the abyss in which my brothers suffer.—

To work ! reiterated Randal ; but I must tell you, marquis, I care as little for your Irish brothers, as you call them, as I do for the Schah of Persia ; and if I give my blood for any one, it is for you and you alone, O'Brian !

He hurriedly unbuttoned his coat, and unwound a coil of silken rope which he had concealed under it. That done, he with care withdrew two of the bars from the window, which he had himself filed through during the evening.—One of these bars, placed across the remaining ones, served him to securely fasten his rope upon.

When the silken rope was solidly attached, Randal turned to the marquis, and held out his hand to him.

Good bye till we meet again. Lose not a moment, and think sometimes of Randal.

He stepped lightly through the bars, and was on the pavement in an instant.

The guard at the debtor's door heard the noise

he made on reaching the ground, and cried out, Who goes there?

But Randal, instead of replying, ran off toward Giltspur-street, at the corner of which a horse was in readiness for him. Randal jumped into the saddle.

Quick! cried the guard, the prisoner isescaping.

The effect of the cry was magical. The walls of the neighbouring houses appeared to have transformed themselves into policemen. Randal turned toward the prison again, and did not urge his horse faster than was necessary to prevent his pursuers catching him, and took care not to put him to a gallop. The policeman who was stationed at the corner of Green-arbour court, played the same sort of scene we saw performed on board the Cumberland when the convicts escaped. On the approach of Randal, he let himself fall upon the pavement, calling out for mercy, as if he had received some fearful injury.

During this time Newgate-street was completely deserted, and the only person remaining in the Old Bailey was the guard at the debtor's door.

When we say deserted, we mean only in regard to policemen, for there were a number of persons in the neighbourhood of the prison, whom the flight of Randal had not drawn from thence. These were, first of all, men belonging to the Family, who had concealed themselves in Giltspur-street, and the Chevalier Bembo, who was holding by the bridle an excellent and powerful saddle horse.

Besides these, there was a young woman dressed in black, who remained at the corner of Skinner-

street. At the moment when Randal passed her, this young woman had just reached that spot, having entered the Old Bailey from Ludgate-hill. She had examined the face of the fugitive by the light from the gas lamp, and had murmured, as he went by,

It is not Edward.

And then her looks, in which there was much wildness, were directed to the gloomy walls of the prison.

I was quite sure that I could find my way to Newgate, said she, mentally, but how will it be possible for me to get at him? How dark that building looks, and how cold it must be within those massive walls.

Clara—for it was Clara—drew close around her, shivering with cold at the idea, the shawl she had thrown upon her shoulders, and pulled her veil down over her face.

At this moment the Marquis de Rio Santo, following the same course which Randal had taken, let himself down by the silken rope, and reached the ground in safety. He then instantly stole quietly along toward Giltspur-street.

Here we are, my lord, said a voice which proceeded from a doorway. Bembo immediately threw the rein over the horse's neck, and placed one end of it in the hand of the marquis.

Who goes there? cried the man, stationed at the debtor's door.

Mount quickly, my lord! cried Bembo.

Rio Santo opened his arms widely, and the young Italian threw himself into them, overpowered by his feelings.

Who goes there? was again repeated.

Rio Santo bounded into his saddle, and then slowly turned round the corner of Giltspur street. He bent forward, placed his arm around Clara's waist, raised her before him, and then, just as the watch was again crying: Who goes there? struck his spurs into his horse's sides, which, although doubly burdened, instantly bounded off with the swiftness of an arrow.

Whither she was going? To Clara, that was a matter of no import. Had Edward's road led to the fatal spot to whieh the unhappy Leonore was conducted by the phantom of Birger, Clara would still have smiled.

They soon lost sight of the streets of London. In the first village on the road to Scotland, the marquis alighted from his horse. A travelling chariot had been stationed there by Bembo, and the marquis immediately got into it with Clara. Although he had not of course calculated upon having a companion with him, and, above all a female one, the presence of Clara was essentially useful to him. Runaway matches are so frequent on that road, that they were considered such; and a young couple arriving on horseback, and at that hour of the night, was looked upon as a very natural occurrence. It completely baffled all inquiries as to the escape of the prisoner.

It was a singular journey.

During the whole of it, he conducted himself toward Clara as a ather would have done toward a beloved child. But, from the impression which had been produced upon him by the sight of Anna, when she presented to him the plate for his

donation in Temple church, the marquis, in the strange and unconnected conversation which he had with Clara, several times inadvertently pronounced the name of her younger sister. Each time, that name fell as a heavy weight upon the hears of Clara. She then became as jealous as she had been during her dream, and the complete happiness which Edward's presence had afforded her, was changed to bitter agony.

Rio Santo was going to St. Mary of Crewe, where Waterfield, Smith, Folkstone, Bembo and Randal were to join him, if Randal were still living.

Despite the tender interest which he felt for Clara Macfarlane, and though still unconquered, and unsuccessful, he was combining new projects, and was recommencing, in his own mind, the war he had so long declared against England.

While these matters were occupying the mind of the marquis, Clara gazed upon him with admiration.

They arrived on the borders of Scotland. There the relays, which had been ordered by the Family, ceased. The marquis conceived it better to leave his carriage, and, having procured a horse, Clara rode behind him on a pillion. She had felt as if revified—a new flood of life had seemed to be coursing through her veins; but, by degrees, a reaction had taken place, and her delicate limbs sunk under the oppressive change.

Rio Santo suddenly perceived that the arm which had been placed around his waist was slackening its hold. He turned round, and saw

Clara as pale as a marble statue, and her eyes half closed.

They had not more than half a mile to reach Crewe Castle. Nevertheless, the marquis considered it necessary to stop his horse. He alighted with Clara in his arms, and laid her down on the road side. The ground was cold and damp. The marquis spread his cloak upon the grass, and, having taken off his saddle, made a pillow of it for Clara's head; having first taken the precaution to withdraw his pistols from their holsters, which he threw down upon the turf.

She is not there to-day, she said, with joyful anxiety. Tell me, Edward, she is not come, is she?

Rio Sánto saw at once that the poor girl was under the dominion of some strange hallucination; but he could not comprehend of whom she was speaking.

We are alone, replied he, and close to your father's house, Clara.

My father! exclaimed Clara. Oh, yes, yes, Edward! the farm is just on the other side of the hill. O! how happy we shall be there!

She paused abruptly, but immediately afterward added:

That is to say, if my sister does not come, as she did the other time.

A flash of ungovernable fury darted from her eyes. She suddenly threw herself back upon the ground, and her hand, by chance, fell upon the cold barrel of one of the pistols. Her action was rapid as thought itself. An explosion broke the silence of that sequestered spot; Rio Santo

fell to the ground—the ball from the pistol had struck him in the breast. The poor insensate Clara fled, shrieking with terror.

The laird's prophecy was thus accomplished.

Rio Santo had fallen upon his back, his eyes looking toward the heavens. He fell without a groan. He felt that he was dying, and that he died, vanquished.

The only man he had ever loved, had betrayed him. He had fallen by the hand of the only woman he would have respected.

Was it not a dreadful chastisement, to be punished, not for the faults he had committed, but for the benefits he had conferred?

Night thickened! in a short time the dead body could not be distinguished from the thick grass on which it was extended. But when the moon, peering above the tops of the neighbouring trees, once more rendered the spot visible by her silver light, a female form was seen kneeling by the body of the unfortunate marquis. She was praying.

This was Mary Macfarlane, the Countess of White Manor. She had just recognised, in the dead body stretched upon the grass, Fergus O'Brian, her first, her only love.

When she had finished her prayer, she once more placed her hand upon the heart of Fergus—but there was no pulsation in it. The moon had now ascended to such a height, that its rays fell full upon the features of the dead.

The mouth appeared to have closed with a serene smile:—that dreaming, happy smile, so full of mysterious joys, which so often played

upon the lips of the Marquis de Rio Santo, when he withdrew his thoughts from the world around him, and communed with himself.

Mary Macfarlane bent down over him, and imprinted on his forehead a chaste sister's kiss.

The moon was gliding in brilliant majesty through the azure of the firmament; the breeze sighed softly through the foliage. Surrounded by the silent splendours of such a night, and attended by the fervent prayers of one so tenderly beloved, no death bed scene could be more tranquil or more beautiful.

We must now pass over a long lapse of time, before the tempests raised in the lives of the several personages of our history, by their connection with the Marquis de Rio Santo, had entirely subsided.

We will now speak of the secondry class of ous characters.

Prince Demetrious Tolsoy was recalled to Russia in 1837.—He has in his old age become a hermit.

The Viscount de Lantures Lucas was espoused to a blue Stocking, and says—that he now is a most unhappy man. Bishop the Burker was hung for the murder of a child only six years old; Snail became a policeman; Rowley was sent to Botany Bay for experimentalizing upon an Irishman; Doctor Moore is now dead; Tyrrel the blind man is a banker, and chairman of a railway company, in Thames-street, and handles millions. The duches de Gevres, alias the Countess Cantaceuzini, has assumed the name of Randal, and has the charge of Mr. Tyrrel's house; and Captain

Paddy O'Chrane is now landlord of the King's Arms.

Gilbert Paterson, on the night of the escape of Rio Santo from Newgate was knocked down by a person on horseback, and a waggon passing at the moment, crushed him to death below its wheels —Bob Lantern is confined in St. Luke's Hospital, his wife Temperance sharing his fate, gin and rum having deprived her of her reason.

In making some new cellars for the Bank of England lately, a mass of human bones and a large jar were found, the Royal Society of antiquaries declared unanimously that the bones had belonged to a race of giants now extinct, and that the jar was an amphora, and had served as a decanter to Galeus during the time of the Roman tyranny.

The sudden shock which the feelings of Mary Trevor, Clara Macfarlane, and the Countess of Derby had sustained, left its indelible traces upon their minds.

The Countess of Derby left England for France, there to seek retirement, if not tranquility.

Mary Trevor, after a long and painful convalescense, recovered her delicate beauty and her aristocratic perfections.

She is now Lady Fife, Percival having succeeded to the peerage on the death of his brother.

Poor Clara was less fortunate: Stephen, his mother, and Anna, retired with her to Crewe Castle, which the two sisters had inherited, with the large estates surrounding it, from the laird, Angus Macfarlane, who had thrown himself into the Thames, after having delivered up his brother Fergus to the magistrates.

Clara remained a victim to the shock under which her reason had given way. By degrees, however, the icy coldness of her mind dissolved before the tender warmth of so much combined love. She recovered her reason, but a profound and unconquerable melancholy still remained, which Stephen, who became her husband, never could eradiate.

In short, a serene and holy calmness pervaded the family assembled at Crewe Castle, which then consisted of the Countess of White-Manor, Susannah, the laird's two daughters, Stephen and his mother; a calm in which resignation supplied the place of happiness.

Anna, alone, formerly the gayest of the circle, spent many hours in painful meditations, which she carefully concealed from the rest. But one day a young stranger, of noble mein, arrived at the castle, and Anna resumed her sweetest smiles. This stranger was the Chevalier Angelo Bembo, who came to demand the hand of the lovely Anna. It is needless to say, that his proposals were joyfully received. In a fortnight after his arrival, the marriage ceremony took place. All was joy and happiness in the castle. This event made even Clara cast off, for once, her melancholy, for her heart expanded at witnessing her sister's happiness.

Susannah has seen Brian de Lancaster but once since their fatal separation in Wimpole street, and this was immediately after the decease of the Earl of White Manor, which took place during one of his terrible attacks at Denham Park. He came to inform her of the death of her father, and of

his having succeeded to the peerage, and then set out again for London, without so much as sleeping one night under the same roof with Susannah.

His love was not to be extinguished by forgetfulness. It was the love of a youth in the heart of a man of thirty. Brian could never hope to chase it from his breast. He tried every expedient, but all his efforts tended but to disgust. He every now and then astounds the House of Lords, by his sudden bursts of eccentric eloquence. The speech which he delivered, in 1841, upon the division of hereditary estates, made the lord chancellor tremble on the woolsack, and the white heads of many peers shake with alarm and anger. Brian will never be a statesman, but, in his way, he will be a brilliant orator.

But Brian de Lancaster has discovered another mode of alleviating the sorrows which have so long oppressed him. Possessed of boundless wealth he seeks out neglected and unassuming merit—helps it forward in the world; relieves honest indigence; rewards the deserving; and thus assuages his own misery, by contributing to the comfort and happiness of his fellow creatures.

THE END.

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